Collier's

NOVEMBER 23, 1946

TEN CENTS

DETROIT'S TIME BOMB

And a NEW SERIAL By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

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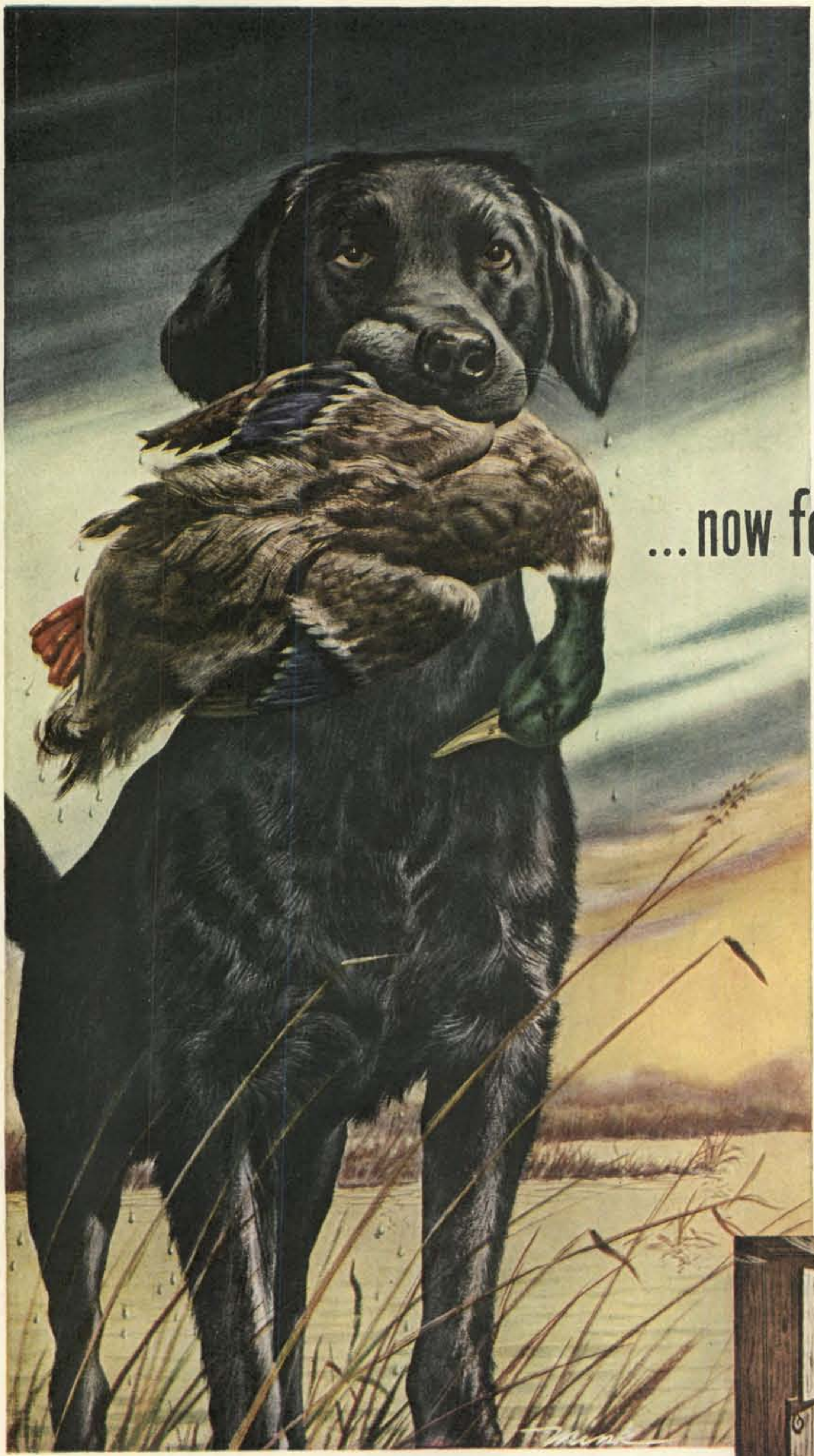

To sight the old gun
On a high flyin' one
Is a thrill for sportsmen true.

And to make the fun greater
In that drink that comes later
Only Old Thompson will do.

H. E. Kelley

...now for another perfect retrieve

A perfect day calls for a drink that's perfect. Recipe: Take one tired but happy hunter and add a tall glass, ice cubes, a little water and a jigger of Old Thompson. Then a sip and a smile as your happy hunter savors the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky, put there by Glenmore.

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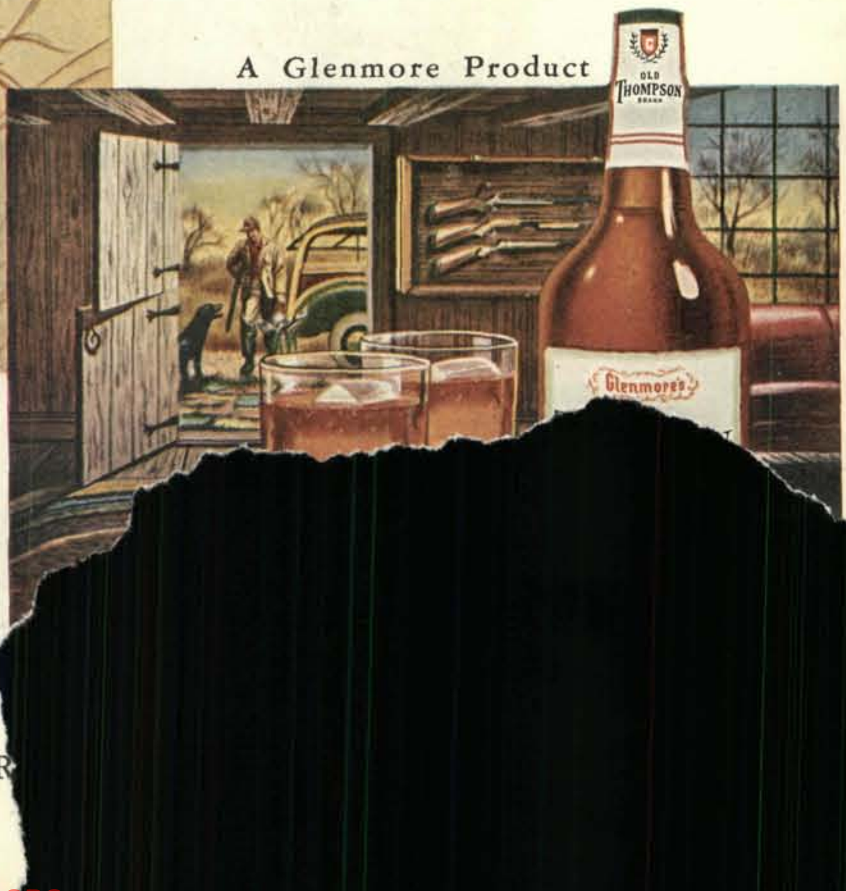

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

☆ ☆ ☆ A BETTER BLEND FO

If de walls come tumbling down

it's HARRY JAMES

It's the hottest trumpet this side of Jericho... pure magic when the tune is sweet... sheer devastation when the rhythm is jive! And mind you, when Harry James plays that trumpet he's mighty particular that you hear it at its best. That's why Harry James performs exclusively for Columbia Records... as do so many other stars you rank *first* in their fields of popular music such as... Dinah Shore... Frank Sinatra... Woody Herman... Benny Goodman... Frankie Carle... Les Brown... Count Basie... Xavier Cugat... Eddy Duchin... Claude Thornhill... Gene Krupa... Tommy Tucker... Pearl Bailey... Cab Calloway. Just listen to the latest Harry James album at your Columbia Record dealer's... and you'll understand why the stars choose Columbia and why Columbia's the best buy for you!

HARRY JAMES
AND TODAY'S TOP
POPULAR STARS NOW
RECORD EXCLUSIVELY ON

Columbia Records

Tune in to the Columbia Record stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" radio program with Martin Block. See your local paper for time and station.

Trade Marks "Columbia," and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

lov. 23, 1946

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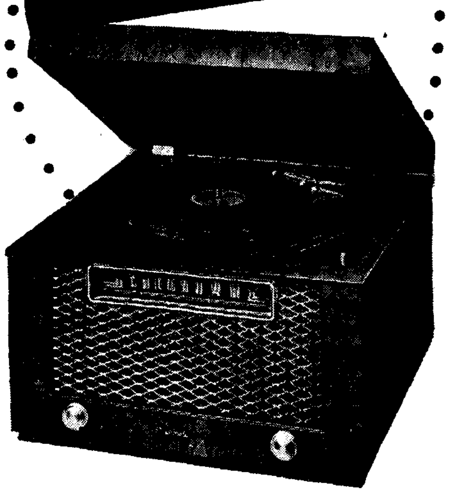
wonderful
words
The
Perfect
Gift

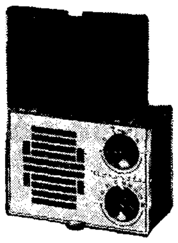


Motorola has designed radios in keeping with the beauty and spirit of the holiday season so their selection as the perfect gift is the logical answer to your problem.

Illustrated is Model 65F12 . . . a table top radio-phonogr⌄ph. See and hear *all* the new Motorola Radios in your dealer's showroom.

. . . for someone you love

The famous Playmate Jr., AC-DC and battery operated. Golden Voice personal portable. See it! Hear it! Give it!



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AM
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COLLIER'S

November 23, 1946

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HEELS AND HEROES

SIRS: Heels Among the Heroes (Oct. 19th) is quite an invective—almost 100%—about what sinners Uncle Sam's troops are. Sounds like a regular "Pussyfoot Johnson" broadside in the days of Prohibition. The world—especially America—was going straight to hell because of liquor.

Give the other side of our American impact on the present disillusioned German mind. I've got a son in the 14th Constabulary Squadron. He's no "heel."

DONALD MCCASKEY, W. Arcadia, Calif.

. . . May I thank you for Heels Among the Heroes. It isn't something to be proud of. As an American soldier I was disgusted with it. There must be a solution to the problem and I hope it's found.

CPL. EDWARD J. KELLEY

RIGHT JAB

DEAR EDITOR: Please, oh, please, tell me how to pass meat through a skewer as instructed in the recipes in Tidbits from Turkey (Oct. 5th).

I always pass the skewer through the meat. Have I been wrong?

MRS. W. E. LAUGHLIN, Tulsa, Okla.

Be old-fashioned if you wish. More modern cooks drive the skewer into the wall, point out. Then they back up with the meat and rush forward, impaling the meat on the skewer. It is advisable to avoid harpooning one's self, as the author of Tidbits from Turkey has obviously done.

LIGHT ON ACCIDENTS

WALTER DAVENPORT: REGRETTABLE STOP, LOOK AND LIVE (OCT. 19TH) GAVE NO CREDIT FOR TRAFFIC ACCIDENT CURB IN DETROIT TO AGGRESSIVE WORK OF PUBLIC LIGHTING COMMISSION STOP ADEQUATE LIGHTING ON 31 MILES OF DETROIT STREETS REDUCED TRAFFIC DEATHS FROM 58 TO 13

ED C POWERS, STREET & SAFETY LIGHTING BUREAU

ALSO RAN

SIRS: How's about your Kyle Crichton and the Oklahoma Aggies? He said they're great and Arkansas ties them, Texas murders them, and Southern Methodist pulverizes them.

ARTHUR PETERS, El Paso, Texas

When last seen Mr. Crichton was standing on the top girder of the George Washington Bridge in New York preparing to jump. In a statement left for the police, he mentioned he had been double-crossed.

(Continued on page 93)

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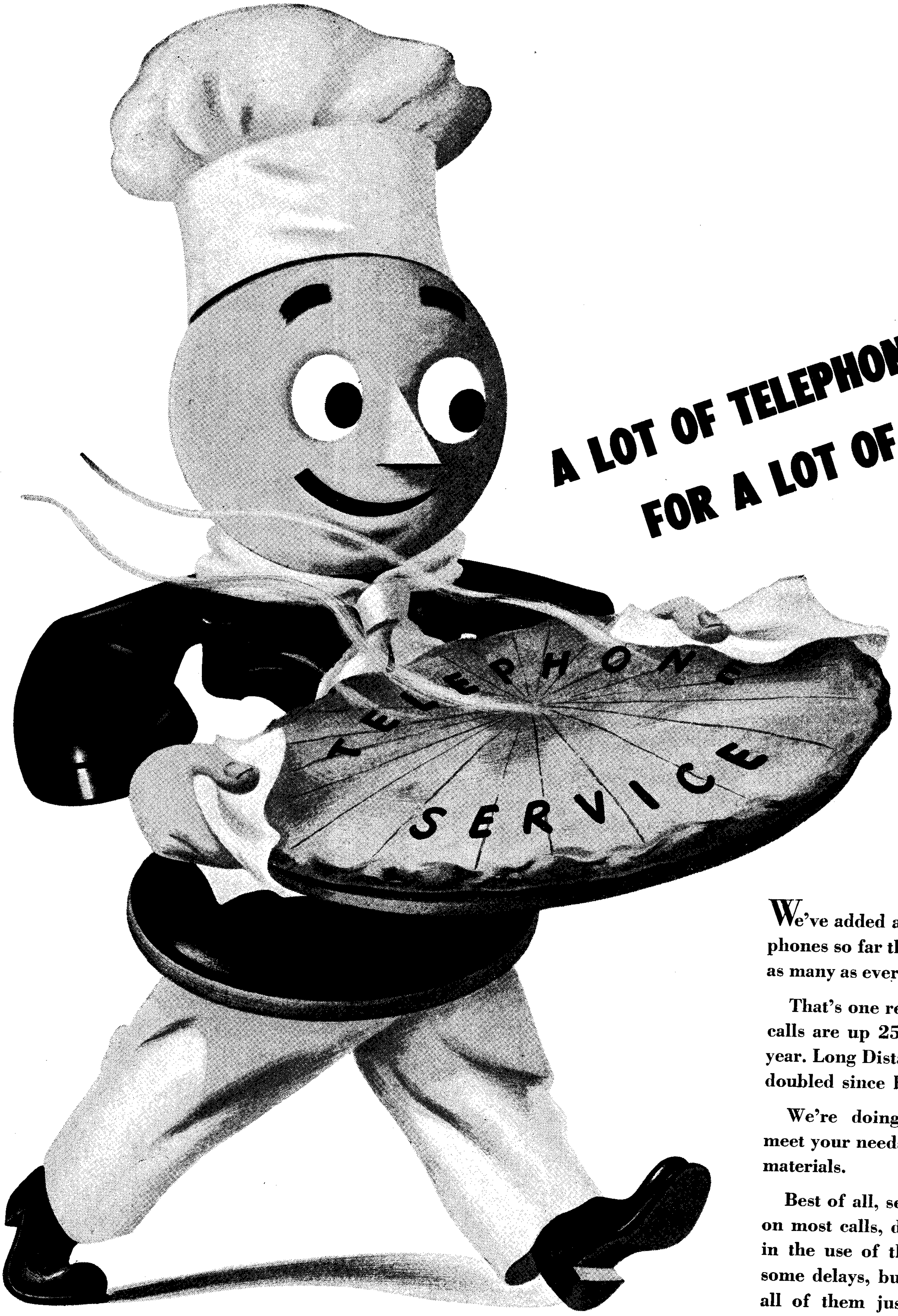


A LOT OF TELEPHONE SERVICE FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE

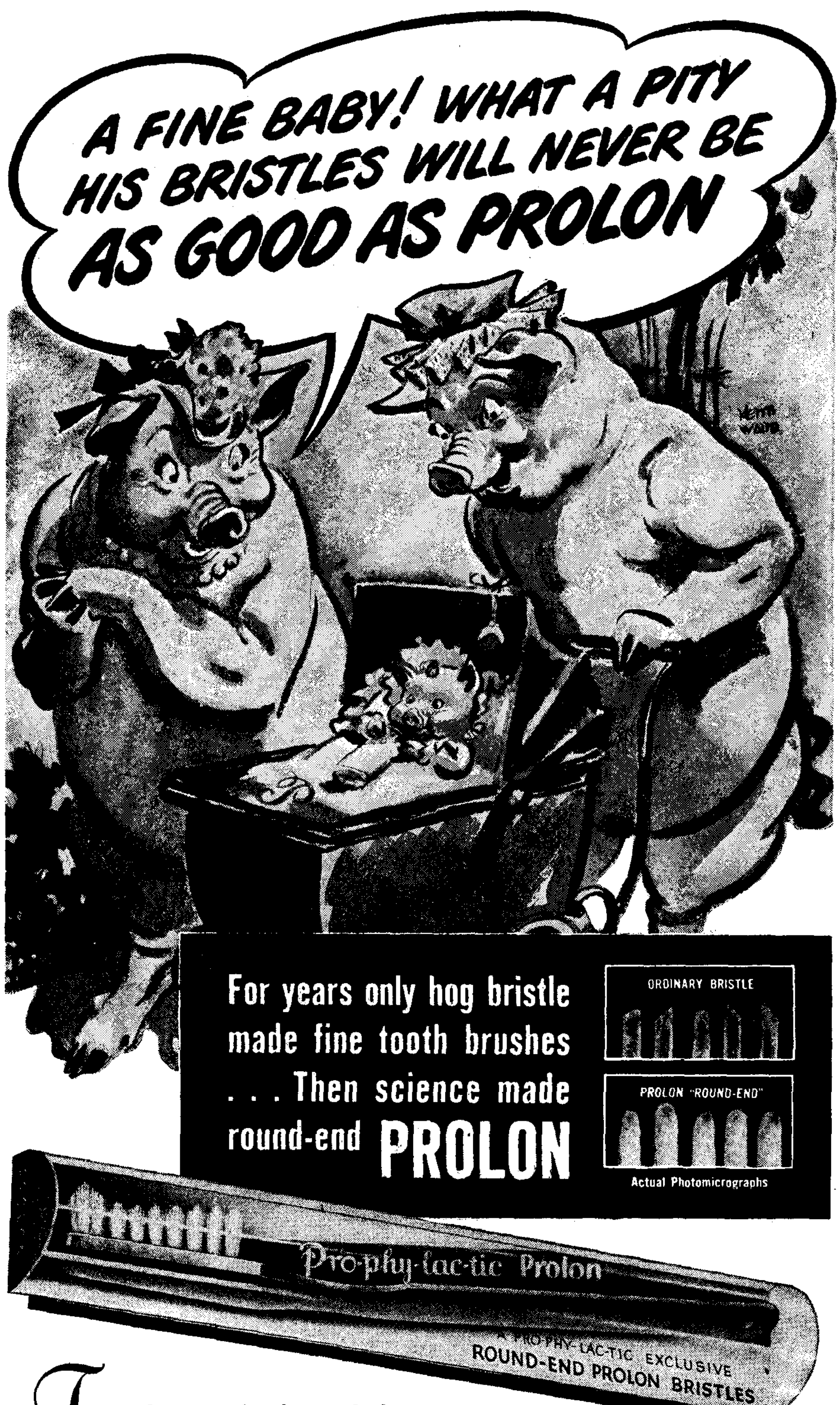
We've added about 3,000,000 new telephones so far this year—more than twice as many as ever before.

That's one reason why local telephone calls are up 25,000,000 *a day* over last year. Long Distance calls have more than doubled since before the war.

We're doing some fast stepping to meet your needs, in spite of shortages of materials.

Best of all, service has remained good on most calls, despite the large increase in the use of the telephone. There are some delays, but we'll be taking care of all of them just as soon as additional equipment can be made and installed.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM


A FINE BABY! WHAT A PITY HIS BRISTLES WILL NEVER BE AS GOOD AS PROLON
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON
ORDINARY BRISTLE
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Actual Photomicrographs
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Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

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DEC. 13th FRIDAY

GEORGE WOLFE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A New York woman has just completed an encyclopedia of superstitions, collected during years of research and travel in 52 countries, which contains more than 100,000 superstitious beliefs, 10,000 of which are prevalent in the United States.

To prevent the sale of forged paintings, France now has a law under which an official group of art experts passes on the authenticity of every picture put up at public auction. Furthermore, the seller usually gives the purchaser a written guarantee that he may return the painting within six months if he doubts its authenticity.

A "business district" within the walls of the federal penitentiary in Mexico City contains scores of rent-free stores and offices which are operated by the prisoners for their fellow inmates. These businesses include a pet shop, a printer who makes "visiting cards" and a lawyer who writes petitions and appeals. Even a band may be hired to serenade a visiting sweetheart.—*By Martha Merrek, Ozone Park, N. Y.*

China will soon begin work on the reversion of the Yellow River to its original course from which it was diverted in June, 1938, causing it to flood 500 square miles and stop the advance of a large part of the Japanese army. Before the tremendous job of getting this unruly river back into the 800 miles of its former bed can be started, more than 250,000 persons who have settled in it will have to be moved.

Lack of medicine as well as lack of food has long been responsible for the unparalleled death rate of India, where, even today, there is only one pharmacist for every 5,000,000 persons, compared with 2,965 for every 5,000,000 persons in the United States.

Sun tan itself does not fade away, either in skin that tans or skin that first reddens and gradually tans. In both cases, the brownness is imparted by the permanent pigment melanin which is produced by the exposure, and the coloration disappears only as the permeated layers of the skin are shed.

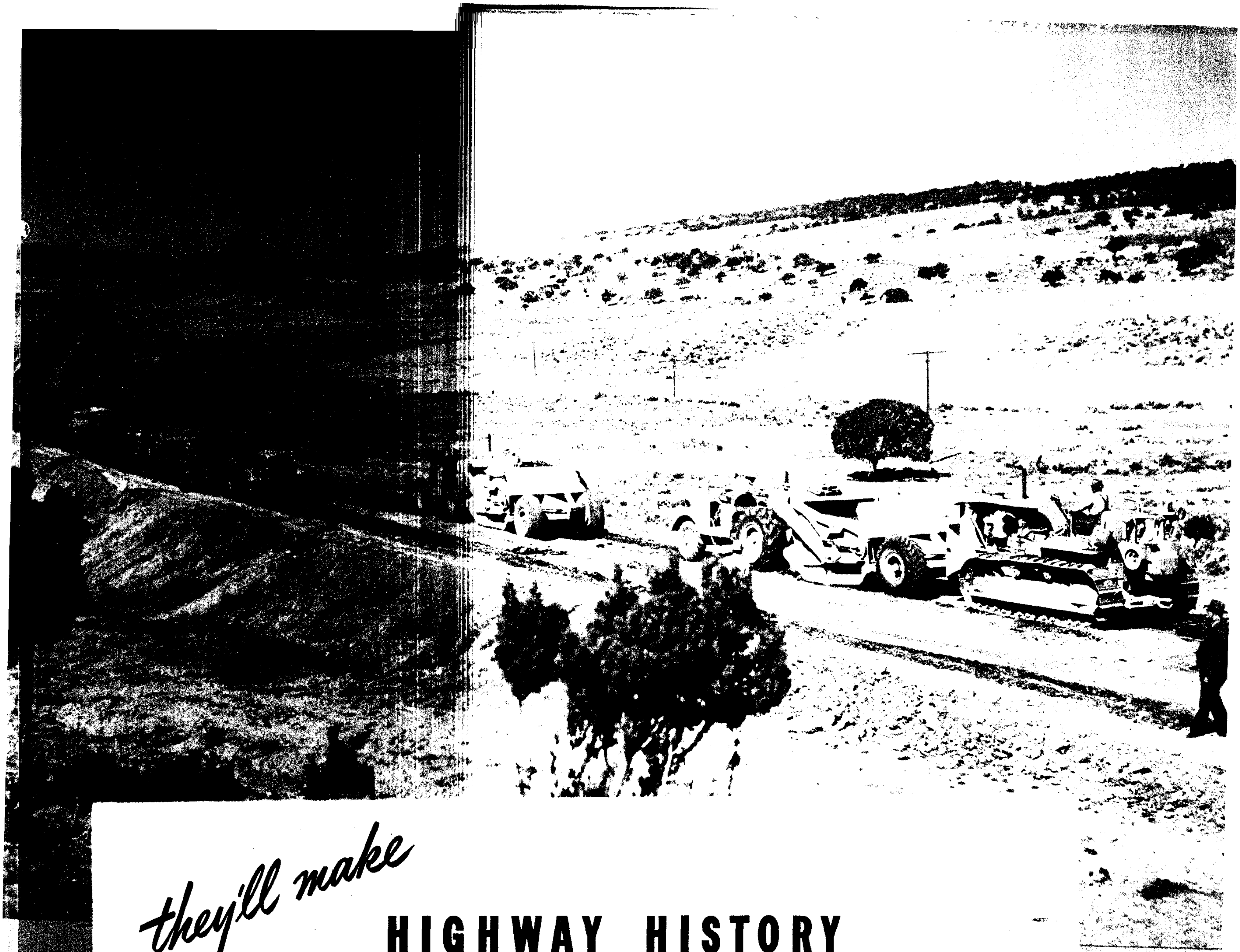
A recent study of the 12 bear markets that occurred on the stock exchanges of this country between 1899 and 1942 shows that, on the average, they lasted one year and six months and that the value of securities decreased, on the average, nearly 46 per cent.

One of the rarest sets of fraternal twins known was born in a full-blooded Negro family in Hookerton, North Carolina, on December 5, 1940. While one was a girl as dark as her parents, the other was an albino boy who, although having Negroid features, had white skin, white hair and blue eyes.

As late as 1912, an organization was formed in England for the purpose of searching for the site of the Garden of Eden; and in several Christian countries, Bibles were still published containing the statement that the earth was created at 9 A.M. on October 23, 4004 B.C.

Latest clothes-washing device is a six-pound combination motor and diaphragm, attachable to the side of any tub or basin, that, by producing strong sound waves, pushes the water through the clothes instead of pushing the clothes through the water.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



they'll make

HIGHWAY HISTORY

PEOPLE who think we already live in an age of good roads haven't seen anything yet. Even our great trunk highways are outdated and overcrowded. When the flood of new cars and trucks reaches its peak, only a small percentage of the nation's road mileage will be ready to accommodate the added traffic.

In the next few years thousands of miles of four-lane and six-lane highway and many more thousands of miles of adequate secondary roads must be built.

The big job is under way. As you drive through the country you'll see giant machines at work—herds of snorting yellow monsters that tear earth out of hillsides, distribute it along roadways, tamp it and grade it, ready for paving.

They're worth watching. For what you see is the world's greatest earthmoving team in action: burly "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors—track-type or rubber-tired—"Caterpillar" Bulldozers, Scrapers and Wagons—"Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Graders.

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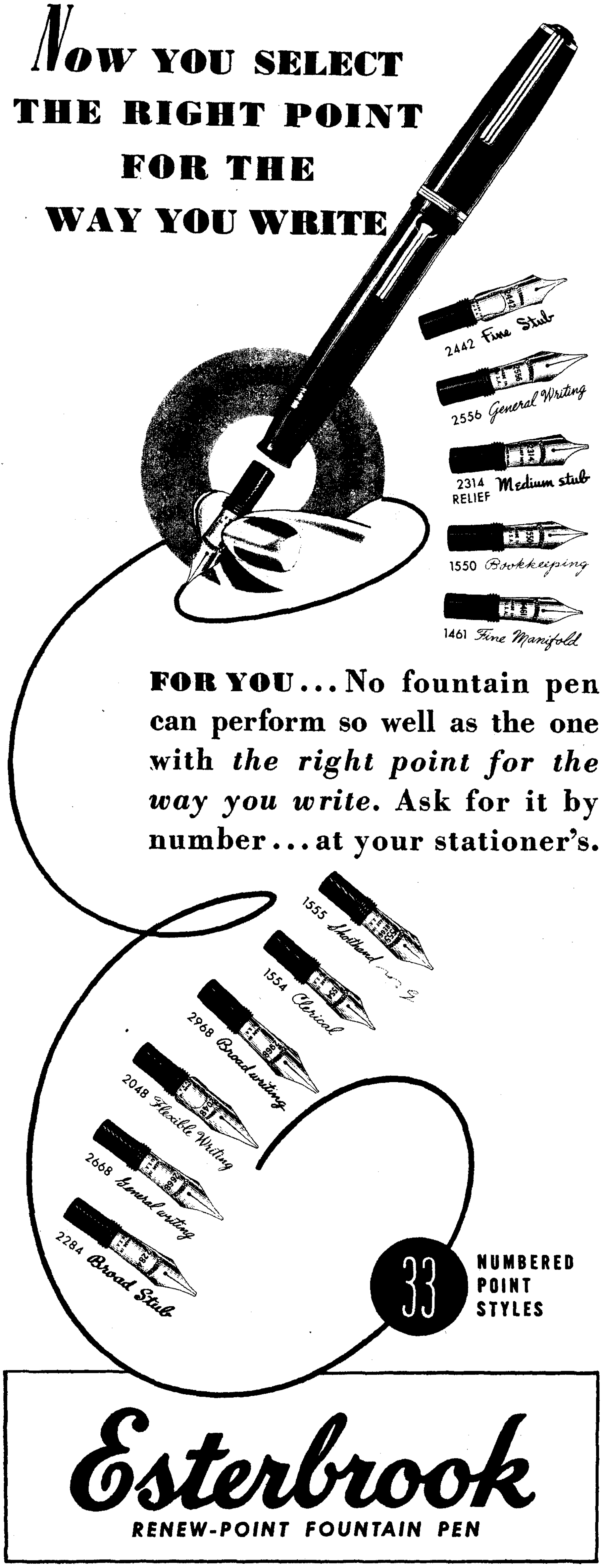

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Esterbrook
RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

THE WEEK'S WORK

JACK MANNING—PIX

Ayres Houghtelling, artist-mapmaker, sculptor and designer

TO SHOW to what lengths an artist will go for his art, Ayres Houghtelling projected himself to a point 1,500 miles above these United States to conceive the air map in Higher, Wider and Handsomer (p. 18). With both feet on the ground, Mr. Houghtelling then drew it in absolute perspective, on a 7x14 foot canvas. Anyone who questions this, is welcome to check. All he needs is a plane with a 1,500-mile ceiling range.

This, too, Mr. Houghtelling might be able to provide. For besides doing maps, murals, portraits of cracking plants, sculptures, designs for airports and water colors, he has plans for a flying wing: wingspread 800 feet.

Born in Batavia, Java, but ancestrally from upper New York, Mr. Houghtelling has one ambition: To make enough from his forthcoming 22 x 28 inch lithographic story of Alice in Wonderland to be able to retire—and fly that 800-foot Thing.

Peggy Mann

PEGGY MANN who makes her Collier's debut with A Girl Named Myrna (p. 16) is young and fair, and practically untouched by her 18 years of writing. She began being an author at the age of four, when she earned a dollar from columnist Franklin P. Adams, who printed her first verse. Fifteen years later, evidently running out of money, Peggy wrote a story and sold it to Charm, our lovely rival.

She's 22 now, and has been writing and selling radio scripts and short stories for three years. A Wisconsin State University grad, she worked her way through selling advertising, being a waitress, hat-check and cigarette gal. Fond of acting, she has played everything from a charwoman to the hind legs of a horse. Try as we may, we can think of no more charming pair of hind legs on any horse with which we happen to be acquainted.

SUGANO

Fred Sparks

WHEN this picture of Fred Sparks (Headwaiter, Esq., p. 26) was taken, Mr. Sparks was in Tokyo about to dine on fish soup, fish pudding, washed down with *sake.* He'd just run into our Frank D. Morris in the lobby of the Dai Iti Hotel in Tokyo. It was a few days after MacArthur had moved into town. Sparks was there as an author-photographer and made the pictures for Mr. Morris' Seventy Million Problem Children (Dec. 1, 1945).

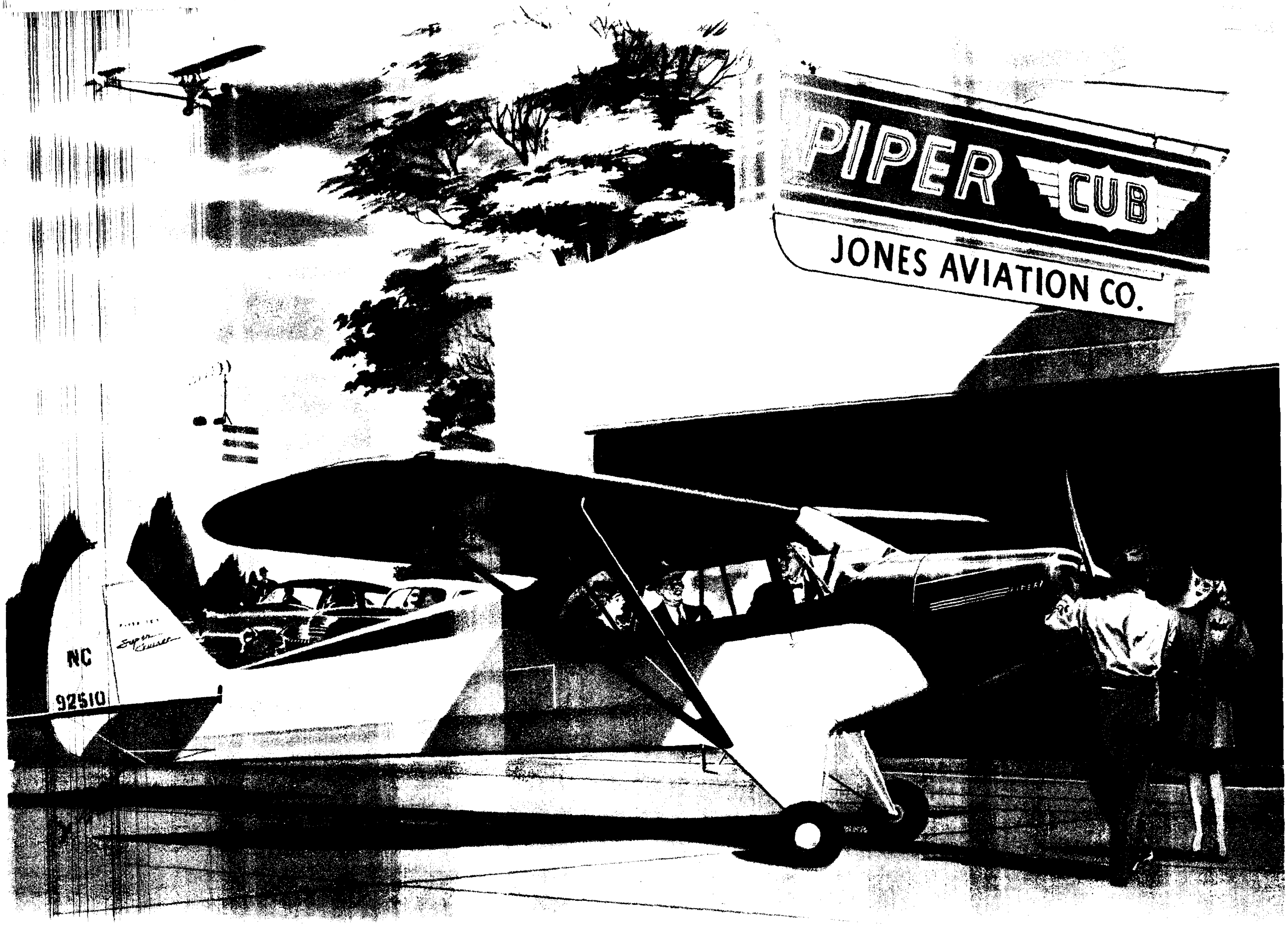
"Before my Pacific interlude," Mr. Sparks discloses, "I spent 12 years at assorted editorial jobs, including removing disks from Arthur Brisbane's dictating machine; writing gags for Peter Arno, Richard Taylor and Greg D'Alessio in New York, and Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit, in Hollywood; rewriting ax murders for newspapers and speeches for Tammany Hall; editing Parade, the Marshall Field supplement; working on a new Look experience; and running a Hearst feature. Frankly, I'd rather write about geisha-house proprietors in Kobe than headwaiters in New York, so I might be heading that way again pretty soon."

HAVING just returned from two years in Paris as correspondent and European manager for NEA and Acme Newspictures, Thomas H. Wolf (French Song Sparrow, p. 44) can't get excited about shortages. He went without hot water during his entire stay in the Queen of Cities.

But he did manage to marry Mrs. Wolf, a Red Cross worker, while there and they researched the story of Mlle. Piaf on the honeymoon at the Paris night clubs.

"Preparing the story on Mlle. Piaf taught me a new respect for the power of a camera," says Mr. Wolf. "I talked with Mlle. Piaf several times. Each time we were interrupted with a thousand social and business matters. Collier's photographer Roger Coster, on the other hand, caught the lady without prior warning on the eve of a month's tour of Greece. Without a murmur, she sat motionless before the camera for over two hours, while her supporting musicians fiddled and her escort of the evening burned."

This week's cover: Reno Biondi who did our cover Man and Frigate, his first for Collier's, planned to be an architect, but somehow he found himself drawing, not homes and Empire State buildings but realistic, brimming mugs of beer, tasty plates of sausages, and up-to-the-minute kitchens. . . . T. S.



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DON'T EVER LOVE ME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Lynn and Alan were like thousands of other young people. They worked for a living, had many friends, planned carefully for their future marriage. Then the threat of jealousy and murder came into their lives, preventing their wedding—almost destroying their love

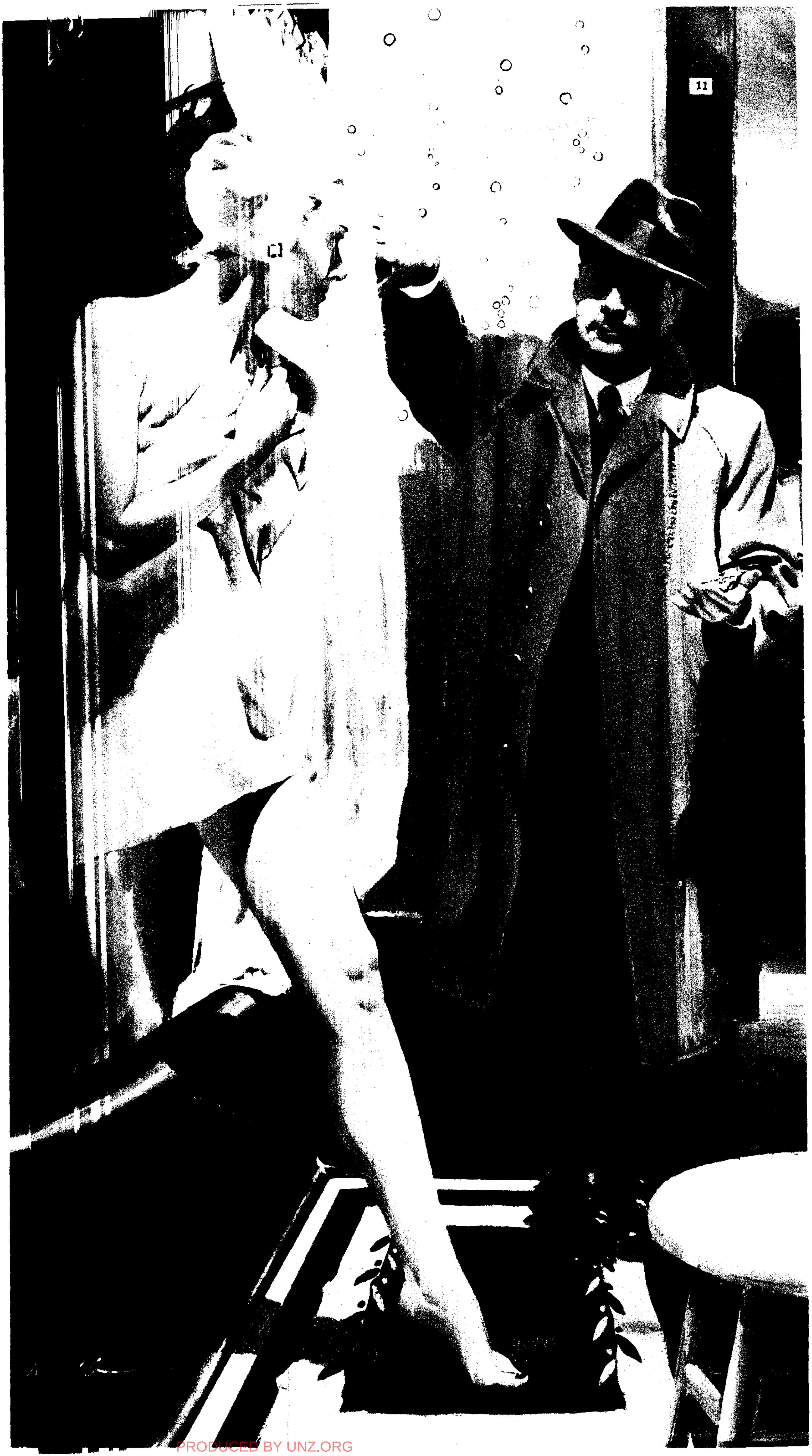
LYNN SHERIDAN closed the door of her efficiently compact office at 5:45 P.M., walked through the reception room which was only slightly smaller than Mammoth Cave. The cuddly little blonde at the PBX waved at her, smiled and sighed. She said to a slim, brunet stenographer loitering at the board, "That Miss Sheridan—what she's got, I wish I had."

The door which closed behind Lynn with a soft, hissing sound bore the neat inscription: TRENT ADVERTISING. Underneath was the abbreviation "Inc.," as though the man who painted the legend had added it as an afterthought. Of course, it wasn't really. Nothing connected with Trent Advertising was an afterthought.

As she moved along the corridor toward the elevators, Miss Sheridan did not at all resemble a businesswoman, especially one who earned $150 per week and for whom brilliant things were predicted. She looked, rather, like a beautiful girl about to meet a young man with whom she was very much in love.

In the lobby of the building Lynn's eyes quested through the crowd toward a discreet little cigar store. They came to rest on a solidly built young man who looked exactly like half a dozen other young men in the lobby, but who—as Lynn could attest—was entirely different from any other young man in the world.

She squirmed through the crowd, slipped her hand into his and said,



For the first time in her life Lynn was afraid. "If you don't go away," she said, "I'll call the police." The threat didn't disturb him. "Save yourself the trouble, lady," he said, producing a badge, "I'm the police"

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

"Hello, darling." He turned and grinned. It was a nice grin and it did pleasing things to his not-too-handsome face. It made him look like someone you'd like to take home to Mother.

"Sorry I was late, Alan. One of those last-minute conferences. I was afraid you wouldn't wait."

"You knew darned well I'd be parked right here."

"I suppose I did. That's your trouble: you're too reliable."

She looked straight at him and he liked what he saw in her eyes. He said, "It's fun being happy, isn't it?"

Lynn nodded, then asked practically, "Where do we eat?"

"We don't. Not together, anyway."

"Why not?"

"Business. Always, at inconvenient times, Mr. Alan Gordon becomes important. We have a client who is leaving from Grand Central on the 8:30 train. I've been delegated to take him to dinner. But at 8:45 . . . lady, you just glance out of your apartment window and the streak you see coming around the corner will be me."

He took her hand and walked with her along Fifth Avenue. Lynn said, "I'll whip up something for myself. I'll take a long shower and then eat alone."

"Good training for marriage," Alan commented.

"I'll waste away until you show up. Then what do we do?"

"Sit around a while. Go to a movie if you want. Then back to your apartment and sit some more. Unless you've got other ideas."

She looked at him and smiled. "No other ideas."

They walked several blocks up the Avenue, and then turned east to the neighborhood in which Lynn lived.

Certain sections of the East Side of New York City were a source of never-ending astonishment to Alan Gordon. This block, for instance: He'd never been able to determine whether it was swank or slummy.

On one side of the street, decrepit tenements rubbed elbows with new and glittering apartment houses—in one of which Lynn Sheridan lived. Near the corner were two stores, one dispensing expensive lingerie and the other specializing in hard-to-get comestibles. Less than fifty feet away was an ancient hole-in-the-wall labeled "Frankie's," the window of which was faintly illumined by a tired yellow light. Inside there were dirty glass showcases which displayed penny candies, nickel toys and school supplies.

The opposite side of the street was depressing. Sprawling the entire length of the block was a battered red brick building which originally had been a brewery and had disconsolately ceased to function after the arrival of prohibition. Even with repeal, nothing happened. It stood, vacant and neglected, a monument to a forgotten past.

Alan opened the door of Lynn's apartment building. The warmth of the lobby was welcome after the biting January wind. "I'll come straight upstairs tonight," he said, "and we'll be alone for a while. Then we'll go out—maybe—and we won't be alone. After that we'll come back and be alone all over again, and that will be much more wonderful than the first time because the last time always is, and here I am talking like a dope instead of an engineer, and you'd better beat it for that elevator before I forget there are people looking at us—and try to kiss you."

Lynn squeezed his hand and said she'd light a candle and keep it burning in the window.

The apartment was a small place, but perfect. It was so exactly what she always had wanted. There was a living room which faced north, but was higher than the roof of the dilapidated brewery across the street; a neat, chintzy bedroom; a modern bath and an infinitesimal kitchen. It cost her $110 a month, which she felt was an extravagance, but it returned her that much in sheer satisfaction.

FIRST on Lynn's program was her shower. She admitted that she was queer for showers. She had lots of time to kill, so she planned to start this one warm and let it stay that way indefinitely. Then she'd shade it off until it became cool enough to make her tingle.

She undressed, tied a bathing cap around her hair, plucked a robe from the closet and hung it on a hook behind the bathroom door, stepped into the tub, pulled the shower curtains, and started fussing with the controls.

The water poured down over her like a young Niagara, deliciously. All other sound was blanked out. The spray swished over her. All was right with the world. And with her. And with Alan Gordon. And with the present, the past and the future.

And then something happened.

She heard no sound except the rush of water over her body. There was no warning.

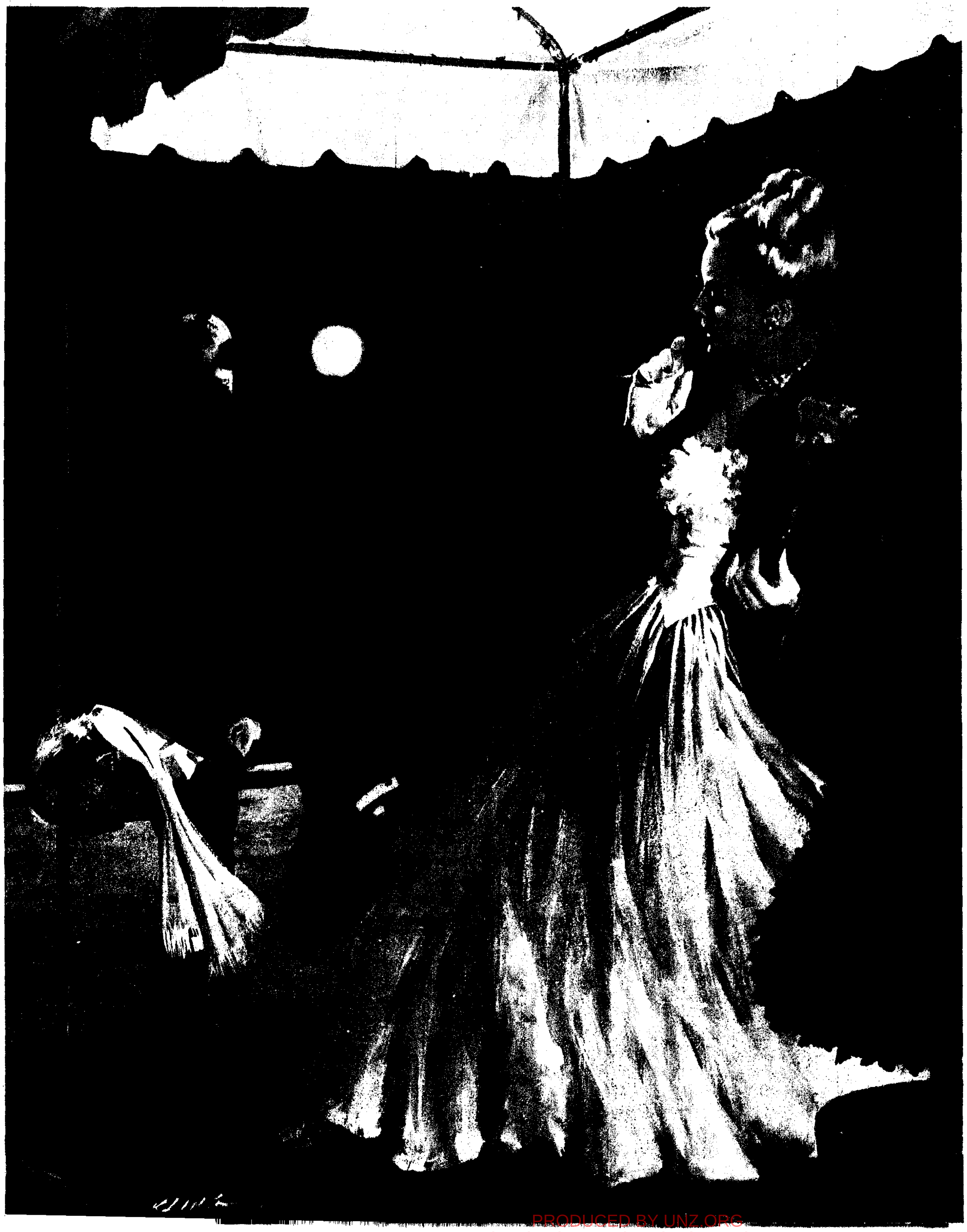
A hand appeared. A man's hand. Masculine fingers grabbed the curtain and pulled it open, all the way. The man to whom the hand belonged was standing beside the bathtub.

Lynn Sheridan stood like a statue. Then she snatched a bath towel and wrapped it around her. She stared into the sharp eyes of the intruder, and for the first time in her life she was afraid.

The stranger's eyes were black and cold and calculating. Lynn was certain of one thing: He had no intention of leaving.

A combination of embarrassment and anger counterbalanced the fear she felt. She saw the man's lips move, and knew that he was saying something, but couldn't hear him because

(Continued on page 51)



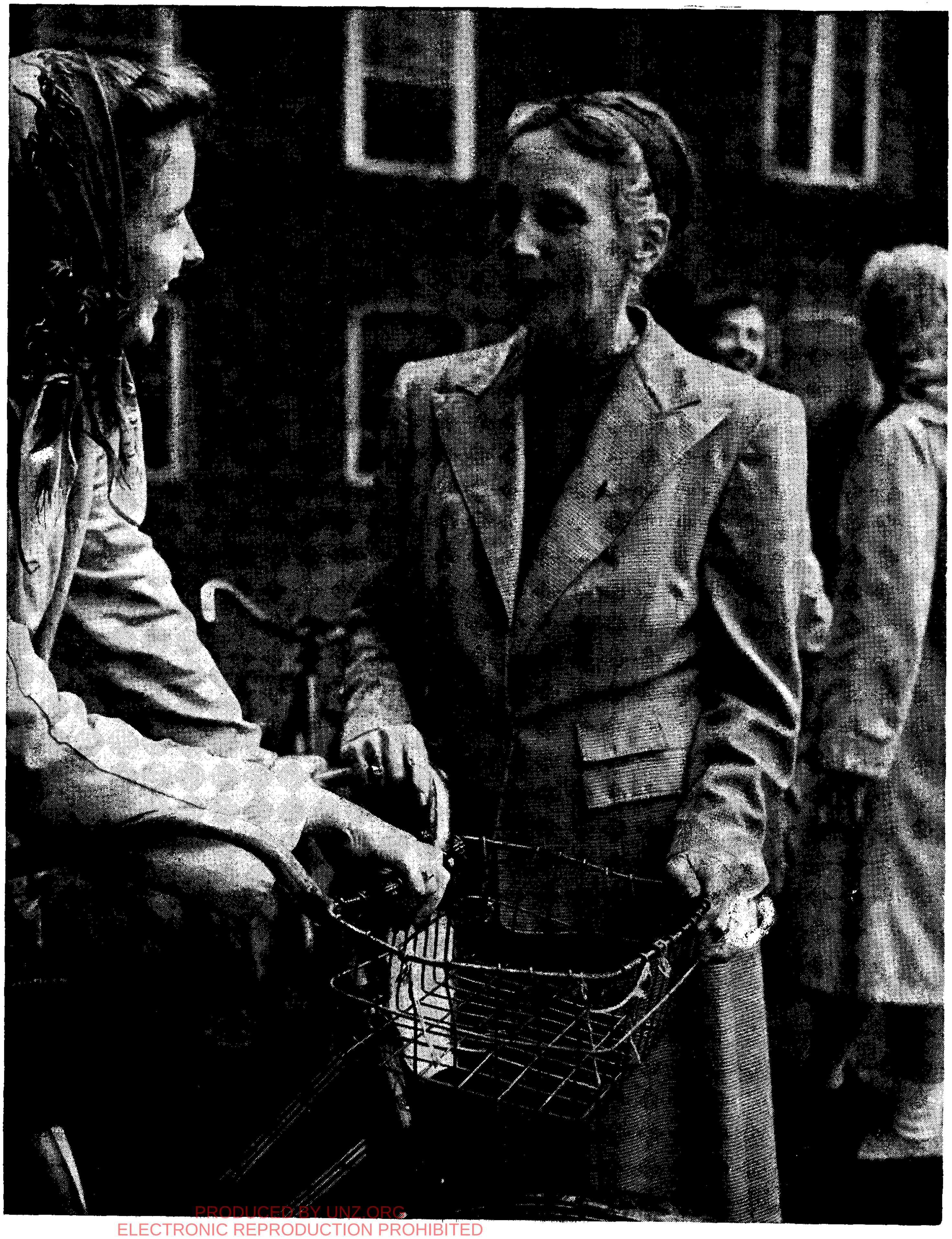
Lynn had no idea what had happened. She knew Stewart Trent had stopped. She saw that he was sagging. Then he pitched forward

STOP WORRYING ABOUT MARY

BY DOROTHY ROE LEWIS

Afraid your daughter in college may spend her vacation picketing Dad's factory? Relax, says Sarah Blanding, Vassar's new nontraditional prexy

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE–PIX



There's little formality between Prexy and the girls. Like women everywhere, they enjoy chatting together

WHEN Sarah Gibson Blanding moved her 3,000 books, her cocker spaniel and her silver tea service into the president's house at Vassar College this fall, one of the first questions she had to answer, from honestly worried parents, was: "If I send my daughter to college, is she going to come home a Communist?"

Other college and university presidents all over the country are receiving similar queries. The John Joneses and the Henry Smiths are beginning to wonder why they should shell out their hard-earned cash so that Junior and Mary can go to college and come home to picket Dad's factory.

They have been reading about college radicals. They have seen newspaper pictures of students joining picket lines. They have perhaps seen copies of campus newspapers from representative colleges, definitely pink in hue. And they are worried.

It is a tough question, but Sarah Blanding has the answer.

Knowing the answers is a habit she acquired at the age of 12 in Lexington, Kentucky, when, faced with an economic crisis, she landed a job as bell-ringer for the Episcopal Church at $10 a month. She has been ringing the bell, in one way or another, ever since, being appointed dean of women at the University of Kentucky while she was still an undergraduate, becoming the first woman accorded the title of dean by Cornell University, and now adjusting her new laurel wreath as the first woman president of Vassar.

Sarah Blanding doesn't pooh-pooh the parents' problem, or refuse to admit that it exists. Instead of issuing a polite and reassuring evasion, Sarah Blanding set out to find the facts She got acquainted with the students. Dormitory bull sessions were likely to be interrupted at any hour by a telephone call from the president, inviting some of the students to drop in for a chat. The girls entered the president's office quaking, and left glowing with admiration.

They spoke in awed tones of the fact that she offered them cigarettes and peaches, talked to them in their own language, was even heard to say, "Golly!" on occasion.

Her View of Campus Radicals

After surveying the field in her own strictly individual way, Miss Blanding gave her answer: "There are radicals on the Vassar campus, and on most other American campuses at present. But I'm glad to see a few radicals on any campus. They provide a challenge. They make the others sharpen their wits and their loyalties.

"If your Mary is going to be worth her salt in this new world we are building, she's got to know what it's all about. We can't keep her from coming in contact with the politics and ideologies of other countries, but we can hope (and the hope is well grounded) that she will be able to distinguish between good, bad and indifferent."

College radicals, says Miss Blanding, usually are a highly vocal minority. Because they make more noise than the conservatives, the public thinks they represent the majority.

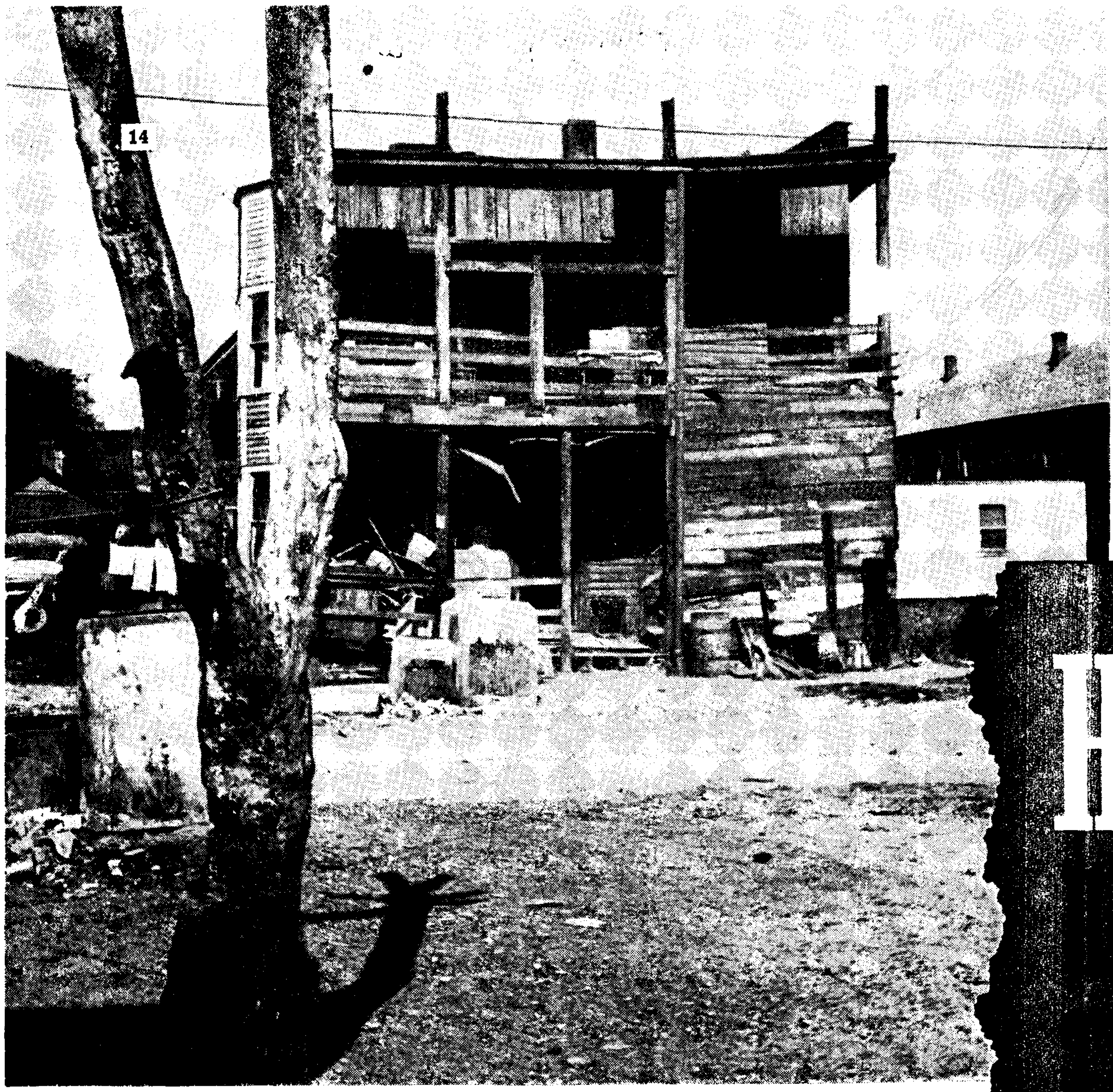
"The college Communist is as a rule enthusiastic and articulate," she continues. "Those who believe in our established democratic system, on the other hand, are likely to take things for granted, and keep quiet about it. Because adolescents like to play the

(Continued on page 98)

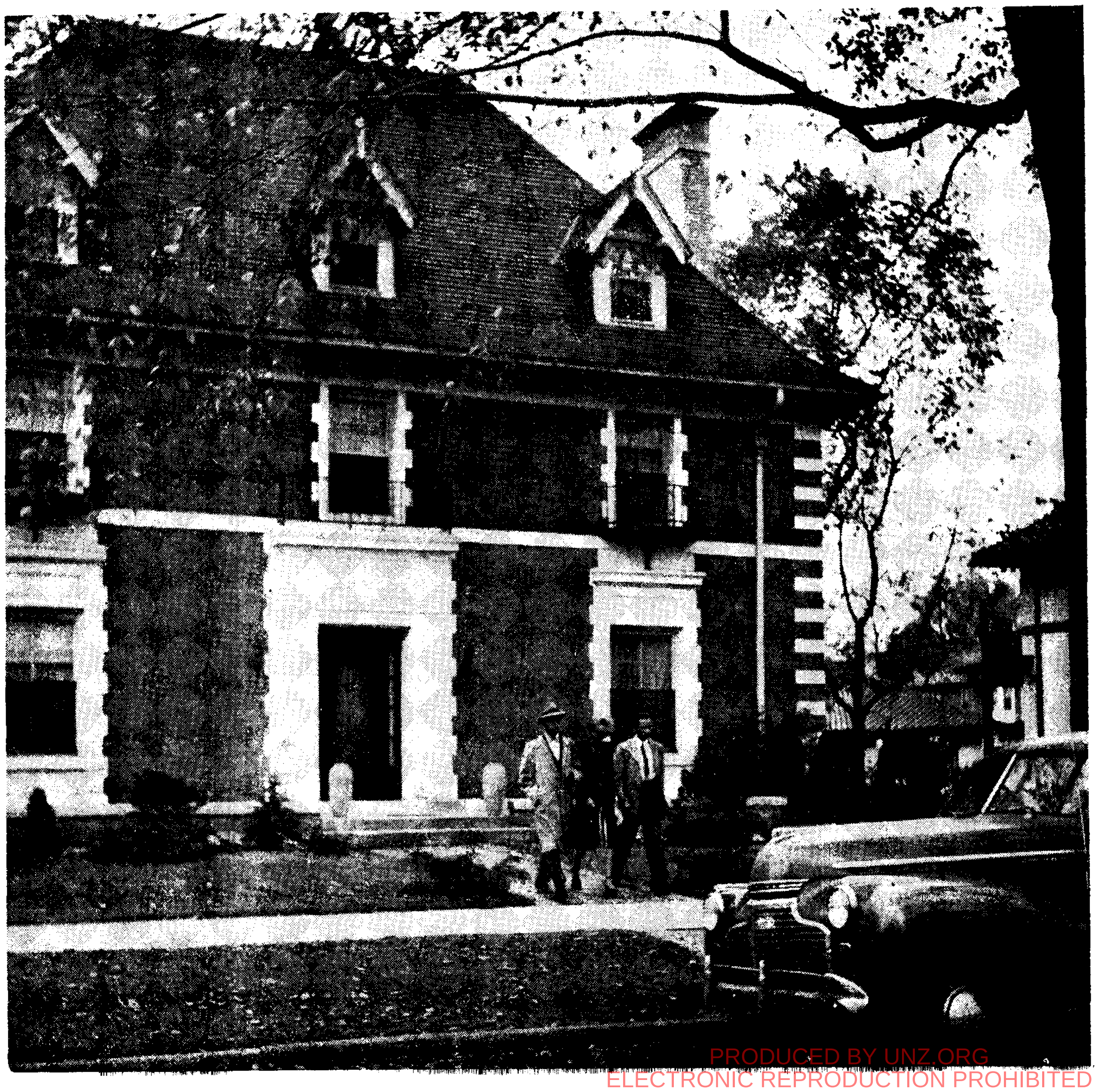
With blighted areas running to one third of the entire city, construction almost paralyzed and housing queues daily growing longer, the Motor City throbs with explosive tension, for the man at the end of the line is a Negro

BY LESTER VELIE

HOUSING:



Above, Hastings Street, in Detroit's teeming Negro section. Children sleep 10 and 12 to a room in some of these miserably run-down houses, for which the Negro sometimes pays 30 to 50 per cent more than whites pay for better quarters. The top strata of Negro families have sumptuous homes like the Arden Park mansion below. But decent homes for Negroes are rare



ON DETROIT'S northwest side there is a concrete wall a foot thick, six feet high and about half a mile long. A real-estate developer put it up in 1941 to shut out from his white customers the sight of Negro families near by. The United States government's Federal Housing Administration wouldn't insure white owners' mortgages until the wall was put up.

The wall, in a town famed for finding answers to tough industrial questions, is a symbol of Detroit's dilemma.

With rich and poor, Negro and white alike, queued up for a place to live, what do you do about the fellow at the end of the line whose needs are so acute that failure to satisfy them will cause a social explosion? In dynamic Detroit, the wartime workcamp that drew from the rest of America a quarter million men, women and children, this All-American problem is something special—a dilemma within a dilemma. In Detroit, the fellow at the end of the line is the Negro.

I went to Detroit to write this housing story. Where it concerns white families, the story is simply told: It is that of a boom town that mushroomed so fast the building industry never kept pace with it. The Negro housing story, less simple, is so charged with tension that "discussing Negro housing in Detroit," as Charles F. Edgecomb, Housing Commission director, told me, "is like arguing religion. You've got to be loaded first."

And yet this story must be told, for Negro housing is the crux of all Detroit housing, and much else besides.

Twice in four years it has been Detroit's biggest and bitterest mayoralty election issue as candidates assured white voters that they'd keep Negroes out of white neighborhoods. Twice within four years, Negro housing needs burst into riots: once when whites sought forcibly to prevent Negro war workers from moving into the Sojourner Truth homes, a Negro project provided by the government, and again in 1943 when thirty-four Detroiters were killed and more than 1,000 wounded in city-wide

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON—PIX

mob murder and looting, kindled by a racial clash at Belle Isle, Detroit's 985-acre beach and playground.

The struggle to divide scarce wartime housing made every project a battleground between whites and Negroes. In two instances, plans for desperately needed homes for Negroes were dropped because race-conscious neighborhoods rose in arms against them. When the American Veterans Committee held its state convention in Detroit recently, a downtown hotel which housed the sessions refused to rent its ballroom for a dance of Negro and white vet members. The vets obtained an injunction to free the ballroom, then danced with their wives and sweethearts under the watchful eyes of the Special Investigation Bureau, a riot-prevention arm of the Police Department. A Wayne University student who organized jive sessions for mixed dancers was urged to discontinue them.

"Do you want to start a race riot?" police asked him.

In Detroit, color consciousness, fears and resentments are never far from the surface.

I walked down Hastings Street, the tough, squalid Broadway of Detroit's Paradise Valley, where Negro children sleep 10 and 12 to a room at night and play before the innumerable bawdy houses and gin mills of the district during the day. It was 2 o'clock of a warm Sunday morning. Accompanied by a Negro minister and his wife, I elbowed my way through throngs of colored men and women who choked the street.

"The bedbugs must be biting worse than usual," the Negro minister observed; "these people just can't sleep." To the colored men who stared at me, a white man in Hastings Street at that hour seemed an oddity, perhaps an outrage.

"You're the symbol of the resentment these folks harbor toward the white world that shuts them out, because their skin is brown," my Negro companion explained. He assured me that at his side I was safe. Nevertheless, he thought it wise later to get off Hastings into a side street.

Why Public Improvements Must Wait

Unsolved, the Negro housing dilemma costs Detroit heavily in other ways than jittery nerves. Badly in need of a medical center, express highways, parks and other deferred civic improvements, Detroit must wait indefinitely for them. The land they will occupy now houses hundreds of Negro families who can't be evicted because there's no place for them to go.

An estimated 85 per cent of Detroit's area is shut off from colored homeowners or renters by restrictive covenants. And Negro housing projects are not to be built in neighborhoods predominantly white. But Detroit will know no peace of mind until the Negro at the end of the housing queue has living room. And the line is tragically long. Construction in mid-October had ground almost to a standstill.

All Detroit is up against it. When government statisticians looked over the city last year, they described it as the town most desperately in need of dwelling space. The occupancy rate, they found, was 99.2 per cent—a whole town with a No Vacancy sign hung out.

No wonder! With the gold of its auto-factory pay rolls as the lure, Detroit has been (except for the depressed '30s) America's perennial No. 1 Boom Town. The skilled Old World mechanic, the Middle Western farm boy, the sharecropping Negro poured into Detroit. In two decades, they twice doubled Detroit's population.

During World War II, 250,000 newcomers overran the town, spilled into trailers, tents, lean-tos, barns and chicken coops.

For this migrant army of 65,000 families, federal government, city and private builders put up 45,000 dwelling units. Two thousand were allotted to the 20,000 Negro war-worker families that needed them. The migrants stayed on, are in fact needed in Detroit's whirring factories. The wartime housing deficit is a legacy of human misery with which Detroit must cope while it tries vainly at the same time to house the home-coming soldier.

Detroit urgently needs 60,000 homes. She needs them now—today—even if you count as habitable the one of every five dwellings (about 70,000 in all) that need major repairs. Against this need, there have been built, since January 1st, approximately 1,500 homes.

(*Continued on page 75*)

The government wouldn't insure white owners' mortgages until a wall separating Negroes was put up

Although slum clearance remains one of Detroit's biggest problems, segregation stands in the way of real progress. Above, old frame houses in sad need of repairs, but still exclusively white. Below, at the Sojourner Truth homes, scene of race riots in 1942, white and Negro children play together

A GIRL NAMED MYRNA

THE STORY OF AN EVIL SPIRIT

BY PEGGY MANN

SHE was conscious always of her beauty, conscious, too, of the effect that it had upon others. Perhaps that was why she smiled at the bellhop as she passed him on her way to the dining room. His eyebrows had gone up slightly when he first saw her. And she was pleased.

As she trailed the headwaiter to her table, she glanced briefly over her shoulder. The bellhop was staring after her. He was a tall boy, slender, sensitive-looking, with soft, curly hair. The kind of hair that is nice to touch. His eyes were large, deep-set and dark, and his age came shining from his eyes. She unconsciously classified him: Seventeen.

The waiter held her chair, and she sat gracefully, aware that the man at the next table was staring at her Her glance flickered over him, too. A handsome man. With a mustache. Twenty-six.

She often placed people at twenty-six, conscious of that year because she was twenty-six, and because, unlike most women of beauty, she looked her age, or more. She had lived her years fast and fully, wearing them almost thin. Each departing year had touched her face slightly, never marring the perfection of her features, but leaving its subtle record behind in her smile, in her skin, in her eyes.

She watched amused as the young man's glances traveled to her left hand. It was almost automatic. First the quick realization of her face, her figure. Then the swift glance to her left hand. There was no ring on her left hand. She smiled, more to herself than to the young man, but he, encouraged, nodded at her in a friendly fashion. She picked up her menu then with a breath of a bored sigh and gave her order to the waiter. . . .

After dinner she did not wander absently into the cocktail lounge, as most unmarried young women do. Instead she went straight to the bellhop. He was talking to a pretty young blond girl behind the desk, but he turned quickly to ask, "Can I help you, miss?"

"Is there a back door in the hotel which opens on the beach?"

He led her to the door and she stepped out onto the sand. Then she looked back. He was watching her.

She stepped out of her sandals and ran across the damp sand down to the water. She stood there, imagining the picture she made, alone on the beach in the moonlight. She watched the bright streamer from the lighthouse wipe across the sky, again and again and again.

And then someone behind her said, "Beautiful night, isn't it?"

She turned. It was the young man with the mustache. He smiled at her pleasantly.

"Yes," she said, "it's a nice night." She walked on down the beach.

She heard the sand crunch as he followed behind her for a bit. Then he stopped. She heard the sand crunch again, as he turned and walked back to the hotel.

When he was quite gone she looked again toward the door of the hotel. The bellhop was still standing there, silhouetted in the bright oblong of light. She walked slowly toward him.

When she reached the door, he stepped aside to let her pass.

"No," she told him, her voice as soft as the slow slap of the water upon the sand, "I don't want to go in just yet."

He moved out from the lighted doorway, onto the beach. "Thought I'd take a breath of fresh air," he explained shyly, looking at his shoes.

She put her hands behind her head and breathed deep of the clean, salty wind which swept in from the sea. "Yes," she said, "it's wonderful out here."

She saw that he was no longer looking at his shoes. She was pleased.

They walked on down the beach together. He glanced back anxiously several times, but as they went farther from the hotel, he grew more easy.

He was working as a bellhop for the summer, he told her, to make enough money for college in the fall. She thought that was very nice. He was going to major in philosophy and literature, not very practical, but it was what he liked best, and he thought that whenever possible one should do what one liked best. She thought that was nice, too. She liked the earnestness in his voice when he spoke.

WHEN they turned to go back she said, "I was thinking of digging some clams tomorrow. Could you tell me how to go about it?"

"Well," he began, "you must wait till the tide is out. Then if you go over to the flats beyond the breakwater, and look for strips of white sand, and rake underneath until you find black sand, and—and—"

She was looking at him wide-eyed, interested, intent. And he faltered.

"Yes?" She enjoyed his confusion.

He went on, explaining earnestly about the type of rake to take, the little holes to look for in the sand. But when they were almost to the hotel, she interrupted him. "It sounds very complicated," she said simply. "Perhaps you could come with me and show me how to do it."

She watched his eyes widen just a bit. "Why, yes. Yes, miss," he said, unable to keep tones of enthusiasm from his voice. "In fact, I get the day off tomorrow. I'd be very glad to show you how to hunt clams."

"All right. I'll meet you out at the breakwater at eleven." She moved toward the door of the hotel, then turned. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Peter. Peter Williams."

"My name is Myrna." She watched him a moment, drinking in his stare. She smiled. Then she walked on ahead of him into the hotel. . . .

He was sitting on a rock on the breakwater, when she came up the next day. He wore bathing trunks, and she watched him a moment as he sat, staring into the ocean. She liked the lithe brownness of his body. Then she ran across the rocks toward him.

He looked up quickly, and smiled. "Hello. I didn't *think* you were coming."

"I wouldn't miss this for anything." She caught up the tin bucket he had brought. "Will we find enough clams to fill this?"

"We ought to." He stood up, proud and sure somehow, even while he was humble and rather uncertain next to her. "I know the best places to look for them. Come on."

He helped her down the rocks, and led her along a thin stream which twisted through the sand and tall marsh grasses. Then stream and sand ended. The grasses thickened. They pricked her bare feet. He was walking on ahead of her, steady, and sure, the sunlight shining coppery on his brown bare back.

"Peter," she called to him, a little plaintively, like a child. "Peter, this stubble hurts my feet."

"We'll be there soon." He walked on.

She was not used to this disregard from men, and she enjoyed it. Then the ground became muddy. Suddenly, a crab scuttled sideways near her feet, and she screamed.

He turned and ran back to her.

"Oh, Peter, this is a terrible place. Crabs and mud. Is it much farther?"

He was looking at her as she stood before him in her white bathing suit. He said nothing.

"Is it much farther, Peter?"

He flushed suddenly and said, "Would you like me to carry you?"

"I've been thinking of that." She knew then he had been thinking of that, too, and that he was afraid. "Yes, carry me."

He directed her to jump on his back, and with his hands under her thighs and her arms about his neck, he carried her through the grassy marshes. They came to a shallow arm of the ocean stretching inward. He could have set her down. But he did not. He carried her till they came to a sweep of clean white sand.

"Last stop," he said.

"Well, that was a nice ride." She laughed as she slid from his back and felt happy in the warm morning sunlight.

But with him there seemed to be something dark inside. His eyes rested on her. She smiled at him. But he scowled a little, shook his head slightly, almost unconsciously, and took up the rake he had brought. She understood the darkness in him. She had brought it there. And she was pleased.

"It's—it's awfully alone out here on the flats, isn't it, Peter?" she said.

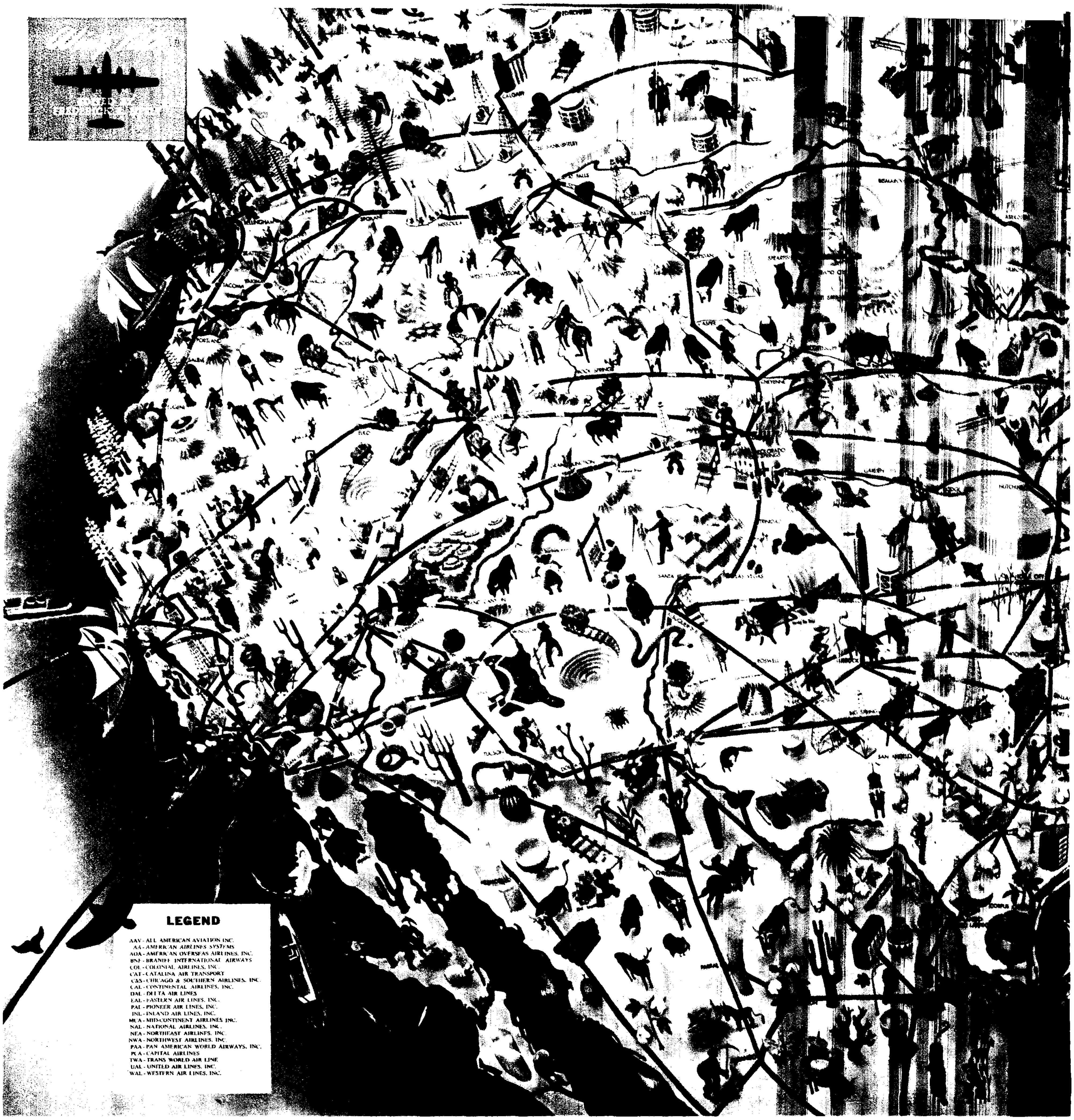
He dug the rake savagely deep in the sand and said nothing.

"What's the matter, Peter? You're not angry with me?"

"No, miss."

His rake struck *(Continued on page 111)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CLEAVER


LEGEND
AAV - ALL AMERICAN AVIATION INC.
AA - AMERICAN AIRLINES SYSTEMS
AOA - AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES, INC.
BNF - BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
COL - COLONIAL AIRLINES, INC.
CAT - CATALINA AIR TRANSPORT
C&S - CHICAGO & SOUTHERN AIRLINES, INC.
CAL - CONTINENTAL AIRLINES, INC.
DAL - DELTA AIR LINES
EAL - EASTERN AIR LINES, INC.
PAL - PIONEER AIR LINES, INC.
INL - INLAND AIR LINES, INC.
MCA - MID-CONTINENT AIRLINES INC.
NAL - NATIONAL AIRLINES, INC.
NEA - NORTHEAST AIRLINES, INC.
NWA - NORTHWEST AIRLINES, INC.
PAA - PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS, INC.
PCA - CAPITAL AIRLINES
TWA - TRANS WORLD AIR LINE
UAL - UNITED AIR LINES, INC.
WAL - WESTERN AIR LINES, INC.

HIGHER, WIDER AND HANDSOMER

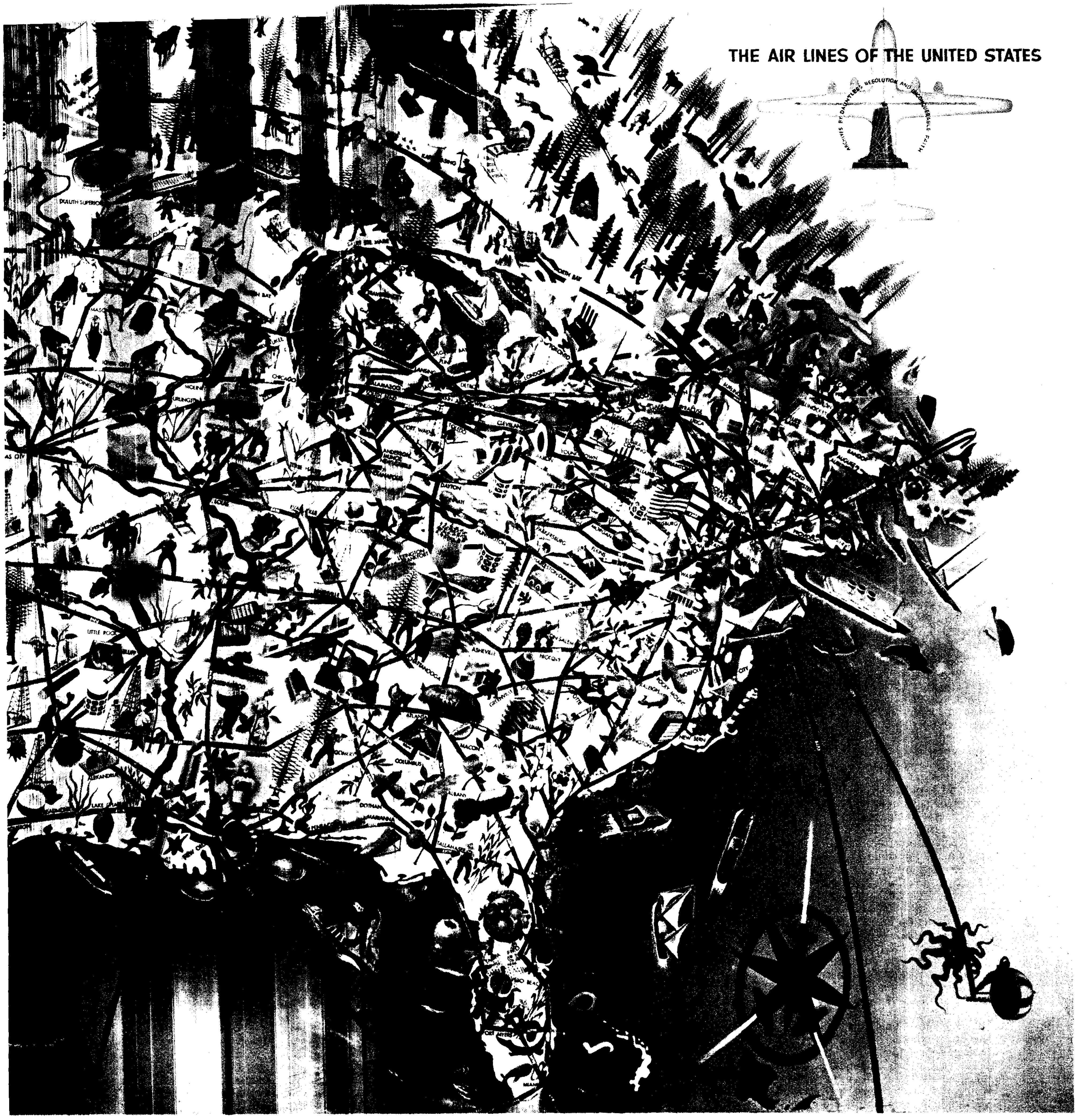
BY C. R. SMITH

AS TOLD TO OSCAR LEIDING

The chairman of the board of American Airlines analyzes the shortcomings of air transport and tells how to overcome them

SOME years ago, when the number of airline employees about equaled the number of air passengers, a prominent passenger traveling on his birthday usually could have a pleasant surprise. The stewardess would come beaming down the aisle with a cake and launch a cloudside celebration with a cheery, "Happy birthday, Mr. Jones!"

Mr. Jones doesn't expect birthday cakes from the airlines today, but what he wants —*and what the airlines must give*—is a brand of service inferior in no respect to the standards of ground and sea transport. The airlines are in the transportation busi-


THE AIR LINES OF THE UNITED STATES
ACHIEVED BY DAUNTLESS, RESOLUTION AND UNCONQUERABLE FAITH
DULUTH SUPERIOR
DES MOINES
CHICAGO
MOLINE
BURLINGTON
FORT WAYNE
CLEVELAND
YOUNGSTOWN
DAYTON
LITTLE ROCK
ASHEVILLE
HICKORY
NORFOLK
ATLANTA
MACON
COLUMBUS
DOTHAN
TALLAHASSEE

The tremendous growth of air traffic can be seen in this map of the trunk lines that crisscross the country. To simplify the map, the artist has omitted the network of shorter feeders branching from these lines to serve smaller towns

ness now, in a big way, and they must assume the responsibilities commonly associated with dependable volume transportation.

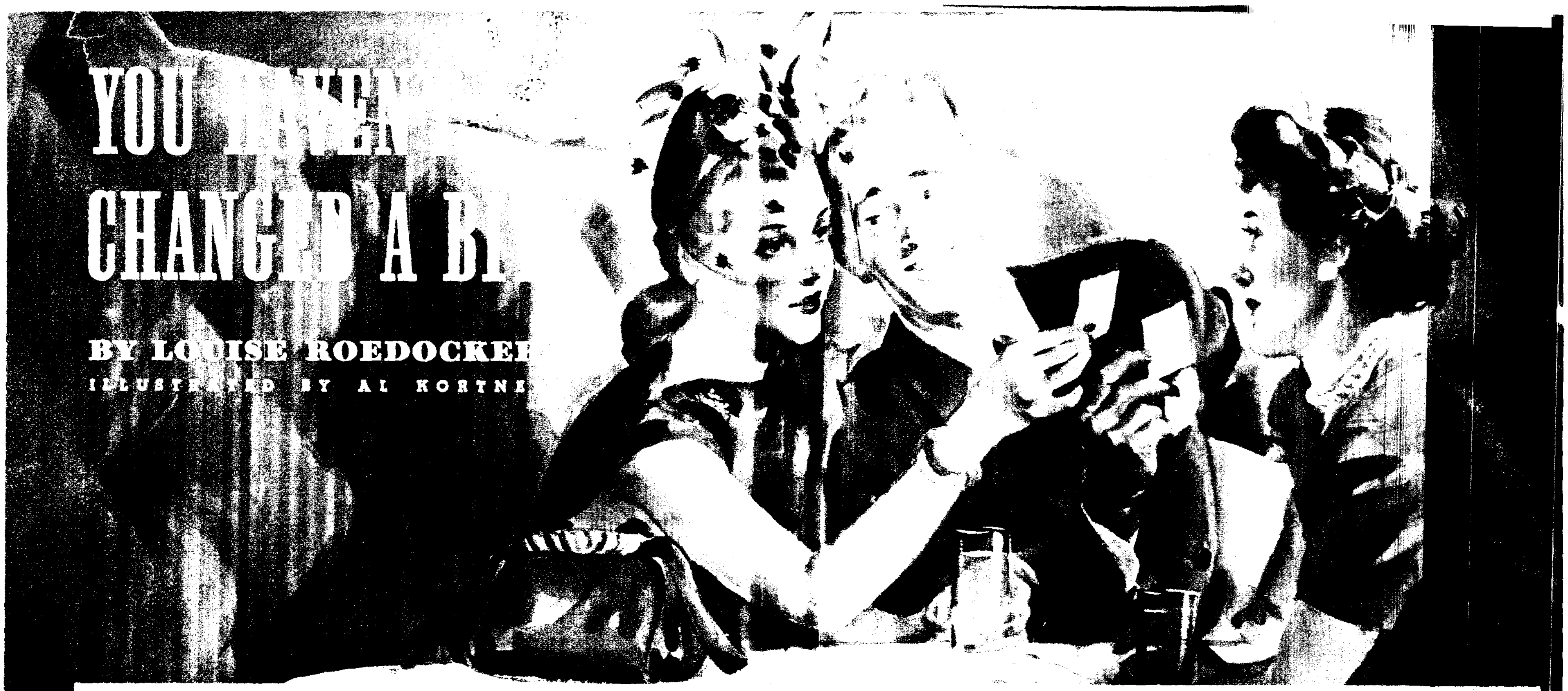
What must the airlines do? There are too many needs to be listed in one interview, but here are some of them.

Dependability. The airlines must render more dependable service. The passenger must be reasonably sure of going, which means cutting down the cancellations because of bad weather, and he must be reasonably sure of arriving at his destination when the timetable says he will. This adds up to a staggering bundle of problems. Why?

Airports have been swamped by the sudden and tremendous growth of air traffic. The domestic scheduled airlines alone carried 5,225,299 paying passengers in the first half of this year, about two-thirds of a million more than in *all* of 1944. You cannot guarantee on-time arrivals when airplanes come in over an airport faster than its capacity to land them. They are forced sometimes to circle, awaiting their turn to come down. This doesn't happen too often, but it does happen with some regularity during peak periods at the principal population centers.

One answer, of course, is more airports. Many more are required, especially in the metropolitan areas. Construction of these additional landing fields is a common job, for the municipalities, the state and federal governments and the airlines to plan and accomplish together. It is not an easy job, nor a quick one, but it is one for which prompt and effective planning is necessary. We are doing a great deal of this, but a great deal more remains to be done. One of the great difficulties is present shortage of building and construction materials. We never will be able to make the progress we'd like without their greater availability. *(Continued on page 94)*

MAP BY AYRES HOUGHTELLING



YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BI

BY LOUISE ROEDOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNE

"And here's our little girl. She looks just like her mother," Terry said, watching Elaine's face to see how she would respond

THE two women sat in one of the more secluded booths. Elaine White, who sat facing the bar, was small and slight, with a gentle, almost naïve face. She was so well turned out, compared to the way most of the women in the town dressed, that it seemed she must have wanted to create an impression.

Her friend was hatless, and her dark feathercut was wind-blown, her brown linen dress wrinkled. She was eying Elaine curiously. They had met in the bar some ten minutes before, and now their conversation was progressing wretchedly, since both of them were remembering something which neither of them wanted to speak of first.

"When you called, I thought your husband would be with you," the wind-blown woman said. "It would have been fun to see him."

Elaine fingered her new diamond engagement and wedding rings, and an enigmatic smile formed itself around her mouth. "He's awfully busy right now, Jane," she said. "With colleges so crowded, professors have to take on so much extra work. And he's working on his next novel. I left him sitting at the typewriter."

The dark woman leaned against the table slightly. "It just doesn't seem possible," she said, "you married to a man like that. I remember when that last novel of his came out and his picture was even in the local paper—"

Elaine moved uneasily. "I know," she said, and there was a slight bitterness in her tone. "No one thought I was very smart. Remember, I was the *Hausfrau* type. The little girl who would never get out of one spot—" She smiled, but her lips were tight. "It seems a long time ago, Jane."

"Only four years," Jane said. "But you made use of them, all right. I don't think there's a soul who hasn't heard of Peter Alex White."

Elaine lifted her glass, staring down into the pale liquid. She said nothing.

"By the way," Jane said casually, "Terry is in town."

Both women were relieved that the name had been said, the subject brought up. Elaine bent her head and rummaged in her bag for a cigarette.

"They have a daughter, you know. She's nearly three," Jane said.

Elaine smiled. "Mother told me." She exhaled smoke slowly. "Funny how they always remember to tell the woman, but I'll bet Terry hasn't heard a word about me since he followed Doris out of town."

"Remember, Terry was only going to work in that jewelry store for a year, and then go back and take his master's degree at college? He's still in the jewelry store. His wife's father's store. A clerk. Not that it would matter, if he hadn't talked so big."

"The Great Terry," Elaine said, and her laugh was brittle. "He didn't know what he was going to be, but it was going to be big. He would write a great book, if only he could get an idea for it. Or he would be a great actor. Or a great painter or poet. How I used to eat it up!"

Elaine's eyes followed the ice in her highball glass. She was remembering the night Terry Wade had told her that he couldn't marry her, that the engagement was off, that they weren't suited to each other because, in effect, she didn't know as much as he did. She remembered the flickering teasing pleasure that had been in his eyes when he told her; she had known that he wanted her to be all broken up about it. But she had been numb; she couldn't say a word. He'd prided himself on his analysis of her.

"God," she said violently, "how I'd like to show him he didn't know me at all!"

"Oh, well, it's all done now. You're married to someone worth a dozen of Terry." Jane smiled reminiscently. "Remember how often the gang used to come here? Of course, there's no place else you can get a drink in this town. . . . What about another drink?"

Jane leaned around the booth to summon a waiter. Then she drew her head in quickly and got into a corner of the booth. "Terry's at the bar."

Elaine raised her head and glanced toward the bar. After a moment, she slid to the farthest edge of the booth, looking directly at the man who stood there, facing in her direction. When at last he noticed her, he straightened, and then a peculiarly smug, amused expression crossed his face. He was one of those exceedingly handsome men who have been admired since they were babies burbling in their cribs—one of those babies who thrived on admiration. He began to walk slowly toward the booth.

Elaine's eyes flicked her friend. "Don't tell him a thing about me," she said. "Not a thing." She swiftly removed the rings from her finger and dropped them into her bag.

"Well, if it isn't Elaine!" Terry said, draping himself over the high green side of the booth. "My little friend Elaine."

Elaine flushed. "Why, Terry. . . ." she said, and her smile was hesitant, fluttery. "How nice to see you. Are you awfully busy, or could you sit down for a minute?" She made room for him beside her on the seat. She turned herself so that she could face *him*, and her eyes lingered on his face. Jane looked at Elaine and moved angrily.

Complacency oozed in Terry's voice. "Still the same Elaine, aren't you?" he said, smiling.

"Tell me about yourself," Elaine said, smiling into his eyes.

"We're just in town for a week or so," Terry said. "You've heard we have a little girl?"

"Of course," Elaine said. "Do you have a picture of her with you?"

Terry took out his wallet. "And one of Doris, too," he said, his eyes on Elaine. He paused and then said, "She's just as beautiful as ever. Still has hair you'd like to walk in."

Elaine's face drooped a little.

"And here's our little girl. She looks just like her mother." He passed the pictures along to Elaine, leaning his shoulder against hers, putting his head next to hers, and watching her face to see how she would respond to their close contact. Elaine's hand, holding the picture, quivered slightly. He moved away, satisfied.

UNDER Elaine's careful questioning, he talked glibly about himself, his business, his house and his automobile. Finally, he said, politely, but smiling a trifle condescendingly, "And what about you, Elaine? What have you been doing with yourself?"

Elaine placed her hands on the table in a dissembling gesture and looked him in the face, her manner helpless, appealing. "Oh," she said, "I'm afraid I haven't changed a bit. I'm just exactly the same." She paused, and then said with more emphasis, "No, I haven't changed a bit." She hesitated again, then went on more slowly, "Isn't it funny, neither of us has changed? Not a bit."

There was no doubting how he took what she said; he glanced at her in the familiar taunting way. He rose in his easy fashion and smiled down on her. "Well, I guess I'll have one more before I go," he said, casually. "Nice to have seen you. . . ."

Elaine watched him lean against the bar and say something to the bartender, who glanced at her and grinned.

"Well!" Jane said. "Honestly, I thought you hated yourself for sitting at his feet. You certainly sat at his feet just now."

"Yes, I did, didn't I?" Elaine said. Her eyes were hard and implacable. "I hope he remembers that. It was just exactly like old times. Neither of us has changed a bit. I hope he realized that."

"Someone is sure to tell him you're married," Jane said.

"Yes, someone is sure to tell him. . . ." Elaine leaned forward suddenly and grasped Jane's arm. "Look—"

Jane peered around the booth. She saw Terry shaking the hand of a tall, rugged-faced man wearing a wrinkled suit. She had never seen the man before.

"Peter Alex White! I never thought I'd get to meet you!" Terry was saying. He slapped the man on the back, as if they were old friends. "I'd recognize you anywhere. That was a fine book—about the best I ever read."

"Thank you," Peter said. It was clear that he was embarrassed. He glanced around as if for escape. "I was told that my wife was here."

"Your wife?" Terry said.

"Ah, there she is—" Peter started toward the booth.

Elaine leaned back against the wall of the booth. She raised her glass and looked at Terry's dismayed, disbelieving face over the rim. She could almost feel the questions scuttling about in his mind; could sense the disintegration of that ego which had fed on her and the memory of her subjection all this time. Her smile was just a trifle taunting, a bit condescending.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BUDDY
TOTES THE BALL

BY STANLEY FRANK

When Buddy Young carries the ball, Illini fans don't merely hope for a gain—they expect it. Usually they're not disappointed

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN–PIX

IT MUST be that sectional pride and prejudice are about to become museum pieces of national nonsense. People in the Middle West are willing to concede that Buddy Young, who runs for the University of Illinois after the manner of a dispersing crowd, can carry a football only slightly faster and farther than the Army's Glenn Davis.

A heartening note of discord comes from the Far West, which saw Young last season with the Fleet City Navy team, and brands anyone a myopic moron who does not recognize him as the most spectacular scatback of the age. When Coast nuts so enshrine a five-foot, five-inch colored boy from Chicago, it follows that the Russians will be finding proletarian virtues in capitalistic society any day now.

It would be well to present the dead-pan facts in the case: As an 18-year-old freshman in 1944, Young equaled Red Grange's Illinois record by scoring thirteen touchdowns. He also won the Western Conference and N.C.A.A. 100- and 220-yard track titles, was the A.A.U. 100-meter champion and tied world records in the 45- and 60-yard dashes. Last year with Fleet City, the national service champion, the 163-pound kid bounced off pro stars, outweighing him up to eighty pounds, for fifteen touchdowns.

Now then, Buddy Young, smallest and swiftest big-league football player of this generation, is an ebullient, self-effacing youth whose only conceit is a minuscule growth on the upper lip which he persists in identifying as a mustache.

Although he is an indefatigable practical joker specializing in hotfoots, the curse of the adolescent mind, Young is enormously popular with teammates, who could easily resent his monopoly of the spotlight. By reason of his size and reputation, the runt is an inevitable target for extracurricular roughhouse. Such tactics provoke strenuous reprisals by Young's side.

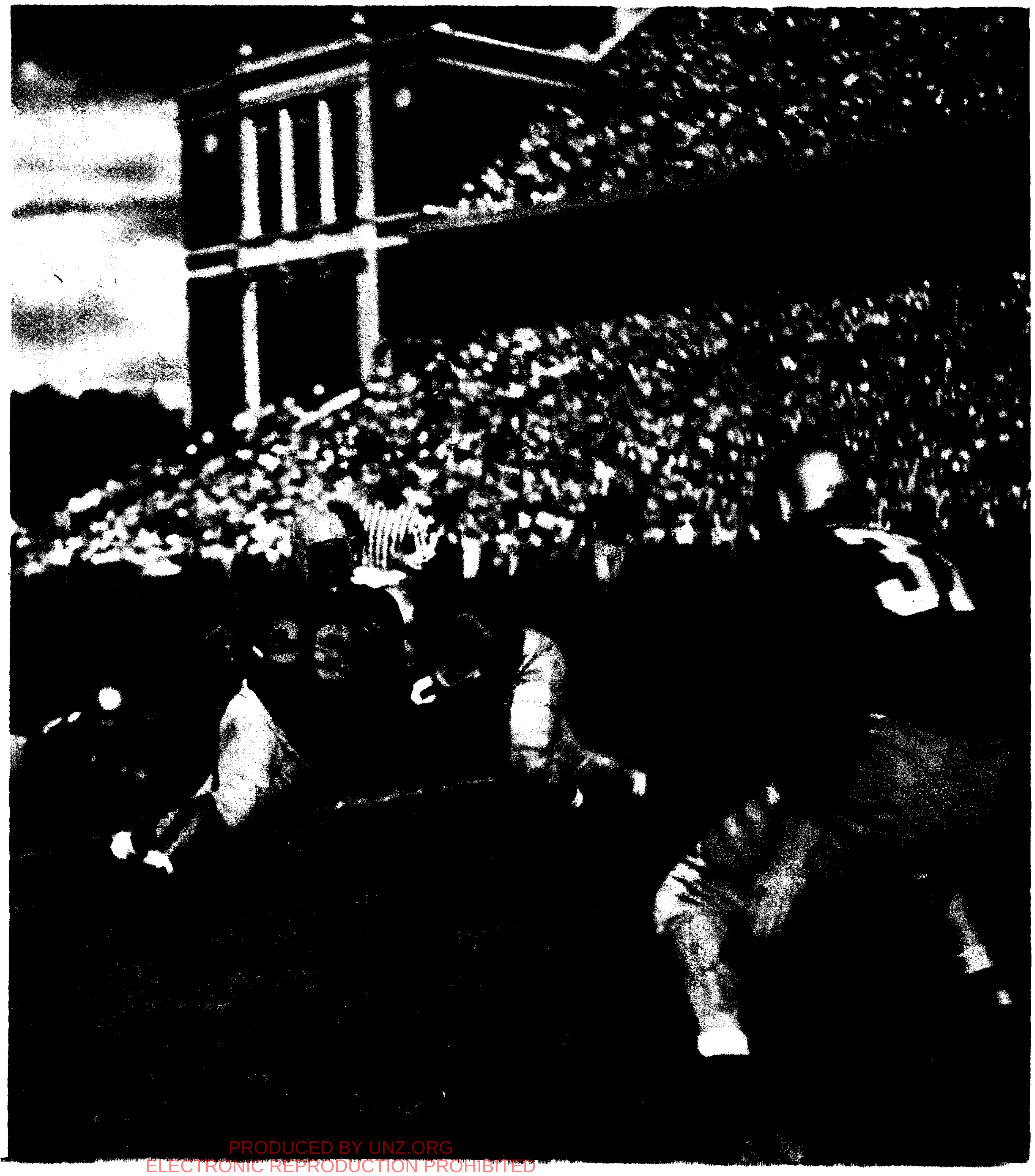
Last year El Toro Marines, rather annoyed when Young ran 94 and 88 yards for touchdowns on successive plays, began an impromptu vivisection job on him. Bruiser Kinard, Fleet City tackle, who earned his nickname in the pro league, announced in a you-all drawl as thick as the mud of his native Mississippi that he would eat a Marine, skin, bones and hair, if the dirty work did not cease immediately. It did.

Illinois-Notre Dame relations were strained severely in 1944 when Young, after running 74 yards off tackle, was rendered too groggy to continue by a series of thumps on the head. When the rivals met last September 28th, Illini gladiators made declarations of policy across the scrimmage line regarding the care and handling of Young. The Notre Dame's inhumanity toward the kid was confined to throwing up an unorthodox 5-3-3 defense designed to check his wanderlust with the ball. Purdue used the same setup on October 5th and devoted so much attention to Young that Illinois romped to a 43-7 decision.

Lavish no sympathy on Young, however; it is not necessary to put him in cotton batting when they separate the men from the boys in the arena. He can take care of himself. His size invariably comes as a shock, even if you are prepared to meet a vest-pocket David. Young is so small and bouncy he looks like a merry chimney sweep out of Dickens or, dressed in

(Continued on page 107)

Buddy Young carries the ball for Illinois in this year's game with Notre Dame. Attempting to tackle him is Jack Zilly. At right is Terry Brennan



V.D. FOR SA

SCATTERED over half a dozen blocks of one of the slum districts of Wheeling, W. Va., an important manufacturing city in the Ohio Valley about an hour's drive from Pittsburgh, are some fifty old houses, dingy, battered and dilapidated, that bring extraordinarily high rentals. They are occupied by approximately 150 prostitutes and "madams," and comprise a red-light district known locally as "south of the border."

There are also, in many of these places, a considerable number of Negro women who do the cooking and cleaning, and who usually bring their children when they come to work, because there's no place to leave them. However, the youngsters don't waste their time; they help out by running errands for the prostitutes and opening the doors for visitors. In some of the dives they earn quite a little money in tips.

Prostitution is illegal in Wheeling, just as it is in most American cities. But the women "south of the border" are seldom molested, nor are the men who protect and patronize them and without whom they couldn't stay in business. In return for this virtual immunity, the prostitutes are supposed to sell no liquor in the brothels, to admit no minors, to keep away from the hotels and the respectable parts of the city, and to pay "The Man," a racketeer with political connections who gets a percentage of the take from every dive and gambling joint in town.

Also, they are required to report to a clinic once a week for venereal inspection, and to be on hand for the periodic raids by the police, of which they are usually notified in advance, so that they may be taken into court and fined with a minimum of fuss.

"Of course," one madam said, "we don't do all those things. You can get a drink in most places, and how're we going to know how old a customer is? My motto is: Let him in if he ain't got on short pants. During the war we was supposed to keep soldiers out, but the taxi drivers all carried a blue shirt in their cabs, and once a guy put that on he wasn't a soldier no longer. We took his word for it that he was a steelworker."

"Do you always pay 'The Man'?" she was asked.

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

A year ago, venereal disease was nearly under control, for the first time in our history. Today, organized vice is back at the old stands, and the picture is changing fast

"I'll say we do! Anybody holds out on him is in real trouble! He takes from everybody, and he gets plenty. Why, if I didn't have three girls I couldn't make a nickel. It takes one girl to pay for running the joint, and everything another makes goes for protection. The third girl is my profit. I'd like to have a couple more girls. Of course, I'd pay 'The Man' more, but I'd make more, too. But girls are hard to get; good ones, that is. All in all, though, we've got a real swell setup in this town. I'll bet there ain't a better setup anywhere in the country."

The visible influence of the red-light district upon the normal life of Wheeling is negligible. But in the underworld, Wheeling's "south of the border" is very important; it is known all over the East as a "safe" area, a refuge to which prostitutes and madams may flee when things get tough in other cities.

Moreover, partly for this reason and partly because of its location—in the long, narrow neck of West Virginia that extends up the Ohio River Valley almost to Pittsburgh—Wheeling is the core of a loosely organized prostitution circuit which fans out from West Virginia into the four states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and New York.

Racketeers' Traffic System

Besides Wheeling, the key cities of the circuit are Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, Canton and Steubenville in Ohio, and Pittsburgh and some of its large suburbs—Homestead, Braddock and Duquesne. As far as could be learned, the circuit is not operated by a syndicate; in all of these cities the brothels appear to be individually owned. But there are several syndicates, headed by racketeers with political pull, which control from two to twenty girls each and transfer them from one city to another exacting a fee from the prostitute.

For example, if a girl gets into trouble or otherwise wears out her welcome in Cleveland, she is sent down to Canton, or to Pittsburgh, Detroit or Buffalo. There's always room for her, and the madams are glad to see new faces. And when a girl can't go anywhere else, there's always Wheeling. But some of the Wheeling madams, especially those who take pride in running a "nice house," resent the fact that their town is used as a sort of sanctuary.

"Most of the girls we get here," one said, "are tramps who come to us because they can't get along anywhere else. It's hard to keep them, too, because this is a dirty town and prices are cheap. We don't get what I'd call a nice class of trade."

As rapidly as protection can be arranged and the madams can find the necessary housing, the syndicates are moving girls into other localities; operations have already begun, on a comparatively small scale, in such widely separated cities as Erie, Pa., Wilmington, Del., and Akron, Ohio. And there seems to be plenty of room not only for the expansion of this particular circuit, but for the formation of others.

According to a report of the American Social Hygiene Association, which recently completed a survey of 1,100 cities, the number of communities in which organized vice has obtained a foothold has quadrupled since the war. A member of the syndicate which handles girls in the Pittsburgh area said that the time was ripe for a real big shot to muscle into the business and organize prostitution from the Mississippi to the Atlantic.

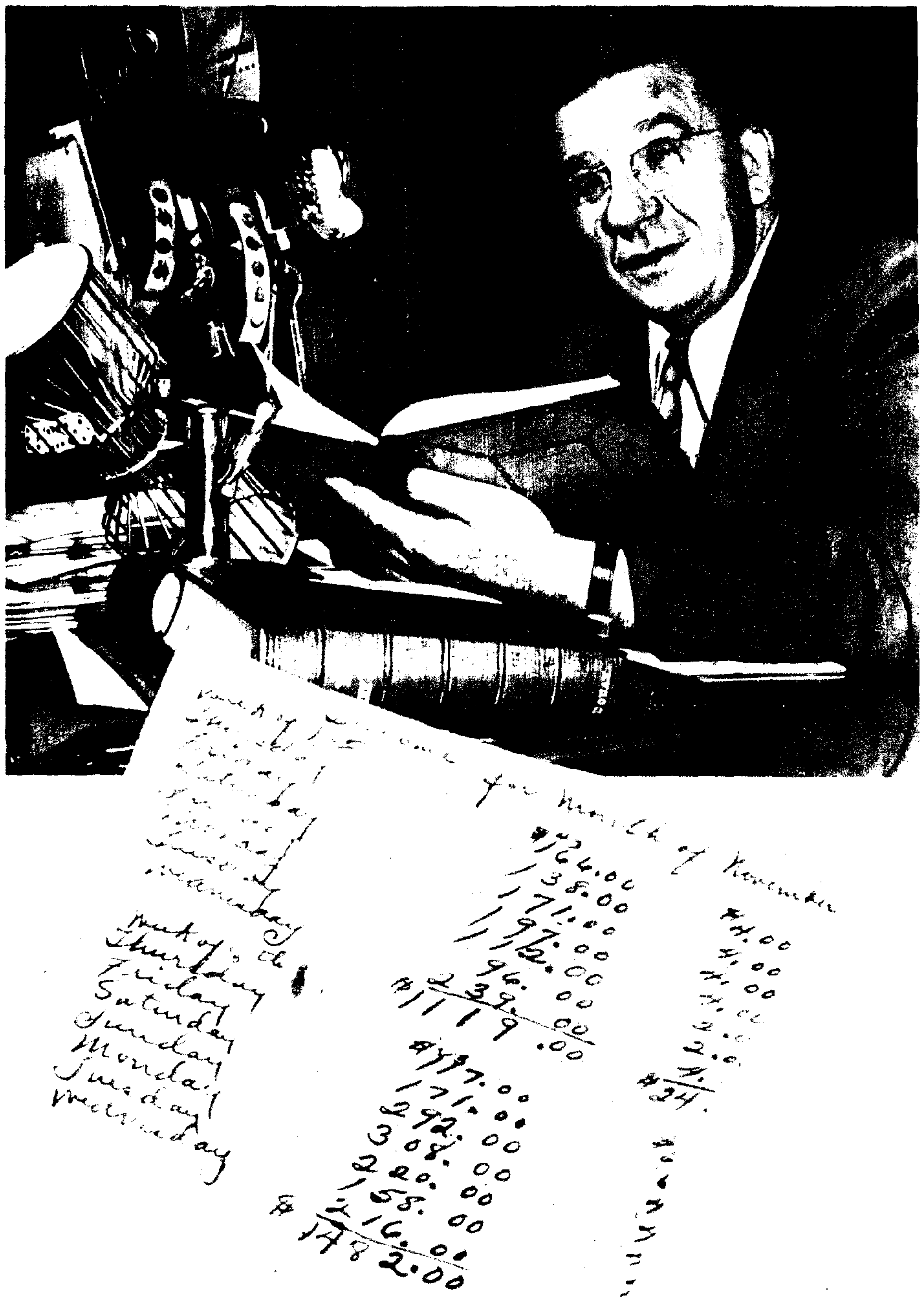
"Somebody like Al Capone or Johnny Torrio," he said. "Then you'll really see something! What we're doing now is peanuts."

And such a thing is not unlikely, for the rewards are certainly there. In all of the cities where vice has become more or less firmly entrenched within the past year or so, the take from prostitution and its principal ally, gambling, runs into big figures. The madam of a three-girl house in Youngstown, which was one of the "good towns" until an energetic sheriff cleaned it up a few months ago, rang up a gross business of more than $6,000 in one month, although her dive was on a side street and she didn't sell liquor.

Similarly staffed brothels, in better locations and operated by more enterprising madams, are known to have averaged from $8,000 to $10,000 a month over a considerable period. Not long ago a Duquesne minister, appearing before the city council to

(Continued on page 112)

Sheriff Ralph Elser of Youngstown, Ohio, briefs a handful of deputies for a raid, at a secret rendezvous outside town to prevent a tip-off



for Month of November

Thursday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday

$164.00
138.00
171.00
192.00
96.00
239.00
$1119.00

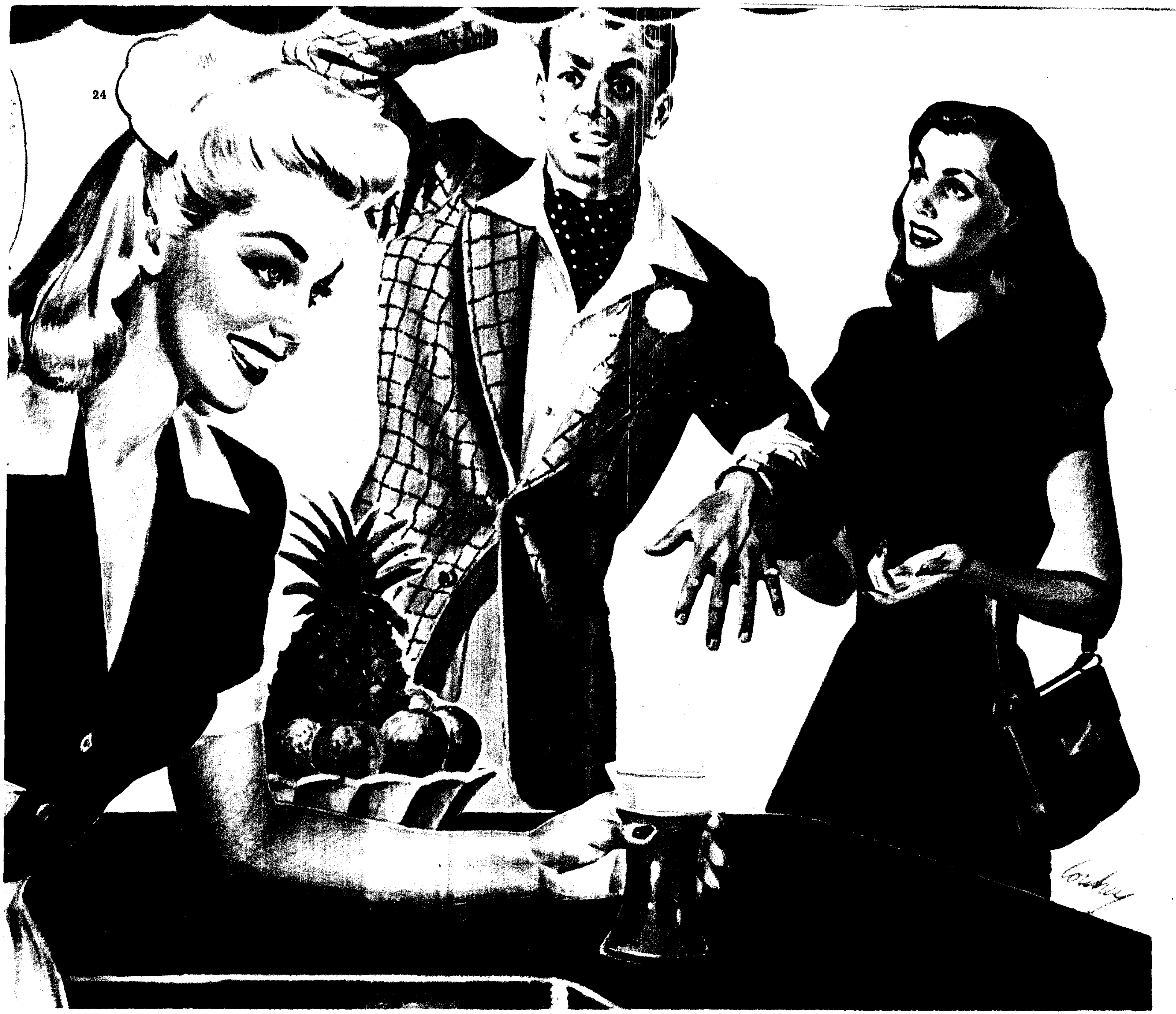
$117.00
171.00
292.00
308.00
220.00
158.00
216.00
$1482.00

$4.00
4.00
4.00
2.00
4.
$24.

Above: Sheriff Elser with the records of one brothel, a page of which is reproduced showing that three girls took in over $6,000 in one month

PRIVATE
HOME

Left: In order to avoid being annoyed by drunks seeking brothels, signs like this are on private homes on the edge of Canton's busy V.D. district



Ann led Fred to the little orange-juice and sandwich bar. Fred saw the girl immediately. "What'll it be?" the blonde asked in a rusty voice

IT'S THE CLIMATE

BY ALEX GABY

The sobering fate of an innocent couple who fell prey to Hollywood's heady allure . . . somebody should have warned them

THEY found the desert between Blythe, on the California-Arizona border, and Indio—almost into Riverside—wasn't so bad as it had been painted. Hot, of course. But they opened the windows wide, so that they had a steady wind in the car.

She wore a pair of slacks and a halter. He wore his Army sun tans, which already were a little tight for him around the middle. Both wore elaborate sunglasses. Ann had even kept hers on in Blythe when they had stopped for lunch although it had been so dark in the café she could hardly read the menu. Her wide, bare midriff made her slightly nervous. However, she felt a little thrill when she noticed some of the men in the place were looking at her. She sat up stiffly and tried to look unconcerned. She was sure they thought she was a movie actress, because movie actresses wore sunglasses all the time, too.

They had had no trouble finding accommodations all the way from Ohio. All their friends told them they'd better take a couple of pillows and some blankets along because they'd have to sleep in the car nights. It hadn't been so. In fact, usually they found a cabin at the first motel they asked.

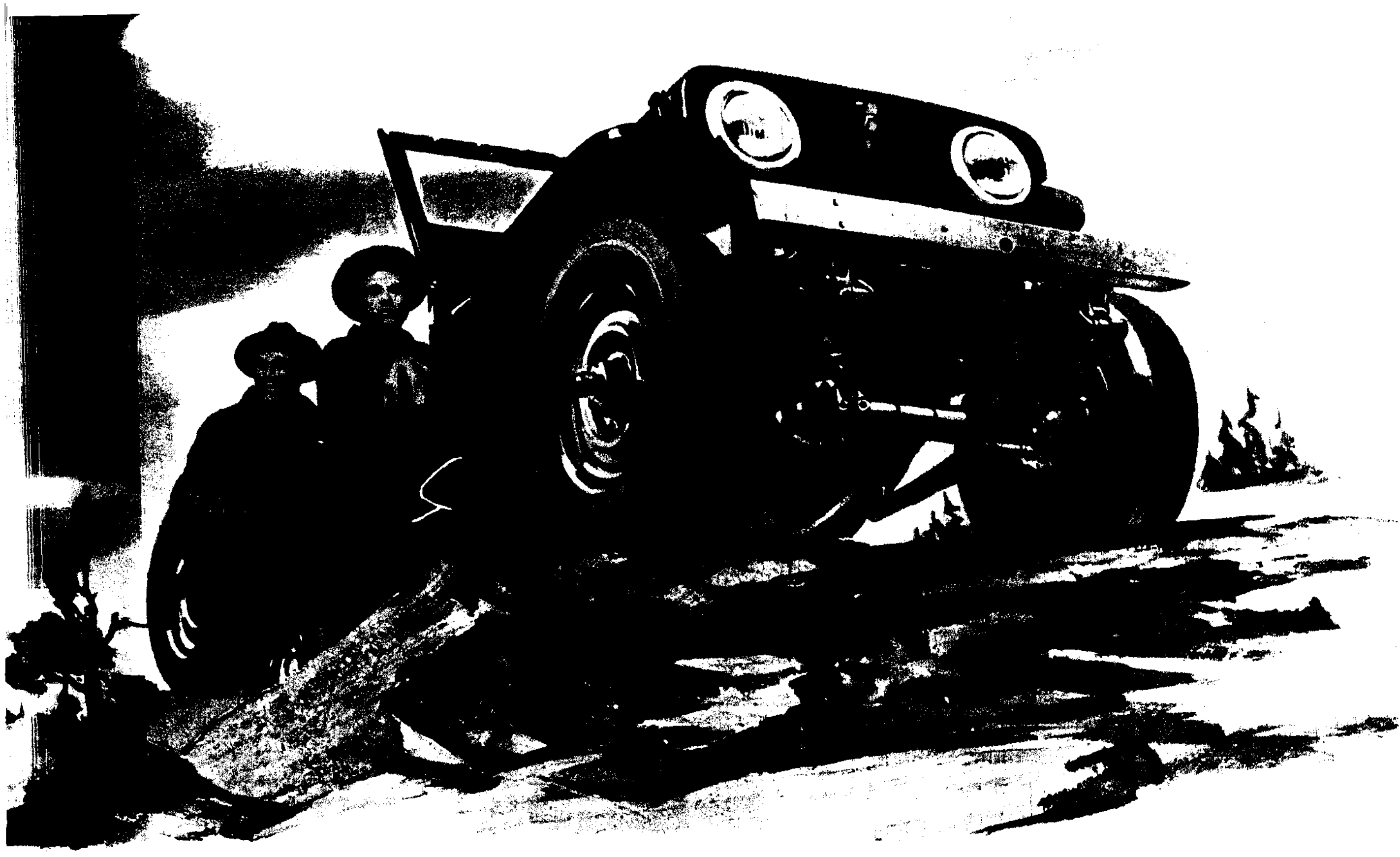
Now, Route 60 ran them through Riverside, and by the time they rejoined 70 a few miles farther, the California they had imagined started to materialize. There were palm-lined streets, and the rolling countryside was lush and green and covered with orange groves and neat little truck farms.

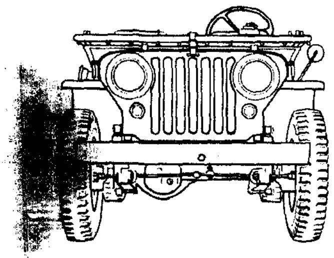
Suddenly Ann tugged at his elbow. "Look at that sign!" she exclaimed. He glanced where she pointed, at a sign which read:

Stop at Harry's—¼ Mile Ahead
Orange Juice—All You Can Drink 10 Cents

"What's wrong with people?" she asked. "Here they told us everything was so high, and it's the same as when Gert and Gordon were out here five years ago. I remember they wrote Mom a card telling about the orange *(Continued on page 28)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY





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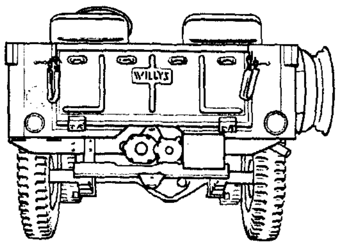

ON THE HIGHWAY and around town, you drop back to conventional 2-wheel drive to save on the economy of the world-famous Willys-Overland "Jeep" Engine. And if you have belt- or shaft-driven equipment to operate, the power take-off on the rear makes your "Jeep" a mobile power unit.

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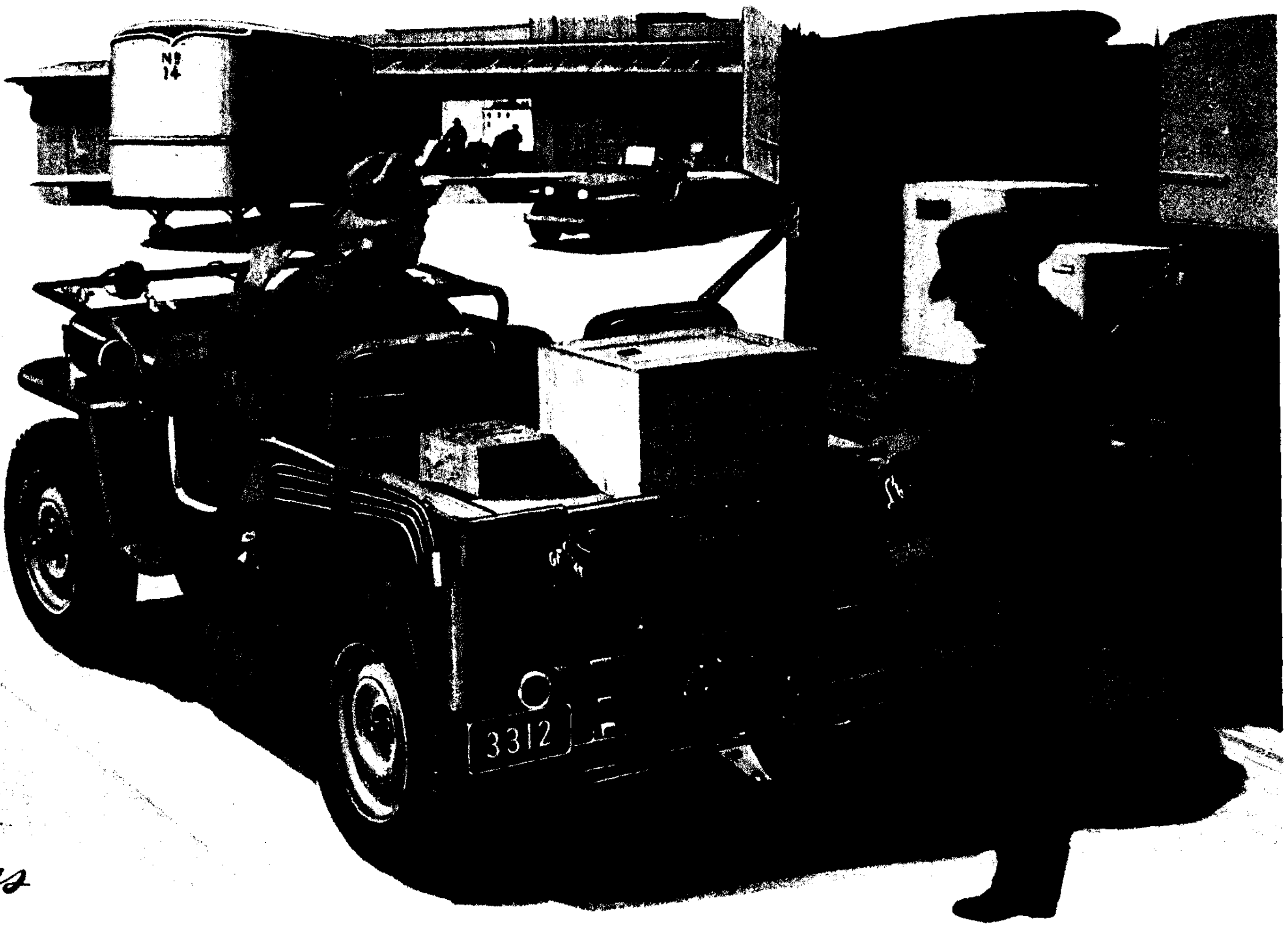

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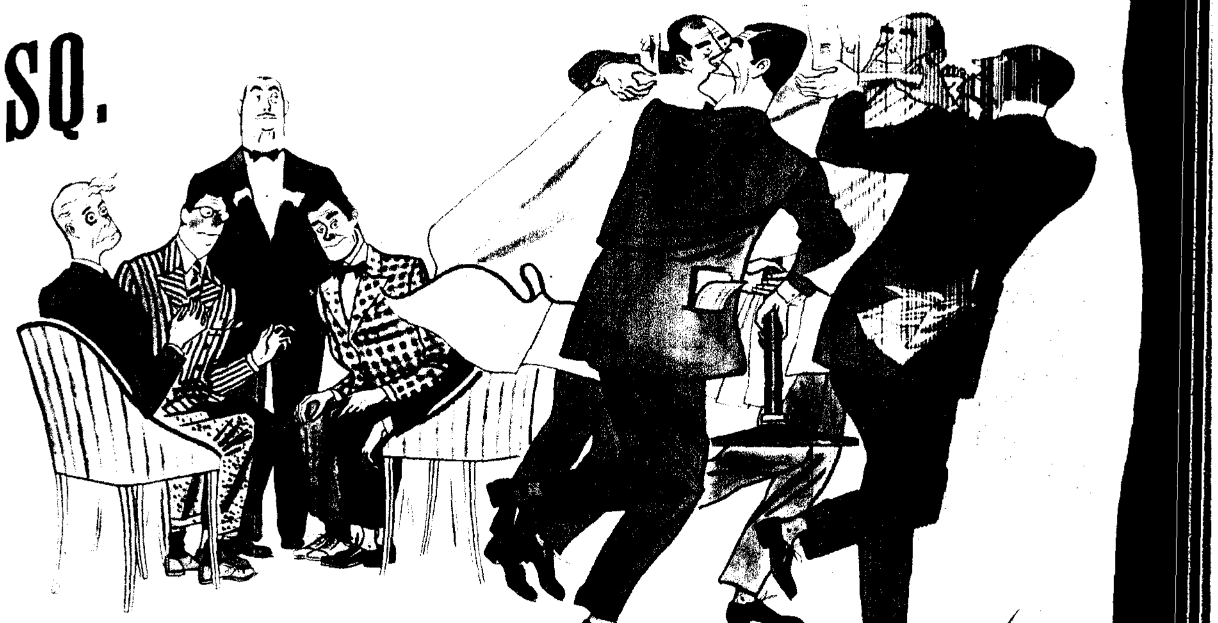
GET A 'Jeep'

HEADWAITER, ESQ.

BY FRED SPARKS

A headwaiter in a swank night club who can't make $400 a week—mostly in tips — is rated a liability to the club. Read this and weep crocodile tears



They carried the table away so quietly that they didn't spill a drop

THE four large young men obviously had been pub-crawling for hours. They came into the Zanzibar Café, the largest night club in New York, during the late evening, and were given the ringside table which they had reserved by telephone. For an hour or so they behaved themselves, being busily engaged in the consumption of liquor. Then the show started, and as the chorus line danced near their table, one of the young men rolled a soda bottle across the floor, almost tripping several of the girls. This is a dangerous but not uncommon prank, and Charles Rickie, the Zanzibar headwaiter, knew exactly what to do about it. He spoke quietly to the member of the party who appeared to be most sober.

"If that happens again," he said, "I'll have to ask you to leave."

"Forget it," the man said. "He'll be all right. I'll take care of him."

But a few minutes later another bottle rolled across the floor, and the four young men laughed boisterously as the girls broke step to avoid it. Rickie approached the table and said: "Please pay your check and leave."

The bottle roller demanded to know who'd make him leave, and his companions supported him with equally belligerent remarks. Rickie didn't argue with them; he simply raised his hands, and four husky waiters came over. The customers at near-by tables leaned forward eagerly; they expected to see an old-fashioned bum's rush, something to tell the folks back home about.

Instead, the waiters lifted the table at which the prankish quartet sat and carried it away, so quickly and quietly that they didn't spill a drop, and the bellicose young men scarcely knew what had happened. They sat stubbornly without a table or a drink for a few minutes, then, confused and embarrassed, got up, and wandered toward the door. Near the exit a waiter met them with their check, which they paid. As they lurched past Rickie he said, pleasantly:

"Good night, gentlemen."

One of the young men stopped, a puzzled expression on his face. He seemed to be trying to remember something. Finally he brightened and handed Rickie a five-dollar bill. Then he staggered out onto Broadway.

Fortunately for Rickie and his fellow headwaiters, the habit has been acquired by a great many of the 2,500,000 customers who patronize New York's 1,100 licensed night clubs every year. These places do an annual gross business of approximately $50,000,000, of which perhaps one third is contributed by the city's 600,000 visitors from out of town, and the customers hand out from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year in tips. Of course, the headwaiters don't get all of this, because every night club swarms with employees and concessionaires, all with hands out and *gimme* in their eyes.

Monte Proser, owner of the Copacabana, once said that often the help gets more out of a customer than the club does, and anyone who has ever bought his way out of a high-class New York joint will understand what he means.

But the headwaiter pockets a goodly share of the loot, even though it has been estimated that he is tipped by not more than half the customers. His weekly salary is seldom more than $100, but in more than a hundred New York night clubs and restaurants tips will boost his income to between $300 and $400 in a normal week, and to $1,000 a week in midseason. Fred Carino, headwaiter at El Morocco, is said to earn a minimum of $50,000 a year, ninety per cent of it from tips.

There are at least half a dozen other club and restaurant jobs that are equally lucrative, and probably thirty that are two thirds as profitable. Headwaiters who'll average $250 a week throughout the year are common. But Lou Moss, manager of the 400 Club on Fifth Avenue and a café operator of many years' experience, says he wouldn't hire a headwaiter who couldn't make at least $400 a week.

"He'd be no good," said Moss. "He'd hurt the club."

Psychologists have never thoroughly investigated the custom of tipping. Probably the basic reasons for the lavish handing out of cash to people who give little or nothing in return is the human craving for recognition and the desire of the average man to be lifted, even momentarily, above his fellows. A citizen of high worth and

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RUGE

Movie stars must be given a good table, where they can be seen

The captain massages the back of the drunk's neck with ice

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
RESERVE

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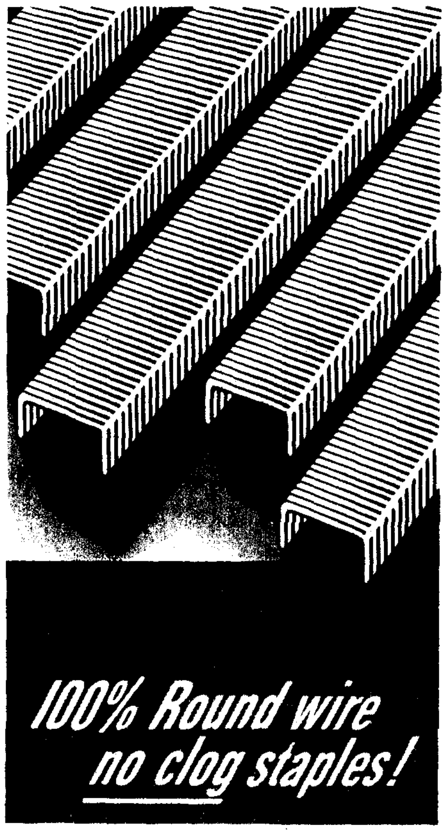
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits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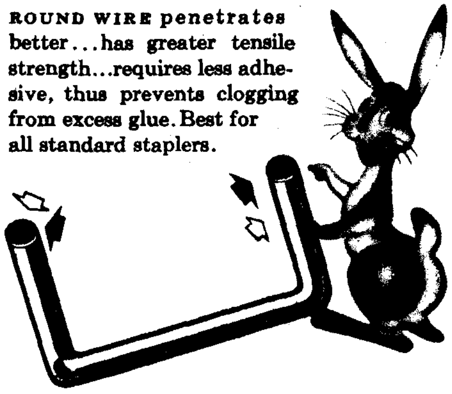

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IT'S THE CLIMATE

Continued from page 24

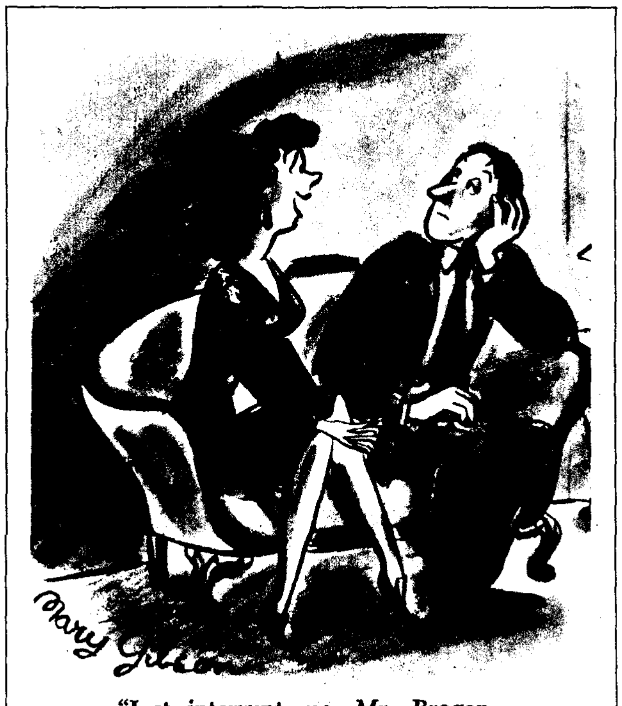
juice and everything being so cheap. Well, it's still cheap." She nodded her head emphatically. "I don't think things are so high, like they said."

Fred grunted something about wait and see, but he was impressed with the orange juice. At home, in Cleveland, he paid ten cents for a tiny glass of it in the drugstore near the office.

In a little while they entered Los Angeles. They were excited. She kept the map of the city on her lap and he followed the directions the A.A.A. had given him before they left home. He stayed on 70 until it ran out, and made the correct turn into Sunset Boulevard. It was getting late in the afternoon and the traffic was terrific. He hugged the right lane and drove slowly. Soon, as the map showed, Sunset became Hollywood Boulevard.

"Hollywood and Vine, what do you know!" she said. He looked quickly around as they waited for the "go" sign on the intersection. Somehow it looked a lot like parts of the Public Square back home. He felt a little disappointed.

"Hop out," he said, grinning. "Some of the wolves might whistle at you." She looked for the wolves but all she saw was a lot of people in a hurry, looking worried, or looking as if they were getting ready to look worried.



"Just interrupt me, Mr. Brogan, if I'm not being a good listener"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

THE "go" sign went up and they moved ahead. He was too busy with the traffic to look up when Ann said they were passing Grauman's Egyptian.

"Egyptian?" he asked. "You sure you can read? Anybody knows the Grauman movie is called the Chinese."

"Well, it was the Egyptian." But she, too, wondered what was wrong. "Let's find a hotel, Fred."

"How about that one?" He pointed with his chin to a long, rambling structure they were passing on the right. It had a large lawn in front with a circular drive. Great royal palms rose taller than the three-story building, their fronds stirring lazily in the breeze.

"We'd have to have reservations at that one. It must be expensive, too, right in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard like that." Then she cried, "Fred, look! *That's* the Chinese. The real one, that has the footprints and things on the sidewalk. People are looking at them."

"Must be two of 'em," he said. "That's California for you. Two of everything." Then he felt optimistic. He made a right turn off the Boulevard and continued right until he was back on it. Without thinking about it too much, he drove up the circular drive and parked neatly in front of the long, cool veranda of the hotel. The building looked older close up. "Just be a minute," he said, and went inside. He came out, grinning.

"People must be *nuts*, back home," he said, his voice heavy with achievement. "What do you want? A double room with adjoining bath, or a larger room with a washbasin and a shower down the hall?"

"The double room with the adjoining bath," she said.

"You got it." In a few minutes a boy came out for their bags and they went in. Fred went to the desk and started signing things. When he came back, he whispered, "Not so expensive. Not as much as back home."

The lobby was large. It was very old and very quiet. There seemed to be a lot of very old women sitting around it, and as she went up the worn carpet on the stairs to the second floor, her cheeks got red and she wished she had something on over her bare middle, and that her slacks weren't quite so tight.

"It's nice," she said, feeling disappointed about the room. It was large enough but it was kind of worn-looking and very old, she noticed. No Venetian blinds or anything.

"Hard as a rock," Fred said, bouncing on one of the narrow twin beds. "Two of everything," he added, slyly, looking up at her.

"We can use the other one for a Ping-pong table," she giggled. In a little while she went up to him and stood close. He was standing at the window, gazing out over the Boulevard. "Gee, Fred, this is awfully nice."

He turned quickly and put his cool hands on her warm sides, and it made her squirm.

Later, as she was putting the finishing touches to her face, she stopped suddenly. He was all ready and waiting for her, just looking out the window to the purple river with the lights and the theater signs and the glaring store windows swimming in it. "Fred," she asked slowly, "how do you know so much about hotel prices back home?" She gave him an off-the-shoulder look that made him feel she thought he was a devil with the women. They walked downstairs arm in arm, very happy.

They could smell the sea in the air on the Boulevard. "Say, I'm glad I'm wearing my suit," she said. "They weren't kidding about how cool it gets in the evening."

He filled his chest with the air. "Yeah, it's real climate they have out here. Nothing like it in Cleveland."

A little patriotic pang nibbled at her. "Oh, I don't know, Fred. Cleveland has some pretty nice climate, sometimes."

"Sometimes, is right."

"Well, we don't have the rains like they have here."

"Ann, you trying to tell me that millions of people are talking through their hats about the California climate? Hell, you can *taste* it, it's so good." He took another deep breath.

She looked up at his healthy, slightly heavy-set face. "You look awfully nice tonight, honey," she said.

He patted his prewar blue serge suit. "I always liked this suit," he said. "Getting a little tight in the chest, though."

Ann laughed. "In the chest, Fred?"

"Sure the chest. What's the matter, think I'm getting fat?"

"Well, you have gained a lot since we got married."

"Don't cook so good, then." He smiled and looked down at her dark hair, upswept in a new style. Especially for the vacation in Hollywood, he knew. "Gee, honey, you look swell in that suit and your hair that way."

"It's a little loud though, red like it is, don't you think?"

"Nah, it looks absolutely swell." Then he grinned. "I wonder where the little guy is?"

"What little guy, Fred?"

"The little man with the contract for you for the movies. They must be slipping."

"Oh, you're a nut," she said, pleased.

They sauntered along, arm in arm, and inspected the store windows. They thought everything looked sort of special, Hollywoodlike. The sport coats and the fancy shirts for men. The slacks and shorts for women, and the loud colors. When they passed a little store selling picture post cards of Hollywood, they went in and wrote out at least a dozen, all the same: "Having wonderful time snubbing the screen stars. Can't say wish you were here, ha-ha!" They sent them out to their families and friends back home, and a couple to Chicago.

BY THE time they got to Vine, they were ravenous. "Just like a picnic," he said. "This salt air makes me so hungry I can feel the sides of my stomach stick together."

"That looks like a cute place, over there," she said, pointing to the right, down a side street. They crossed and looked it over. It had a red tile front and Venetian blinds in all the windows. Ann smoothed the coat to her suit, and they went in. Almost immediately, she gasped and nudged him sharply in the ribs. A little fat Italian man with a bald head had come over to them, rubbing his hands.

"Welcome, *signora,*" he said. "Welcome to the famous Villa Pizza." He clapped his palms together and a little, slight, dark waiter came over. "Show the nice people a table for two, special," he ordered. Then he bowed, smiled voluptuously at Ann, and ran to the door where some more people had come in.

She held her breath until they were seated in a tiny booth by the wall, with a red-and-white checkered tablecloth between them. "Fred, you recognize him?"

"What? Who?"

"The little man at the door, who met us. I've seen him in at *least* a hundred pictures. He always plays the part of an Italian father, or a beer-joint owner, or something. You *know*." She was still excited. "He called me *signora*," she added.

Fred stiffly craned his neck out of the booth and stared at the little man. "Yeah, I guess you're right. He does look sort of familiar, at that." He looked around the place carefully. "We got into the right joint, all right." Then he pointed to the wall by their booth. It was covered with pictures of screen stars, famous athletes and band leaders. Even a picture of Frankie Sinatra. They all had a few words written across them and they all praised the *pizza* in the

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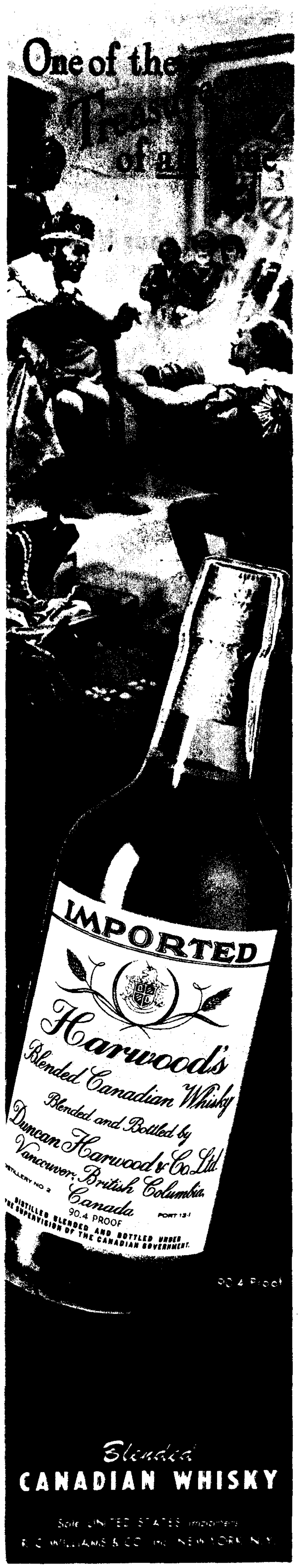
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Villa Pizza. A lot of them were a little naughty, too. Ann giggled once or twice, as she read, avidly.

"What's *pizza,* for the love of Mike?" Fred asked.

"Oh, it's good. It's a real Italian dish, like a pie, only it's filled with anchovies and spices like. You'll love it, Fred."

"Maybe I ought to have a steak," he said.

"Don't be a hick. This place is famous for Italian dishes. *Pizza,* I mean, and you want to order a steak! You can get a steak in Cleveland." When the waiter finally came over, she ordered *pizza* for two.

"And the wine? Chianti? A good, dry red wine, no?" the waiter purred, smiling at her cozily.

"Er—ah—yes," she said. "A good, red wine. Dry."

"They don't ask you," Fred said a little testily when the waiter had bowed and left. "They tell you." But when the *pizza* came, a huge, round, steaming fragrant mess of it, he loved it. The wine was good, too, and they drank the whole bottle and part of another one.

As they were dawdling over the second bottle of wine, two men and a terrific blonde came in and sat in another booth across the narrow aisle from them. One of the men was so fat he could hardly squeeze into the booth. He was huge. Dressed in a sky-blue gabardine suit with a tie like a Hawaiian sunrise, and an enormous, furry white flower in his lapel. The other man was tiny, lean and dark. Ann thought he looked sinister, like George Raft in a gangster picture. But the blonde! She was tall and willowy and sultry. Her eyes were purple. Really purple. Her face was like white satin. Not a shred of make-up could Ann see on her, except a brilliant red coat over her sullen mouth. She sat back in the booth, in slacks and a shining green silk blouse, and lighted a cigarette.

Ann glanced over to Fred. He was gaping at the blonde. When Ann looked back to the other booth, and observed things carefully, she was suddenly struck by the fact that both men absolutely ignored the girl. The fat one immediately began a loud, animated discussion and the thin one listened, but neither one so much as glanced at her. Ann couldn't understand it. If it happened to her, she thought, she'd get up and leave!

A VERY handsome young man came in and sat with the three already there. He had wavy brown hair and beautiful eyelashes. He had an argument with the fat man, ignored the other two completely, and in a little while got up and went away. The fat man glared in the direction the young man had gone and began talking again. Ann decided she might as well listen. She almost had to, in any case, he talked so loud. His voice was high-pitched and nasal.

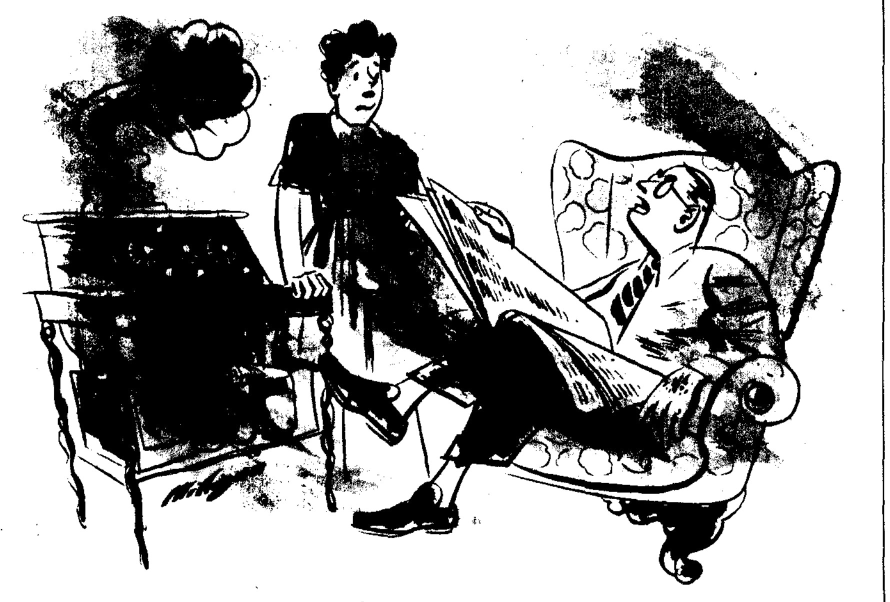
"So I called Selznick—we're good friends, you know," he was saying. "He was interested, believe me. But interested. Wanted me to come right down with him. But you know Selznick—" The thin man nodded as if he knew, only too well.

"Selznick was crazy to meet him. But absolutely crazy. He was wild. So I told him, 'Look, Selznick,' I said, 'I handle this boy, and I won't stand for any of your tricks, Selznick,' I said. 'I'll have the boy over,' I said, 'but I want the representative from Metro right there. When we sign, the boy signs for me, on the line. In other words, Selznick,' I said, 'the boy is strictly mine, but strictly.' You know what he did, that man? He called the deal off! Can you beat that? Telling *me* the deal is off. Well, I told him. 'Go fry, Selznick,' I said. 'From now on, any deal we have will be but purely social. We're just not the type to get along in a business sense,' I said."

Ann saw the little man shake his head sadly, in deep commiseration. The fat man sighed, and continued: "So then I called Mrs. Goldwyn. Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. We're good friends, you know. I described the boy to her, his talent. She's wild about musicians. So goodhearted. She was *wild* to have me bring the boy over to play for a dinner party she invited me to. I go there often to dinner, such a fine table. She's a perfect hostess, but perfect. Well, naturally, I accepted. So, when I tell the boy, the *schlemiel,* what does he say? Come on, I ask you, what does he say?"

The little man shook his head hopelessly. He didn't look so sinister, Ann decided.

"The jerk says to me, 'What does *she* know about music, Al?' Can you imagine? 'Mrs. Sam Goldwyn doesn't have to know anything about music,' I said, controlling myself. 'Get Stokowski over there and I'll play,' he says. The rotten little tinhorn. 'Get out of here,' I said. 'Get out of here and play your piano in a tavern in hell,' I said. You can imagine how he burned me up, after all I did for him. Not that I couldn't get Stokowski to hear him—we're good friends, you know—but the gall, the nerve of that nogood! I won't handle temperament. That's all there is to it. I wash my hands of temperament. Ten per cent of even the best money won't pay me enough to handle temperament. You know what I mean?"



"Always something new! Why do you want a television set?"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

The little man said he knew, all right. Then he cleared his throat and said something very low to the other.

"Don't *worry* about it, George," the fat man said, waving his hand airily, which made his hair flop over into his eyes. He brushed it back with a magnificent gesture. "I've got them *wild* to see you. *Wild.* In a couple of weeks, at the most, they'll be crawling to me on their hands and knees. On their hands and knees. Don't worry about it."

The little one grinned hideously and nodded. Ann was sure he should worry about it, whatever it was. Then, as suddenly as they had come in, the three of them got up and left in single file. The fat one first and the blonde last.

"Still think I could get into the movies, Fred?" Ann asked, watching him pull his eyes back into his head.

"You're prettier than most of 'em I've seen on the screen," he answered sturdily.

"But not as pretty as that blonde?"

"Well, why—er, why sure, honey." He said that so bravely it made her a little angry.

"Want to go?" she asked quietly. He nodded, paid the check and left a tip that was much too big, she thought, and they went out into the street.

Ann noticed that he was quite preoccupied as they walked along. Now, most of the store windows were dark, and the sidewalks weren't crowded at all. But the traffic was still intense, stopping and starting like an army of obedient ants.

"Gee," Fred said, after a long time, "I wonder who she was."

"*That* blonde? She's certainly not in the movies or anything. I'd have recognized her."

"Yeah? Well, I bet you'll see her in the movies one of these days," he said.

"Her? That bleached, common blond skeleton? Don't make me laugh."

"Laugh if you want to, but she certainly was a beaut."

ANN glared at him. "Why, half my old girl friends back in Cleveland could bleach their hair and have *her* look silly."

"Maybe. Maybe," he said. "But you can bet your life that was a big agent that was with her."

"If he was *my* agent, he'd treat me a little better," she stated. "Why, they never even said a word to her all the time they were in there. Him and his knowing everybody." She sniffed. "I'll bet he couldn't get himself a job even as a fat man in the movies." She sniffed again. "Some agent!"

He looked down at her, puzzled. "What are you getting so excited about, Ann?" Then he started to grin. "I only wondered who she was, that's all."

"You almost lost your eyes, you were looking at her so hard," she snapped.

"Well, she certainly was an eyeful," he admitted.

She stopped walking and faced him, her face flushed with sudden anger. "Meaning what?" she demanded. "Where does that put me?"

He seemed surprised. "Now look, honey. I already said I thought you were, well—in a way, prettier. Sure. But you're different types, see?" He saw the danger lights go up in her eyes, and rushed on: "She's the flashy type, you know. Sexy, like. You're—you're more the natural type. More nice-looking, in a way. Oh, you know what I mean."

"I'm glad to see I married a man with *some* taste," she said, mollified, and they started to walk again. When they got to the hotel, they both hated to go upstairs, it had been such an exciting evening. . . .

The next morning he studied the map of Los Angeles and then they went for a drive. First he drove up Cahuenga to the Universal Studios. "Doesn't look like so much from the outside," she said. "Looks like a warehouse back home."

"Only a million-dollar concern," he said scoffingly. "Only a million dollars,

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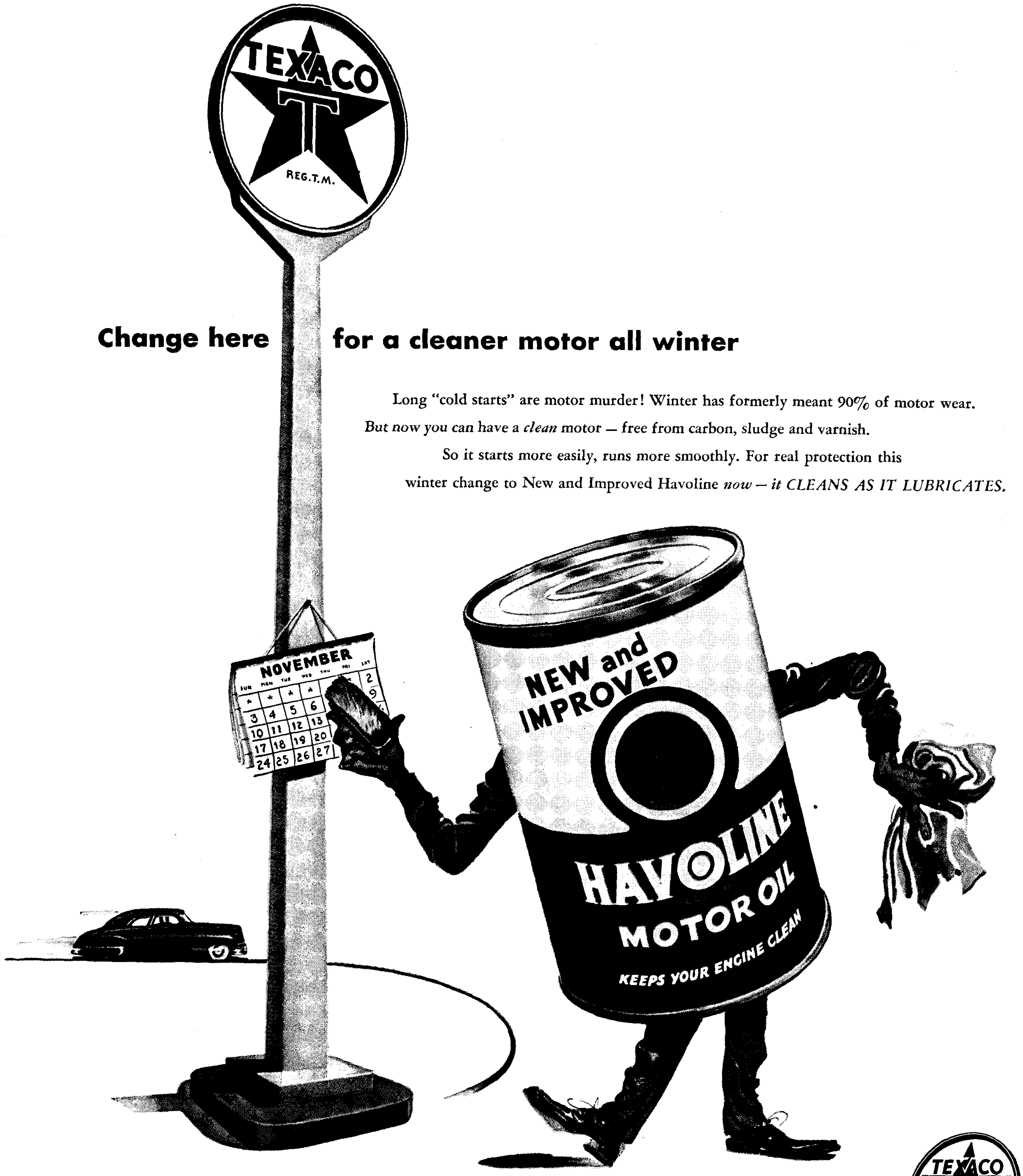
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that's all." He repeated the amount as if he enjoyed the sound of the words.

"Well, in Cleveland, they—"

"For Pete's sake, Ann, get your mind off Cleveland. We're out *here* now, and we'll have enough of Cleveland the rest of our lives."

"Why don't you live out here then, if you love it so much?" she snapped.

"Maybe that's not such a bad idea," he said. They drove around all that morning—through Culver City, Studio City, and, after a great deal of difficulty finding the right intersection to get on La Brea, they finally got down into Beverly Hills, where they blundered around until they saw Warner Brothers' studio and some of the other big ones. He was so impressed it made her furious.

"So what?" she kept saying. "My heavens, you'd think you never saw a building in your life! Cleveland isn't exactly a dump, you know. They only have Euclid Avenue, the longest street in the world there, that's all. And parts of it make this whole thing look sick."

He laughed at her and she became even more furious.

THE next day they drove down Wilshire to Santa Monica and parked the car in a parking lot. They rented suits at a roped-off little beach but the water was chilly. They lolled around on the sand. Her bathing suit was so brief, with so much of her showing, that at first she was self-conscious about it. But later she preened a bit and put on her sunglasses carefully because a small group of young men were watching her. They were lying on their stomachs a few yards away, watching her and ignoring their card game.

"*They* don't seem to think I'm so bad," she whispered, leaning over Fred who was lying on his back, almost asleep. He propped up on one elbow to take a look. But the young men were very busy with the cards as they saw him push up.

"In that outfit, you're a knockout," he said, and smiled sleepily at her. Then he flopped down and closed his eyes, sighing deeply. She made a little face at him and, to get even, smiled in the direction of the young men. Immediately she saw whole bunches of white teeth flash at her and all the men became very active. One of them even went so far as to motion furtively at Fred and then make a waving motion for her to join them. She felt keenly cheered. But that was enough, she felt, and ignored them afterward. Soon Fred suggested eating. They got up, went into the bathhouse, and a little later had swordfish steak in a sea-food place on the pier. It was good, she knew, because the place had a sign out front that said it was recommended by Duncan Hines.

That was the morning Ann almost caused an accident. They were stopped at an intersection on Wilshire, waiting for the light to change. A long, low, foreign-looking coupé slid to a stop on their right, and in it, not four feet away, sat Walter Pidgeon. She dug her elbow into Fred so hard he jumped and his foot slid off the clutch pedal. The car leaped forward and he swerved just in time to miss the sedan ahead. Luckily the motor sputtered out and they stopped dead just in time to miss sideswiping the car on their left. He quickly started the motor and backed into his place. He turned to her, his face red with anger, but then he, too, saw what she was staring at.

"Well, what do you know!" he breathed. The actor was wearing a sport jacket and a scarf around his neck. He looked just like he did on the screen—better, even—Fred thought. Then, it happened. Mr. Pidgeon glanced to his left, saw Ann's enraptured face, and smiled pleasantly.

"Did you *see* him smile at me?" she demanded, moist and flushed, when they were almost to the hotel. For the past twenty minutes she had sat silently, holding the moment, hugging it to her breast.

"Oh, *wait* till I tell Helen about this. She'll go crazy." Helen was her younger sister who had a crush on Walter Pidgeon. The first thing she did when they were finally back in their room was to sit down and write a furiously intense letter to Helen.

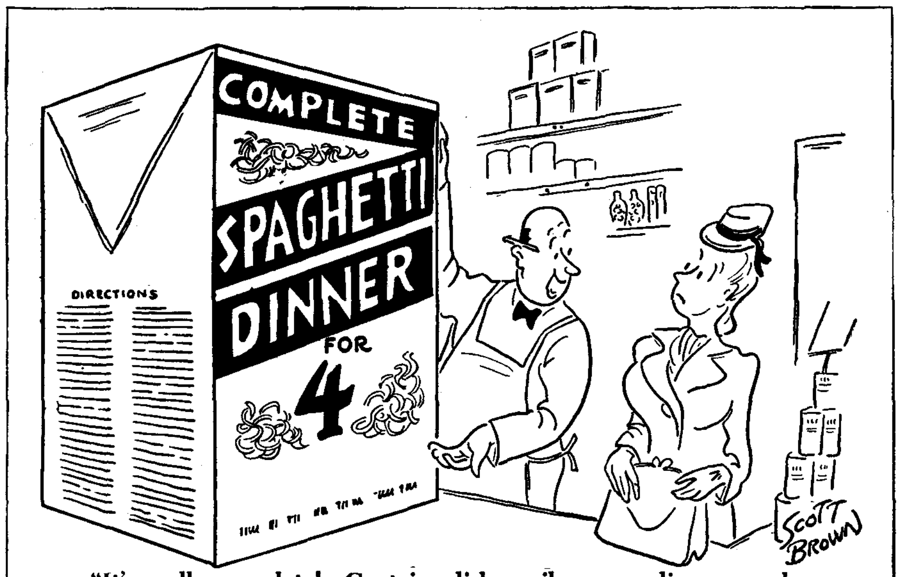
"Make it loud," Fred said, feeling quite good about it himself. Suddenly he walked over and looked at himself in the mirror. A little frown settled over his face as he looked.

That afternoon Ann said she wanted to write more letters about the episode, so Fred said he'd take a walk. He came back about two hours later with some large paper boxes and a huge, ornate tin of chocolates for Ann. She opened the tin immediately and watched curiously as he fumbled with the boxes.

"What's all the mystery about?" she asked. He didn't answer, but walked into the bathroom. In a few minutes he came out again.

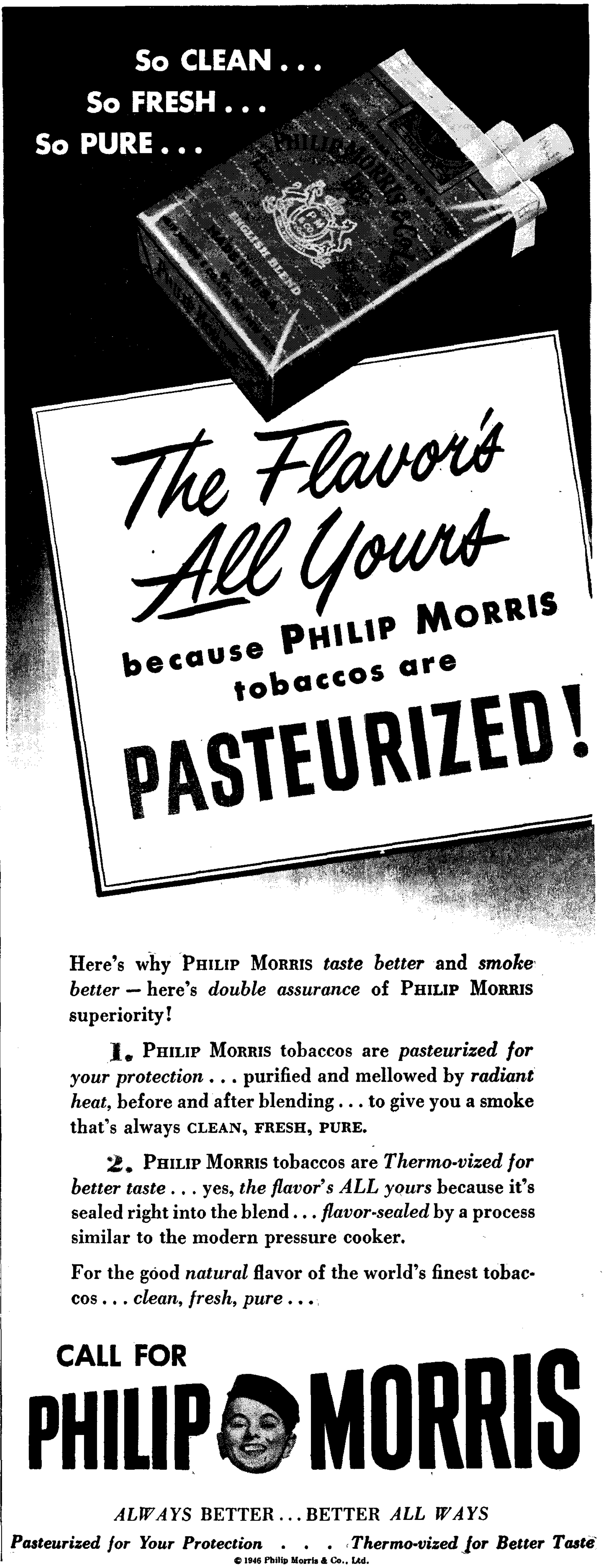
"Well, don't sit there like a dummy. How do you like it?" he demanded, almost defiantly. She stared at him, her mouth open. He wore the loudest sport jacket she had ever seen. A sort of purple, with green stripes running through it. A pair of light brown slacks completed the ensemble. She started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" he said. "Everybody wears this stuff out here. Besides, it fits like a dream. Where would you find this much style in Cleveland?" She could see he was getting good and angry but she couldn't help laughing some more.



"It's really complete! Contains dishes, silverware, linen, couple pans, stove, four folding chairs, a table, and the spaghetti"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



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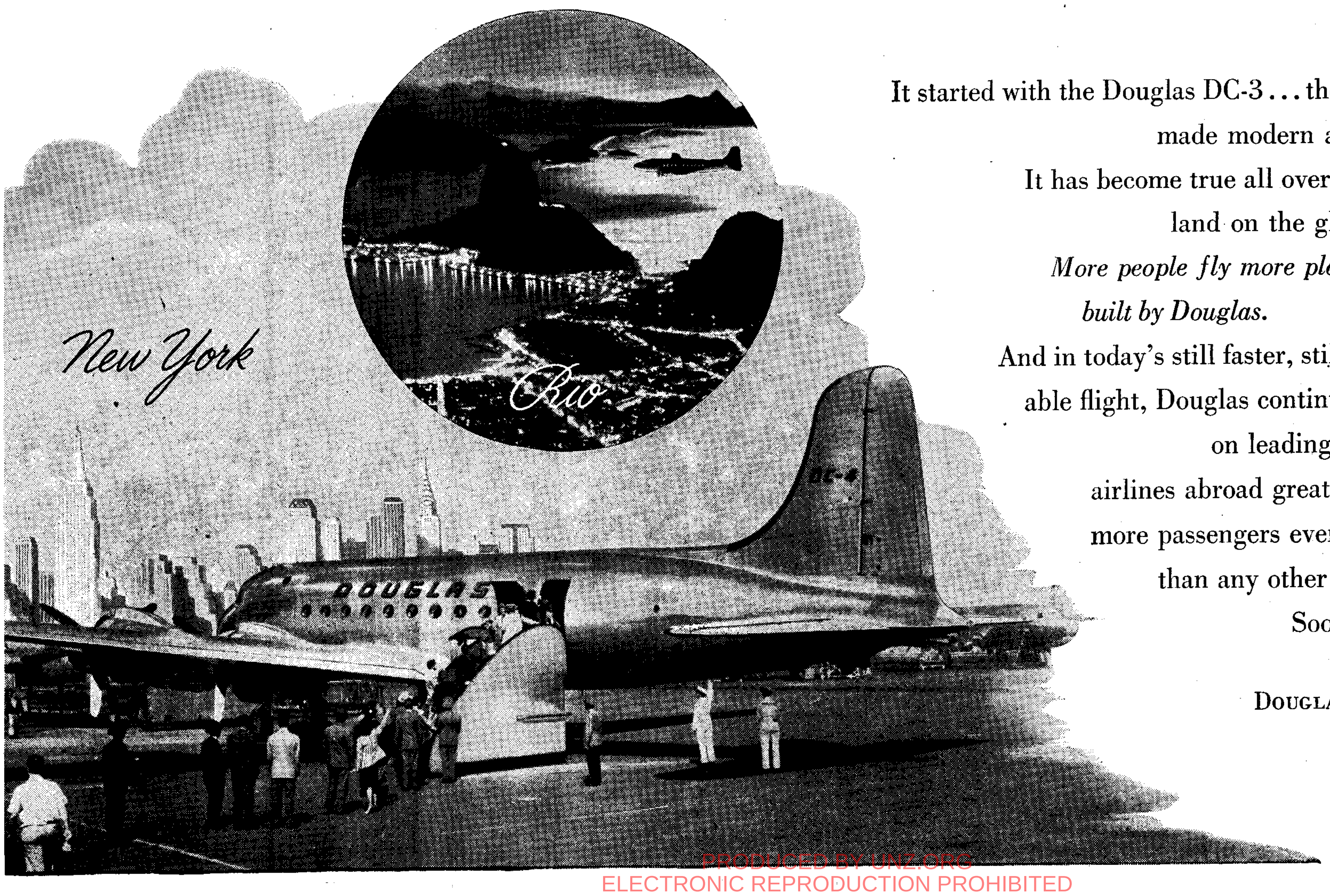

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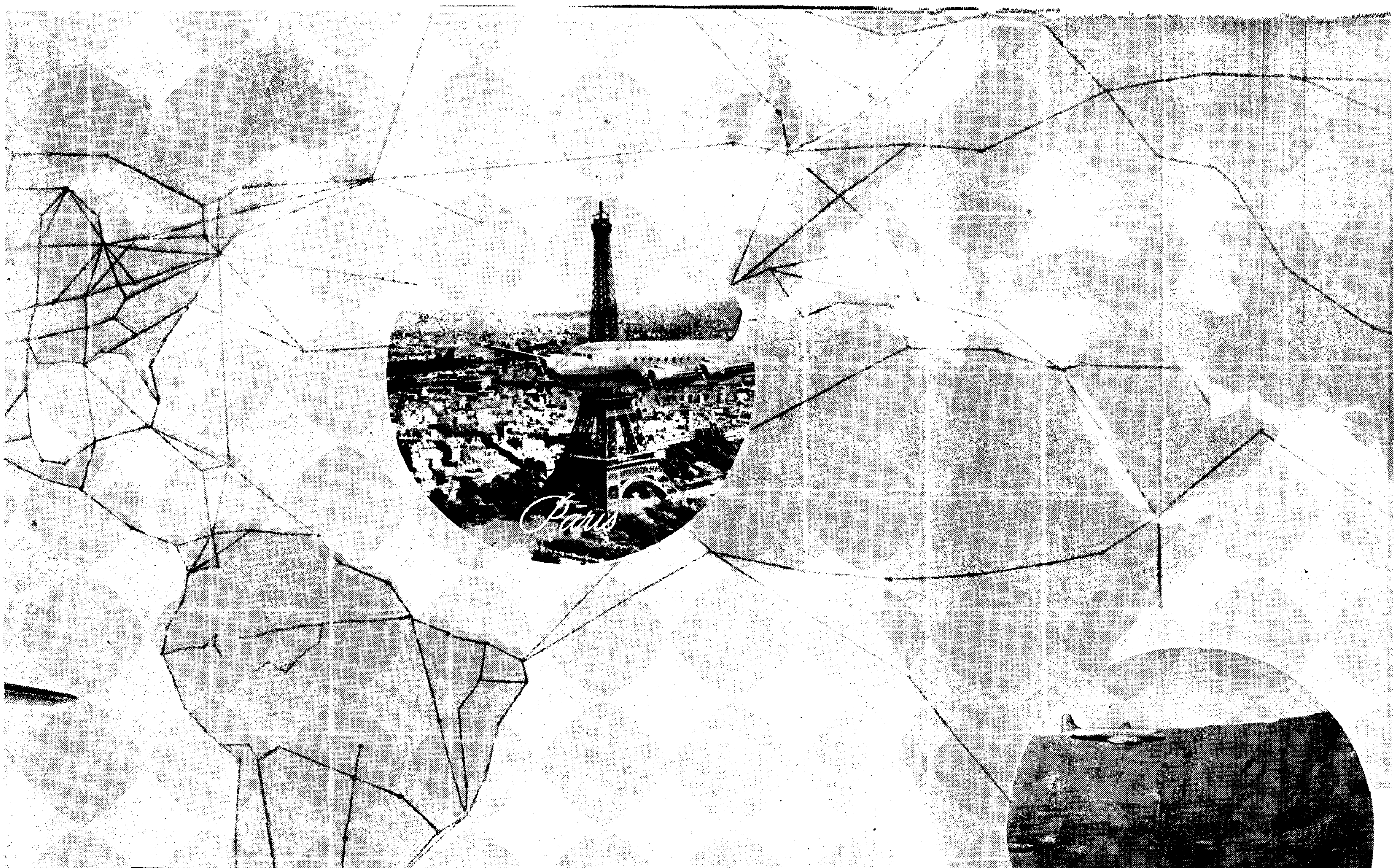

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"No, honestly. you wouldn't find that in Cleveland," she said. But, as she saw his face darken and his eyes begin to snap, she decided she'd gone too far. "I'm only kidding, Fred," she said quickly. "It looks wonderful. Really, it looks wonderful, honey." And she had to admit to herself that it did do things for him. Made him different, sort of dashing, she thought.

"That old blue suit was getting on my nerves," he said, grandly, seeing the approval finally come into her eyes.

THAT evening, walking down Hollywood Boulevard, he glanced belligerently around to see if anyone would give him a funny look. But nobody paid him any attention, and in a little while he felt at home in the outfit.

But the next day he broke out the blue silk scarf, and that was too much for Ann. "How do you like it?" he asked, coming out of the bathroom, grinning. The scarf was tied Ascot fashion around his neck and his shirt was open at the collar.

"For heaven's sake, take that thing off." The scorn in her voice made him immediately angry. "Are you losing your mind, or something?"

"What's eating you?" he asked, pacing the floor. "Can't I wear what I like?"

"I never knew you liked to deck yourself out like a Christmas tree," she snapped.

"I think this outfit is absolutely right for out here. Nothing wrong with it at all." He stopped in front of the mirror and went over himself carefully. "I don't see what you're making all the fuss about."

"Because you're going Hollywood, or something. You'd get laughed off the street in Cleveland, that's all." Her voice broke a little, and he glanced at her quickly. Slowly he removed the scarf and put on a new tie. A deep orange.

"Hand-painted," he said, patting the tie.

"Fred, you're making me sick lately. You act like you haven't got a brain in your head, making eyes at yourself in the mirror and dressing up like an—an actor, or something. You're just Frederick G. Baker, from Cleveland. Cleveland, Ohio. Remember?"

"Can't you let me forget that for a minute? We came out here for a two-week vacation, didn't we? Well, let's have some fun then. For crying out loud, you'd think if I didn't wear a blue serge suit the world was coming to an end."

"Oh, let's be ourselves, Fred. We can still have fun." Then she smiled at him.

He came over to where she sat on the worn upholstered chair and sat down on the corner of the bed. "I've been thinking, Ann," he said, looking at her very seriously. "How'd you like to live out here?" He hurried on, as he saw her mouth fly open. "Aw, now don't get all excited. Just think about it. Why not? What have we got to lose? Gee, I love the climate out here and, I don't know, people seem to know what they're doing, like. Ann, there's money to be made out here." He said this knowingly, shaking his head.

"What do you mean, money?"

"Well, take real estate. Just read the papers. Forty thousand people a month crowding out here looking for homes. There's a boom now, but think of the boom they'll have in a year, or two years. Look what your brother did with his two houses in Cleveland Heights. Made six thousand dollars in four months, that's all. If he can make that much there, think what I could do out here, with this kind of real-estate boom."

"Oh, *Fred*. You're such a dope. What do *you* know about real estate? You'd get skinned in a week. Larry was in the business for years. Besides, where would you get the money?"

"I got it all figured out. Look, I can get a G.I. loan for ten thousand, here or anywhere else. Okay, buy a house for ten thousand, sell it in a couple of months for twelve thousand, maybe twelve-five. Pay back the loan, use the two thousand as down payment on another house, and sell. See? It's a snap. All you have to have is a start and a little guts."

"What would we do, move around like a bunch of tramps from house to house? Never settle down, or anything? Oh, Fred! I want to go home!"

"Okay. okay," he said, sighing deeply. "We'll live our whole lives in Cleveland, me working for the rest of my life for Old Man Morris for sixty a week. I could make a year's salary in a month out here. Hell, Ann, this country out here is wonderful. Anything can happen, don't you feel it? The climate, and—and everything. A man can expand out here, use his ideas, like. You *got* to have ideas, like that agent in the Italian restaurant. He'd starve to death in a town like Cleveland."

"Get it out of your head that that—fat *thing* was a big-shot agent. They didn't order a bite in there. Not a bite! And that blonde—ugh!"

"He doesn't have to worry about a meal in a restaurant. Not him, take my word for it. And you'll be seeing that blonde."

"Well," she said finally, and she looked as if she meant it, "I'm not going to let you give up a perfectly good job to go on a wild goose chase out here, especially in the real-estate business. My brother told me what a cutthroat business *that* is, even for him who's been in it ten years. And don't forget, you'll still be making your sixty per when people will be starving to death out here. Oh, let's get something to eat."

FOR the next couple of days there was a strange little coolness between them They were too polite to each other. He would casually make glowing references to the sunshine, the climate, or the healthy way people lived in California, and she would say she wished they were back in Cleveland where they belonged, and where people were normal and they didn't have earthquakes. He stopped wearing neckties, even in the evening, and wore his open shirt collar draped over his jacket. She, on the other hand, began dressing as primly as she could. She used less make-up and didn't fuss with her hair.

One day when they were driving through North Hollywood, he suddenly stopped the car. She saw that they were in front of a little cottagelike affair with a huge blackboard beside it listing bargains in homes. He set his jaw and said, "Just a minute, Ann. Won't take a second." In a few minutes he was back. "Just like I told you, the man inside said he could help me push through a G.I. loan in no time."

"Fred," she said, as he started the car, "I won't let you do it, that's all. I *mean* it."

"I only thought I'd ask. I didn't tell him anything." Then he gave her a sharp glance. "He said he'd call me at the hotel if he has anything in that price class. Won't hurt to look at it, will it?"

She didn't answer. The next morning she didn't wait for him to waken but slipped out by herself for breakfast. He had just finished shaving when she came in, flushed and breathing fast from her run up the stairs. "Where you been?" he demanded.

"Hurry up, Fred," she said, her eyes dancing. "I want to show you something. Hurry." He wondered what it could be and dressed quickly. She led him down into the street. "Don't say a word," she ordered. "Just follow me."

When she turned him into a little orange-juice and sandwich bar, he saw her immediately. The blonde from the

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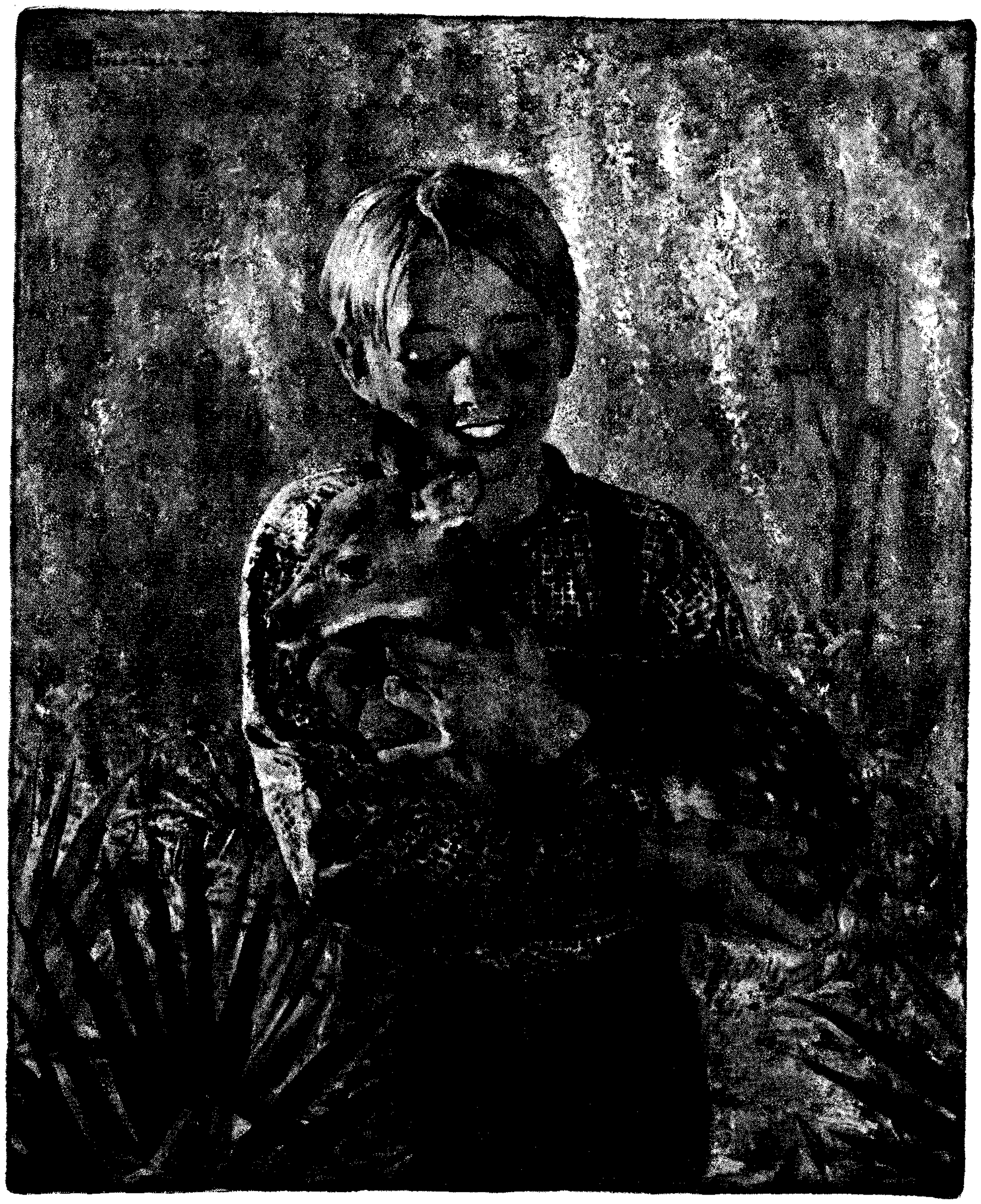
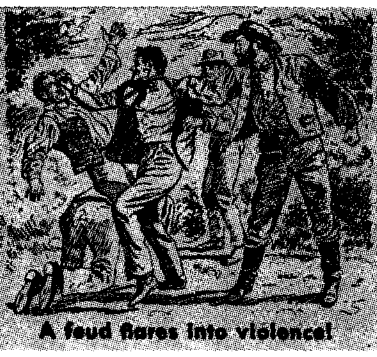


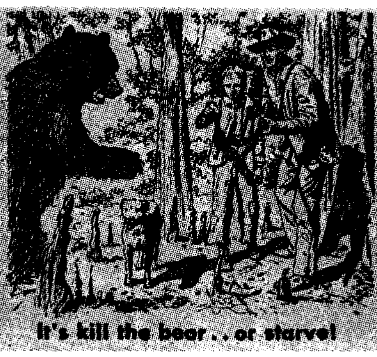
This is the year of "The Yearling"

Love conquers a wilderness!

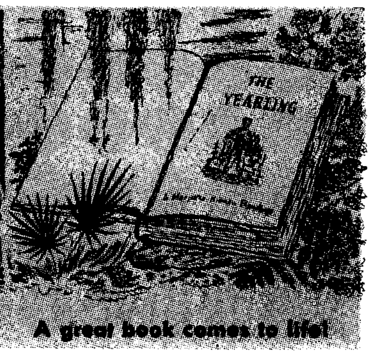


A feud flares into violence!

Peck's finest performance!



It's kill the bear... or starve!



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THE YEARLING

starring **GREGORY PECK · JANE WYMAN** · A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION · CLAUDE JARMAN, JR. as "Jody"

Clem Bevans • Margaret Wycherly • Forrest Tucker • Screen Play by Paul Osborn • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings • Directed by Clarence Brown • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture restaurant. But now she wore a little apron and a starched white cap. "What'll it be?" she asked as they sat down. Her voice was rusty and tough. But she still was one beautiful blonde, he could see that.

"Orange juice," they both said together. And while they drank it, Ann kept giggling at him. Finally he giggled, too. On the way back to the hotel, she gave him both barrels.

"All *right*, for Pete's sake," he begged. "Don't rub it in. So I'm wrong." Then he laughed as hard as he could. "Maybe I do belong in Cleveland."

They stayed three more days. Fred wore his blue serge most of the time now. When he wore the new ensemble, he was careful to select a nice, conservative tie with it. Ann was pleased, and she started to dress for him again. She wore her new suit and fussed with her hair and her make-up. She bought some pretty shoes. And it paid off, she felt. Fred was very happy and she got plenty of glances from men as they walked along the streets. That made her put on her sun-glasses again. They had a fine time.

FINALLY they had to leave. Ann looked back and a little pang hit at her heart as Fred drove the car out of the drive and into the traffic of Hollywood Boulevard. It was a lovely morning, cool and fresh. And the palms moved gracefully in the fragrant breeze. She heaved a great sigh.

By the time they were in Blythe again, she was back in her slacks and halter, and he in his old sun tans. She had dreaded it, somehow, when the lushness of the valley began to lose itself in the brown and yellow beginnings of the desert that led swiftly away from California. After Blythe, she knew, there was only desert and mountains until the broad plains of the Middle West and Ohio would begin. Then they would be home, and she found that made her sad. In Blythe they stopped at the same little café. She kept her sun-glasses handy. She was disappointed that the place was empty except for them. She somehow wanted people to know they had just spent almost two weeks right on Hollywood Boulevard.

That night they found a nice little motel. It had been hot and sticky. He took his bath first. By the time she had finished soaking in the cool water, he was dead asleep. Wrapped in her robe, she sat down quietly at the little dresser and brushed her long hair out, first one way and then another. When she found the way she liked it best, she took up her hand mirror and used it at an angle so that she could see all sides of her face against the large mirror on the dresser. She lifted her chin, and gazed at herself. Suddenly, she stood up, put her hands on her hips, and looked over her shoulder at her reflection. Almost laughing at what had entered her mind, she made a face at herself and put out the light. She slipped carefully into bed but for hours she was unable to sleep or throw the new, exciting thought out of her head.

Early the next afternoon they were two hundred miles out of town. It was terribly hot. Her face was crusted slightly with dust and perspiration. She glanced over to him, hunched over the wheel, his eyes squinting at the brilliant road ahead. She cleared her throat once or twice, and rushed into it.

"Fred, ah—are you sure you can get that loan out there?" She saw him look at her quickly. He almost took his foot off the gas.

"No question about it, why?" There was a light in his eye.

She giggled nervously. "Well, maybe you were right about what you said. About Morris' and all that. Besides, I've been thinking. I always thought you were much smarter than Larry." She waited apprehensively.

"You mean that, Ann?" he asked.

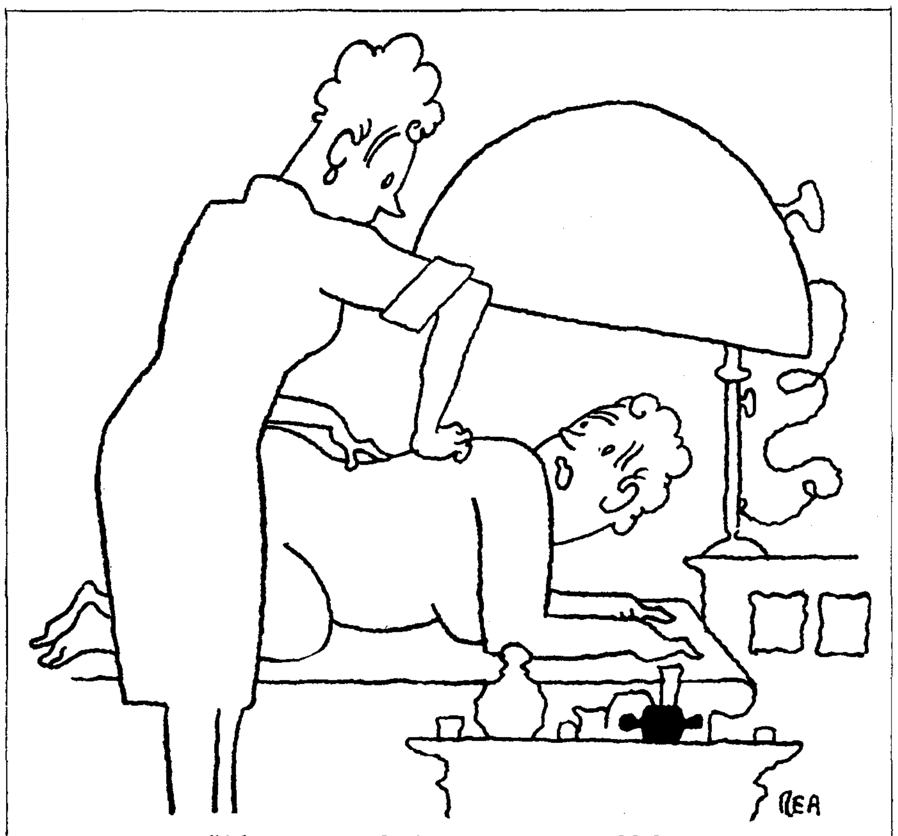
She nodded, looking out the window away from him.

"It must be the climate," he shouted. The car began to go faster and faster as he leaned over the wheel. "Gee, wait till I tell off Old Man Morris. Wait till I tell him where he can put his sixty per." He grinned. "California, here we come!"

Ann looked out the window at the dry, heat-cracked, sun-parched glare that flitted past. In a little while she closed her eyes and leaned back. Why not? she thought. Why not? Other girls had done it. Everybody always told her how pretty she was, and those fellows on the beach, and everything. . . .

A curious little smile curved her lips, as she started to fall asleep. And she could see it, just as plain: Ann Baker, in The Purple Love with Walter Pidgeon.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Of course, I don't suppose it would be fair to blame it all on the Victory Girdle" GARDNER REA

"He must be dreaming he's going to the store for TruVal Shirts!"

Yes, and what a dream of bliss *that* is!—to buy those roomy-cut, durable TruVal shirts—for dress and sportswear. The fabrics are "good goods:" colors won't fade, collars won't shrink. Shirt tails are cut pre-war length. As a matter of fact, owning TruVal shirts isn't just a dream, either: it's a smart idea to *ask* for TruVal shirts, right now, and from now on. TruVal shirts are lots less in price than you'd expect. Tru(e)-Val(ue): get it?

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A RELIABLE Source of Supply

HEADWAITER, ESQ.

Continued from page 26

accomplishment, in other respects quite sane, will almost babble with delight if he is called by name by a headwaiter whom he doesn't know, whom he wouldn't dream of meeting socially, and who gives him almost no service more valuable than a supercilious smirk.

If the citizen is then permitted to sit at a crowded, uncomfortable table beside the dance floor his cup of joy runneth over, even though the show is dull, the service slovenly, the liquor awful, the food dreadful, and the prices outrageous. He is almost certain to give the headwaiter a handsome tip, assuming, of course, that he has any money left after paying his check, tipping the waiter, and taking care of the cigarette girl, the palmist, the hat-check queen, and all the others who are constantly breathing down his neck and using the old psychology on him. How a great many people regard these matters is shown by a letter recently received by the headwaiter of a big New York night club. It contained a check for $100 and this note:

"This is a tip for services which I hope you will render tomorrow night when I visit your club at exactly 11:30 o'clock with my wife, my boss and his wife. I'm a short, fat man, and will be wearing a white carnation. My wife, Mae, will be in a red dress. Ask about my son, Lou, who is in the Air Corps in Italy, and greet me like this: 'Hello, Bill. How's the big cotton merchant these days?' Remember that last line."

Such letters are not uncommon, and more often than not they serve their purpose. The co-operation offered by most headwaiters, for a hundred dollars, is astonishing. But occasionally they backfire. One man who had previously made arrangements with the headwaiter succeeded in impressing his boss, but he had neglected to tell his wife what he had done. She became suspicious when the cigarette girl called him by his first name and became a bit chummy. To quiet her the headwaiter had to produce the husband's letter. And then did she lay into him! With another such party everything seemed to be going fine until the headwaiter saw the letter writer's boss lean over the table and heard him say:

"I might as well tell you now, George, that I've decided I can't give you that new agency we were discussing. You must spend half your life in night clubs. Everybody here seems to know you."

The Golden Age of Tipping

Naturally, a headwaiter doesn't get a hundred dollars from a single customer very often, but it sometimes happens, and even five-hundred-dollar tips are not unknown, although they are much less frequent now than in the flush days of prohibition. In those racketing times the bootlegger and the gang leader were the big shots of the night-club scene, and they scattered money about with great abandon. But five- and ten-dollar bills flow into the headwaiter's pocket in a steady stream, and there are plenty of twenties and an occasional fifty. A night-club customer who tips the headwaiter at all usually hands over two to five dollars. In some of the swankier places he'd better raise the ante.

Since tips are a major source of their income, headwaiters learn to tell with almost uncanny accuracy whether a newcomer is a good tipper or what they call "a fishhook man." The best tipper, or at any rate the most consistent, is the middle-aged businessman who is entertaining guests of his own type. The out-of-town buyer on an expense account also ranks high. So does the stock broker when the market is booming, but his generosity goes up and down with the ticker. Frequently a headwaiter will waste an exquisite bit of courtesy on a broker, only to learn that the market has been bad all day and that the broker isn't parting with a nickel.

Black-market operators are probably the most generous of today's tippers; to some extent they have replaced the big shots of the 1920s.

The worst tippers are college boys, musicians, politicians, celebrities of the stage and the movies, and tourists who are seeing the sights on a budget which has nothing in it about headwaiters. The celebrities are the boys who give the headwaiters a headache, although that isn't precisely the way they describe it. For no matter how poorly he may tip, the bona fide movie celebrity must be given a good table where he can preen himself and be seen. He is part of the club's window dressing.

Liquor Loosens Up Tightwads

Refugees have been heavy spenders in New York night clubs during the past few years, but all their money goes for food and drinks. They are not conditioned to heavy tipping. Some night-club addicts rate very low as tippers until they've had a few drinks too many, whereupon they right away bound into a higher category. Such a character was the drunk who, according to the ancient story, on leaving a night club, asked the headwaiter:

"What's the biggest tip you ever got?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"Is that so? Well, here's $150."

"Thank you, sir," said the headwaiter.

"By the way," said the drunk, "who gave you the $100 tip?"

"You did, sir."

The average person seems to think that all a headwaiter has to do is stand around, look bored and superior, and say no when asked for a table. Of course, there is more to the job than that. In the first place, the headwaiter is the absolute boss of the night-club floor; he hires and fires waiters, bus boys and captains, and he can seat the customers where he pleases and see that they get good service or none at all. He must know a thousand things, most of which he can learn only by experience, which is the reason why nearly all of the best headwaiters started as bus boys and worked their way to the top.

By the time he gets to be a headwaiter he knows how to get rid of undesirables without causing a row, when to accept a check, when to call the police, how to handle the gent who claims to have mislaid his wallet, and what to do about the woman who insists on being seated near her ex-husband's table so she can observe his current flame.

In addition, the headwaiter must have a prodigious memory. He must be able to remember hundreds of names and faces, and to associate the individual with his favorite food, drink and eccentricity. For instance, Fred Carino of El Morocco must remember that the Duke of Windsor likes to have the orchestra strike up his favorite tune as soon as he enters, and that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt will be pleased if carrots are sent to his horse parked around the corner.

Joe Lopez of the Copacabana must remember that Howard Hughes is never there if anyone phones for him, and that a check must be made out for Tommy Manville the moment he orders; it is the Manville custom to remain in one place just long enough to be seen And at places like the Hotel Plaza and the Colony the headwaiter must remember that Henry Kaiser is fond of lamb stew and that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt likes

ETHICS IN COVERALLS

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Well . . . he's a friendly fellow . . . an average American . . . and an outstanding mechanic in this land of mechanics.

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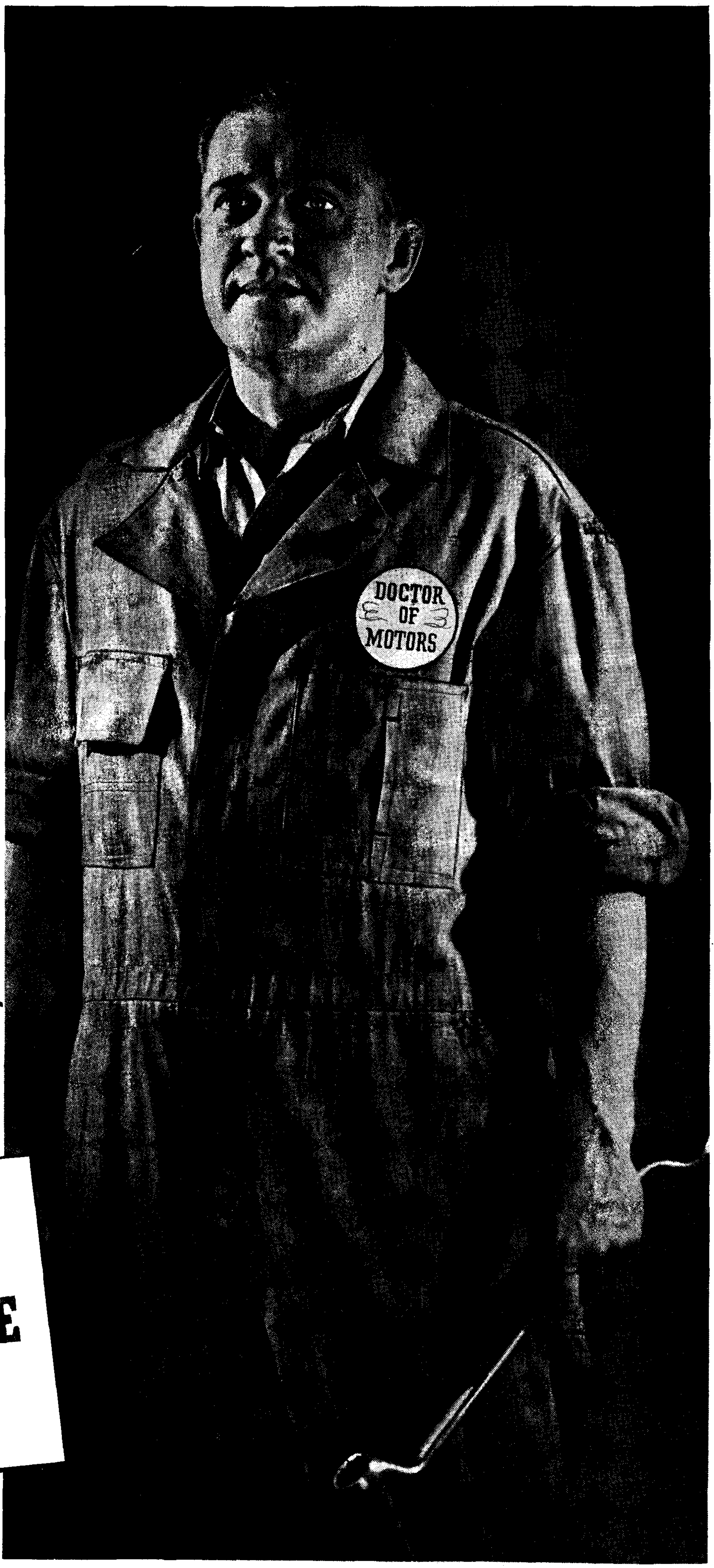

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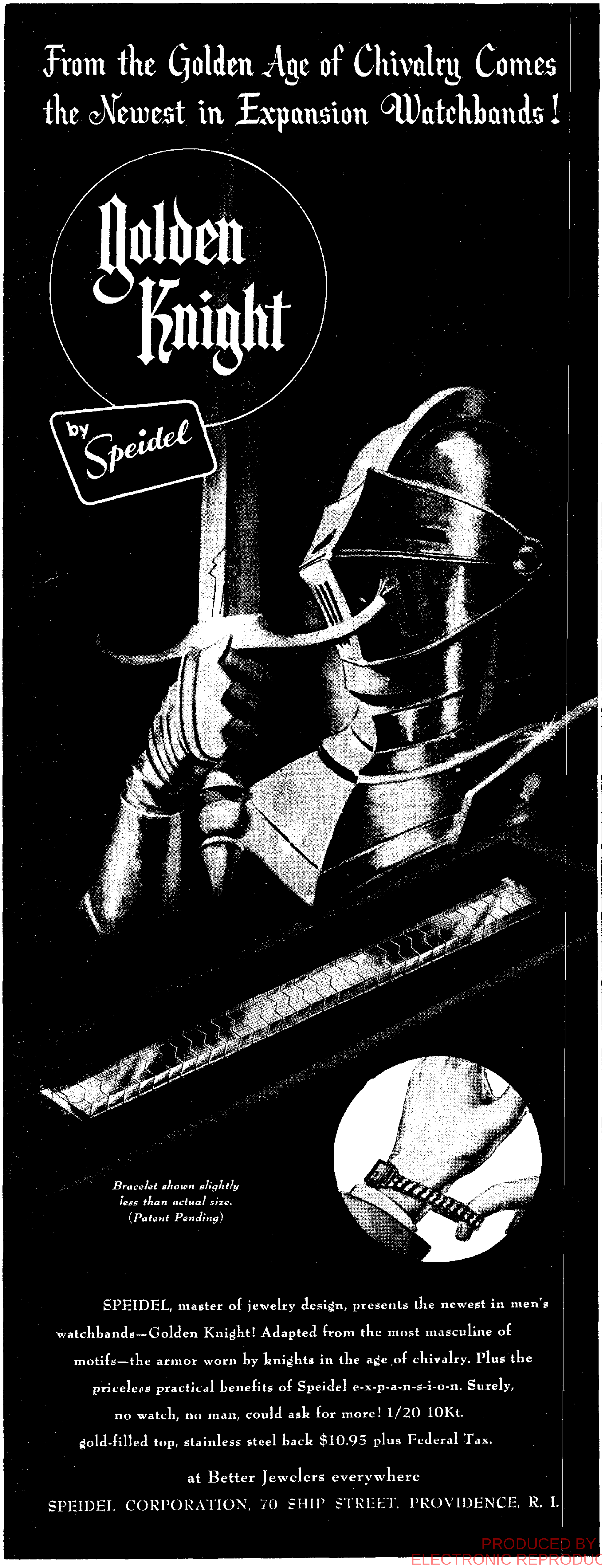

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Bracelet shown slightly less than actual size.
(Patent Pending)

SPEIDEL, master of jewelry design, presents the newest in men's watchbands—Golden Knight! Adapted from the most masculine of motifs—the armor worn by knights in the age of chivalry. Plus the priceless practical benefits of Speidel e-x-p-a-n-s-i-o-n. Surely, no watch, no man, could ask for more! 1/20 10Kt. gold-filled top, stainless steel back $10.95 plus Federal Tax.

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SPEIDEL CORPORATION, 70 SHIP STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Scotch but has no interest in a chaser.

Knowledge of this sort pays off not only in immediate tips, but at other times as well, for night clubbers in the high-tipping categories often give their favorite headwaiters market and business tips and send them Christmas presents. Last year Joe Lopez of the Copacabana received, besides several nice checks, two cases of Scotch, two dozen pairs of nylon stockings, six hats, four pairs of ladies' shoes, one pair of bedroom slippers, six bottles of perfume, an electric train, a half-dozen ladies' slips, two fountain pens, half a dozen shirts and two gold cigarette lighters.

One of the lighters was from Frank Sinatra, engraved simply, "To Joe from Frank Sinatra."

The problems that come up in operating a night club or a high-class restaurant are pretty much the same, whether the club is one of the ultraswank places like El Morocco or a popular resort like the Zanzibar, but the headwaiter doesn't know what's going to happen until he gets on the job. Take, for example, a night at the Zanzibar Café, which is a typical New York resort, although it doesn't attract many of the big spenders.

Charles Rickie, the Zanzibar headwaiter, gets up at 2:30 P.M. in the mid-Manhattan apartment which he shares with his in-laws. After dressing he reads the morning tabloids and two evening newspapers, with particular attention to the gossip columns and the Broadway news. A headwaiter, he says, must know what's going on in the world.

He arrives at the Café at 4:30 P.M. He immediately looks over the reservation list and assigns tables to 150 parties which have phoned, but of which only 90 will show up. Then he checks on the ninety waiters, twelve bus boys, twelve captains, and eleven bartenders whom he supervises. As usual, about fifteen per cent are absent, so he telephones the waiters' and bartenders' unions, through which all employees are hired or fired.

Dressed For the Evening Trade

At 6:00 P.M., having had his lunch, Rickie goes into his dressing room and puts on one of his six dinner coats. Then he takes his station at a high desk near the entrance, on which are three telephones. A captain acts as his operator, and Rickie speaks only to people he knows. As each customer enters the Café, Rickie clicks a hand meter. This helps keep tab on the waiters, some of whom are inclined to pocket a check and the customer's money. The Café loses about $100 a week on people who run short of money or simply walk out without paying their checks. It used to lose more, until a rule was established making the waiter responsible in case of walkouts, while the Café assumed the responsibility if a customer was short.

The place is well filled, and most of the customers are either eating or drinking their second cocktail when the floor show goes on at 8:15 P.M. While a captain takes his place at the desk, Rickie walks the first of three inspection tours, each of which takes about an hour. He stops at every second or third table and asks, "Everything all right?" One man says he doesn't think he is getting the Scotch he ordered, and Rickie orders a bottle of the brand placed on the table. Another customer complains that the waiter doesn't keep his water glass filled, and there are other minor gripes. Rickie bawls out a bus boy for letting dirty dishes pile up on a service table and orders several spotty tablecloths changed and ash trays emptied. Then he goes into the kitchen to see the chef. As usual the chef is furious.

"I want people should have hot food," he says. "How are they going to have hot food if your dumb waiters stand around like deads and leave food sit on counters?"

Rickie promises an investigation, and about 9:30 returns to his post at the door. By 10 o'clock, when the minimum charge jumps from $2.50 to $3.50, the Café is half empty, and Rickie sits down to dine on chops, salad and sherry before the late rush begins.

He finishes his dinner, and for the next two hours is busy greeting new arrivals, saying goodby to people leaving, and answering the phone. About 1:30 he stops a young man who isn't wearing a necktie, and has him select one of two dozen ties which the hat-check girl keeps on a hanger. During the summer the Café also keeps several sport jackets on hand for gentlemen who wander in in their shirt sleeves.

Customers steal several ties a month, but it is not easy to make off with a Zanzibar jacket; the pattern is very distinctive, to say the least.

Shortly after the episode of the tieless young man, Rickie notices a couple violently jitterbugging, which the better clubs don't like. Attracting the band leader's attention, he circles his right hand slowly and the orchestra slides into a waltz. The couple stop their antics and sit down.

During the two-o'clock show a man passes out cold and slumps forward on his table. Rickie and a captain stand on either side of him, to shield him from the curious and to calm the woman with him, while a bus boy runs to the kitchen and returns with a chunk of ice wrapped in a towel. The captain massages the back of the drunk's neck with the ice, and at the same time lightly slaps his face. He soon revives sufficiently to be assisted to the door. A little later a woman customer becomes ill, and immediately Rickie telephones the Café doctor. Most night clubs call their own physicians, in case a smart lawyer decides later that the customer was given a Mickey Finn.

CHEER LEADER

I dearly love the football season,
And here's the fundamental reason:
I've reached that enviable day
When I, at last, can stay away
From bowls and stadiums and such
Which never thrilled me very much.
Now, lolling in steam-heated ease,
I toast my toes while others freeze,
And think how cold I used to get,
And when it snowed or rained, how wet.
No longer need I burst with vigor
And be forever on the trigger
To prove that as a fan, I'm hot
When that is just what I am not.
How wonderful to be a mouse,
Secure inside my cozy house!
Oh, what a joy it is, forsooth,
To bid a warm farewell to youth!

—Margaret Fishback

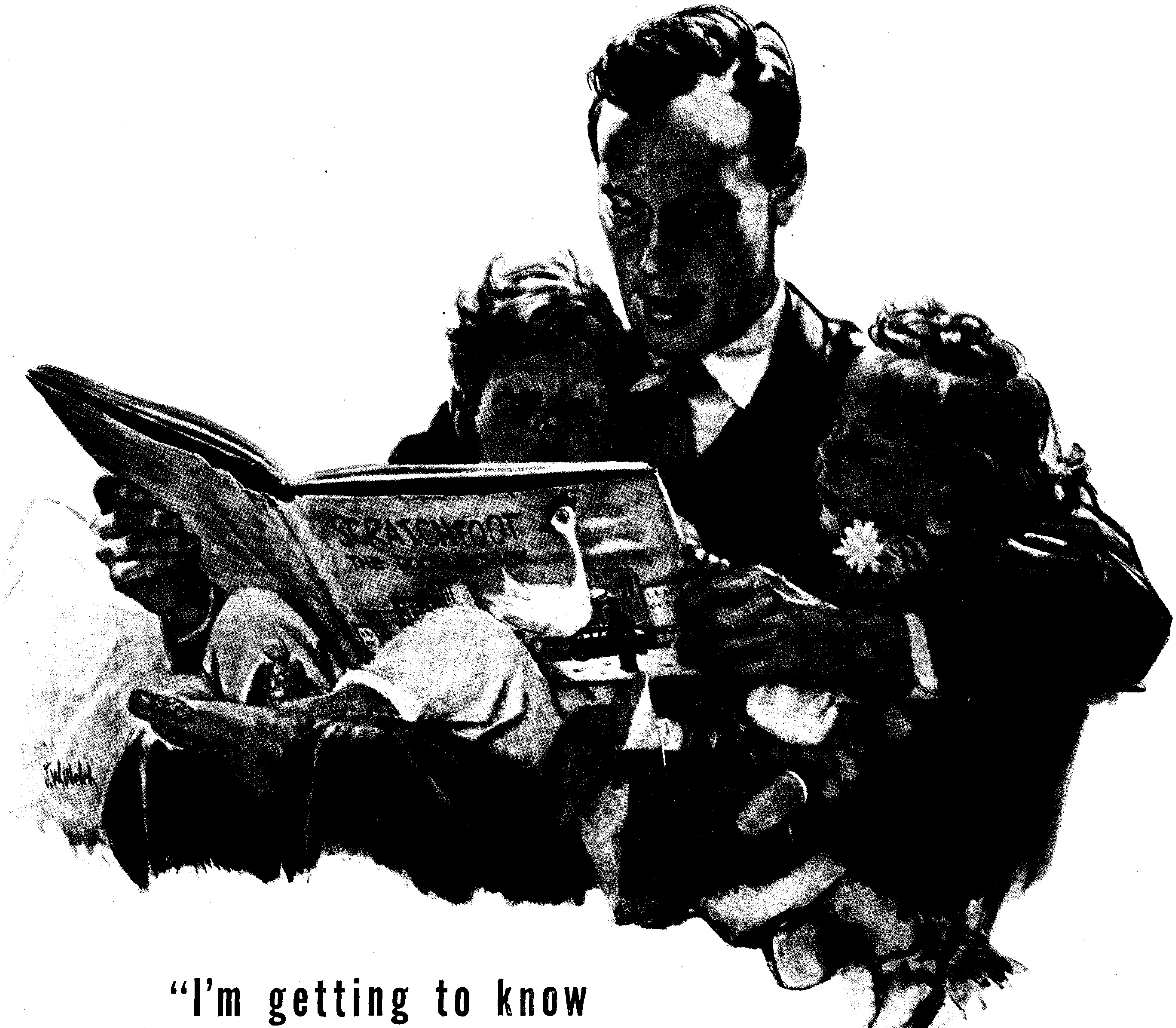
At 3:30 A.M., Joe Howard and Carl Erbe, owners of the Zanzibar, telephone to check on the evening's take. Rickie informs them that it is $5,694.49.

By 3:45 A.M., the restaurant is almost empty, and Rickie orders the lights dimmed, then flickered until the last customers straggle out. Then he takes a shower, changes his suit, and walks leisurely to the Garden Pharmacy at Broadway and 50th Street.

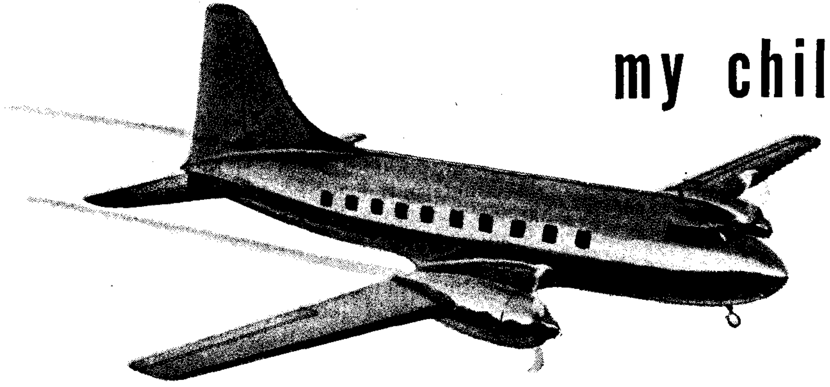
There he meets Leon of the Diamond Horseshoe, Fred of the Carnival and Gigi of the Latin Quarter. Rickie sips an ice-cream soda as he discusses the night's business. All the headwaiters agree it has been a quiet night.

Rickie arrives home about 5:15 and bathes his tired feet in Epsom salts. He does that three times a week.

THE END



"I'm getting to know my children again"



"GOING ON THE ROAD" is ceasing to be a career in America. Days of travel, comfortless nights in strange surroundings, long absences that make a man a stranger to his family — all are being ushered into memory by the swift, modern efficiency of travel by air.

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FRENCH SONG SPARROW

BY THOMAS H. WOLF

America will shortly learn why France has been enthralled by a young woman who sings with her hands as well as her voice

A TINY young woman wearing a simple black day dress walked on the bare stage of the Palais de Chaillot in Paris last summer and faced an audience large enough to fill Radio City's Music Hall. She was Edith Piaf, and she was appearing for the benefit of her godchildren—the 27,000 ex-prisoners of war whom she had adopted. Piaf is a top star in France but on the big stage she looked like a lost wardrobe girl who had wandered out from the wings by mistake.

Leaning slightly back on her heels, she sang in a husky, throaty voice which gave life to the jilted *midinettes* and the lonely streetwalkers of whom she sang. They were simple ballads, but the emotional quality she gave them kept each one of the thousands of persons in the great auditorium fixed to his seat, attention riveted on the slight figure only four feet, ten inches tall.

Just why Piaf and a Piaf song hypnotize an audience is hard to say. Perhaps it is the simple cadences, recurring like the beat of the bolero. Perhaps it is her voice itself—rich, husky, vibrant. Or perhaps it is her superb acting—her hands, her face, her body living the joys, the heartaches of the things she has seen and known.

This winter, when she comes to the United States, Americans may be able to determine what gives such a haunting quality to her singing. Parisians say that there is no single thing that explains her effect. Part of her success, they point out, is in the popular ballads she sings. One called Mariage (which she will sing in English on her forthcoming trip to the States) is basically just a more lyrical Frankie and Johnnie. In the Piaf version the gun-toting girl ends up half mad with the remembrance of the pealing of the bells in the church where she married her man.

As the bells reach their crescendo, Piaf pushes her audience through an emotional wringer of love and hate.

Or take L'Accordéoniste, the simple tale of a *fille de joie* who, when her night's work is done, goes to a small dance hall to hear her lover play the accordion. He goes off to war and never returns. But his music continues to haunt her. As she sways to its sad refrain, her hands become his—the nimble fingers of the musician and of the lover.

Perhaps her most effective story is Le Disque Usé—in which her forefinger follows the monotonous spinning of a phonograph record with hypnotic effect. The ballad tells of a water-front servant girl who waits twenty years in vain for her sailor's return. The girl's only companion is a worn record grinding out a platitude of hope. It is, in short, a French Madame Butterfly.

But her ballads are not the key to Piaf, any more than it is her acting or her voice. These are only the ingredients, and ingredients will no more explain Piaf than a recipe will explain a great cook. The thing that counts is the genius in blending them.

The blending of these ingredients began almost as soon as Edith was able to talk. She was born Edith Gassion, in Paris in 1919. Her father was an itinerant acrobat. Her mother didn't like the roving, haphazard existence. She ran away, leaving the infant Edith with Papa Gassion.

Father and Daughter Act

Having nowhere to leave her, Gassion took Edith on his travels throughout France and from the moment she became articulate she started singing as part of her father's act. For a dozen years the Gassions played the town squares of the French provinces. "At the end of the day Father would flip open the timetable at random," Edith recalls. "Then I'd drop a feather pen on the open page. If the pen selected a town too far away for us to afford tickets, I'd drop it again and again until we found an appropriately close village."

By the time Edith was in her early teens she was back in Paris. Like so many veteran troupers, she was flat broke. But she found a friend who knew a little dancing and they formed a team. They went to work in the narrow, sloping alleys of Paris' Montmartre district for centimes.

For the better part of three years Edith Gassion kept herself alive through these sidewalk productions. Then, one fall afternoon in 1936, the late LePlee, impresario of one of Paris' most de luxe night spots, chose to take a stroll through the Montmartre back streets. From the scores of other Montmartre youngsters earning a shabby living singing on the streets LePlee picked Edith. She was not pretty in a conventional way. She had not a good voice by music-school standards. But his showman's insight detected in her the universal appeal of the good little bad girl, the sad waif whose male counterpart had been created by Charlie Chaplin. And it was he who renamed Edith "Piaf," an argot term for "sparrow."

"I thought it was a gag when a strange man tore a bit off his evening paper and wrote his address on it," she says. "It looked to me like just another attempted pickup. But if you're broke enough, you'll take a chance on almost anything. So, I asked him for a round-trip *métro* ticket and I figured I had nothing to lose."

But when Edith got the job, she also got a jolt. Like any youngster who has had a tough time, Edith's dream of success was the figure of herself performing begowned and bedecked like a queen. But M. LePlee said no. "You must be the little shopgirl who is the broken-hearted heroine of your songs," he said. "Your gowns must be the cheap day dresses of the streetwalker. No make-up, no flowers, no furs, no jewels."

On the night she was to make her debut at a swank night club, Edith was desperately trying to finish knitting the sleeve of a black sweater which she was to wear over a short knitted skirt. Each time the call boy announced, "Ten minutes," she

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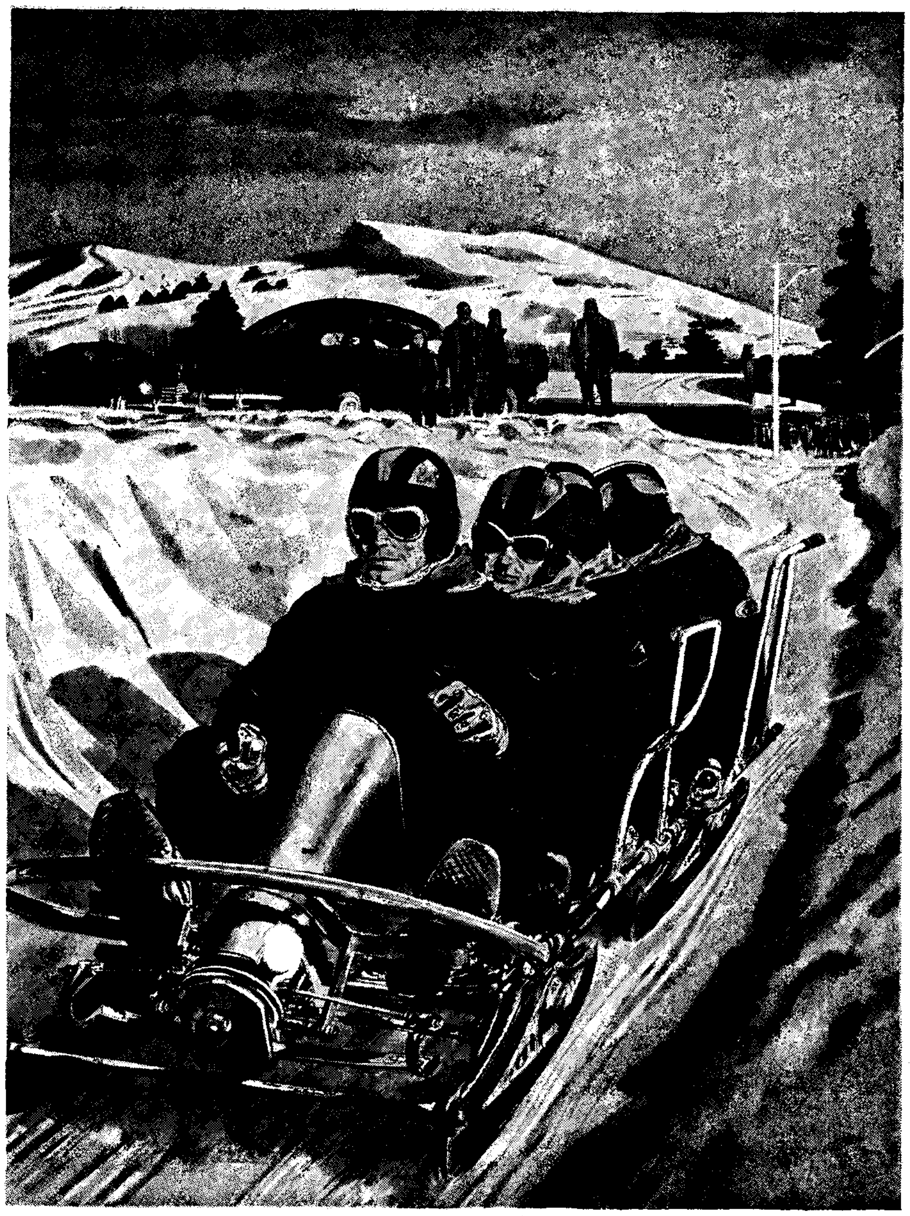

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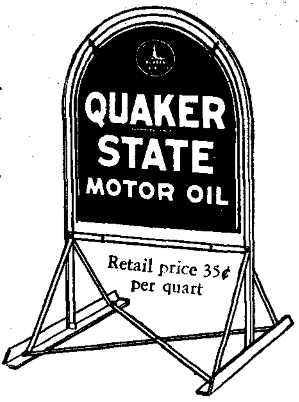


had answered in a husky, frantic voice, "Make it twenty My sweater isn't finished."

By midnight the show could be delayed no longer. The club owner himself took a hand. "You'll have to go on as you are, Edith," he called. "Simply keep your arms behind you."

And so, when the spotlights finally came up, the customers saw a small girl with her arms tight behind her sidle across the dance floor and back up to the piano. But when she sang she was started on the road that was to make her the Number One *chanteuse*. Today, Piaf presents much the same figure she did that fall evening in 1936, but when she sings now, her arms are not held tight behind her.

The ten years between her debut and her forthcoming trip to the States would be a pretty routine story of any singer's climb to stardom if it weren't for two things. The first, of course, is Piaf herself. She drives herself at a pace which leaves fellow performers three times her size completely exhausted. Last summer, for example, although firmly established, she almost daily gave performances in two widely distant spots. Early in the evening she might be found in any of the bigger provincial cities within a radius of up to 250 miles from Paris. And at 2:00 A.M. she made her regular appearance before the champagne-drinking customers.

That Eloquent Gallic Gesture

In the past decade, except for a forced respite during the German occupation, Edith has never taken a vacation. "If I take three days off . . ." she begins. And then finishes her explanation with one of those all-saying gestures of her hands which no words will translate.

The war is the second reason that Piaf's climb to stardom was far from routine. When the Germans goose-stepped into Paris, Piaf retreated to the so-called Free Zone, determined never to perform if there was so much as one Hun in the audience.

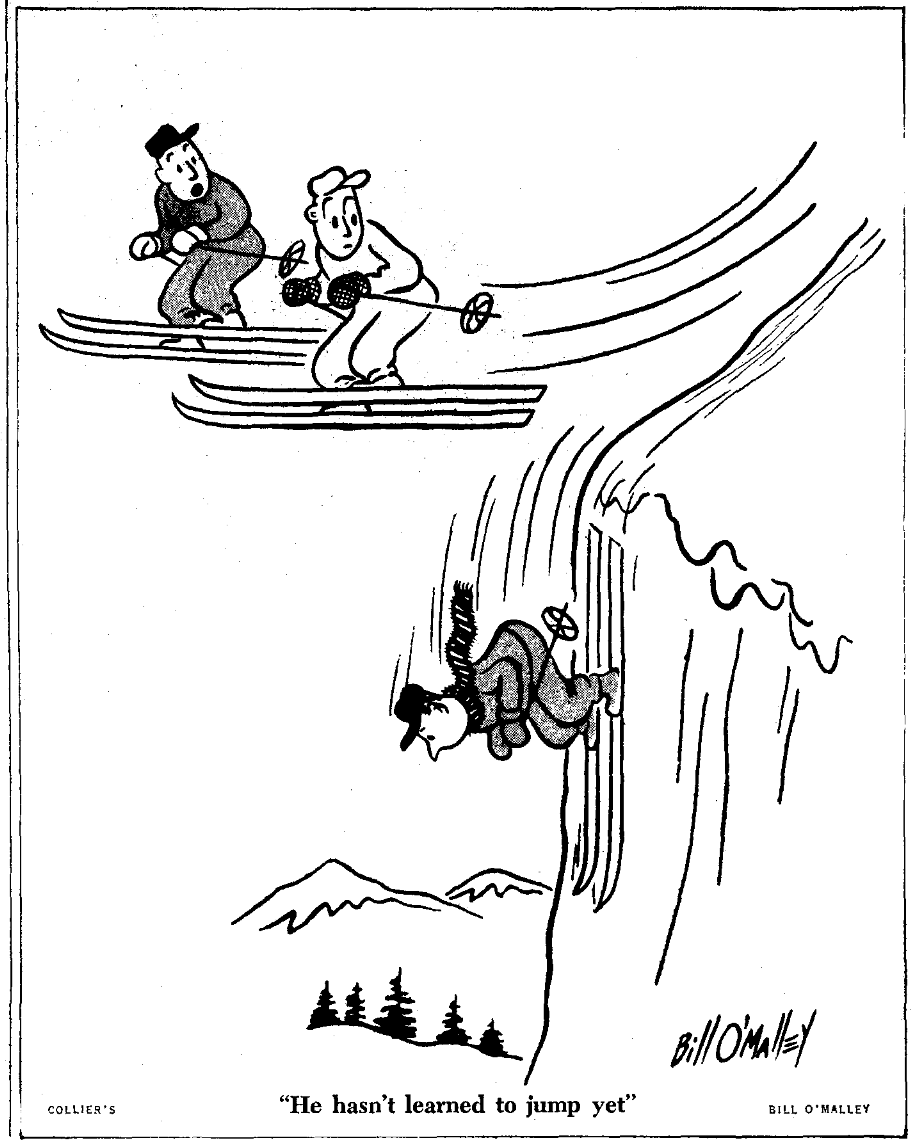
Among her prewar friends had been many Jews, some of whom had helped her during her starvation years. To them she offered refuge and support during the occupation. At one time or another she had five Jewish families dependent on her.

It was in part to be able to continue to support her friends that she went to Germany in 1943 to sing for the French prisoners of war. It was also in part, as she readily admits, because the Germans (who by this time had occupied the Free Zone) told her she had to go.

As things turned out, she was glad she went, for two reasons. The lesser is that she had the opportunity to snub Goebbels. One day while she was touring the camps, the Propaganda Minister sent her an invitation to have tea with him. He wanted to thank her for entertaining her prisoner-compatriots—and, possibly, to sound her out on giving a few recitals for German civilians. Edith doesn't know exactly, because she ignored the invitation.

The next day a second invitation appeared. With it came a lackey with the word that she'd better show up this time . . . or else. She wanted to refuse again, but her manager prevailed on her to let discretion be the better part of valor. "Well, then, if I must go, I must," she replied. "But nothing says I can't keep him waiting, but good. And so Edith arrived, all panting and hurried—exactly two hours late. By which time Herr Goebbels had decided not to wait.

The more important reason Piaf has never regretted her German tours is because of the pleasure she found she was able to bring to her despairing compatriots. Seeing how much a taste of their homeland meant to the prisoners, she promised to make a return tour in six months if the prisoners were not yet free. They weren't, and she kept her



COLLIER'S "He hasn't learned to jump yet" BILL O'MALLEY

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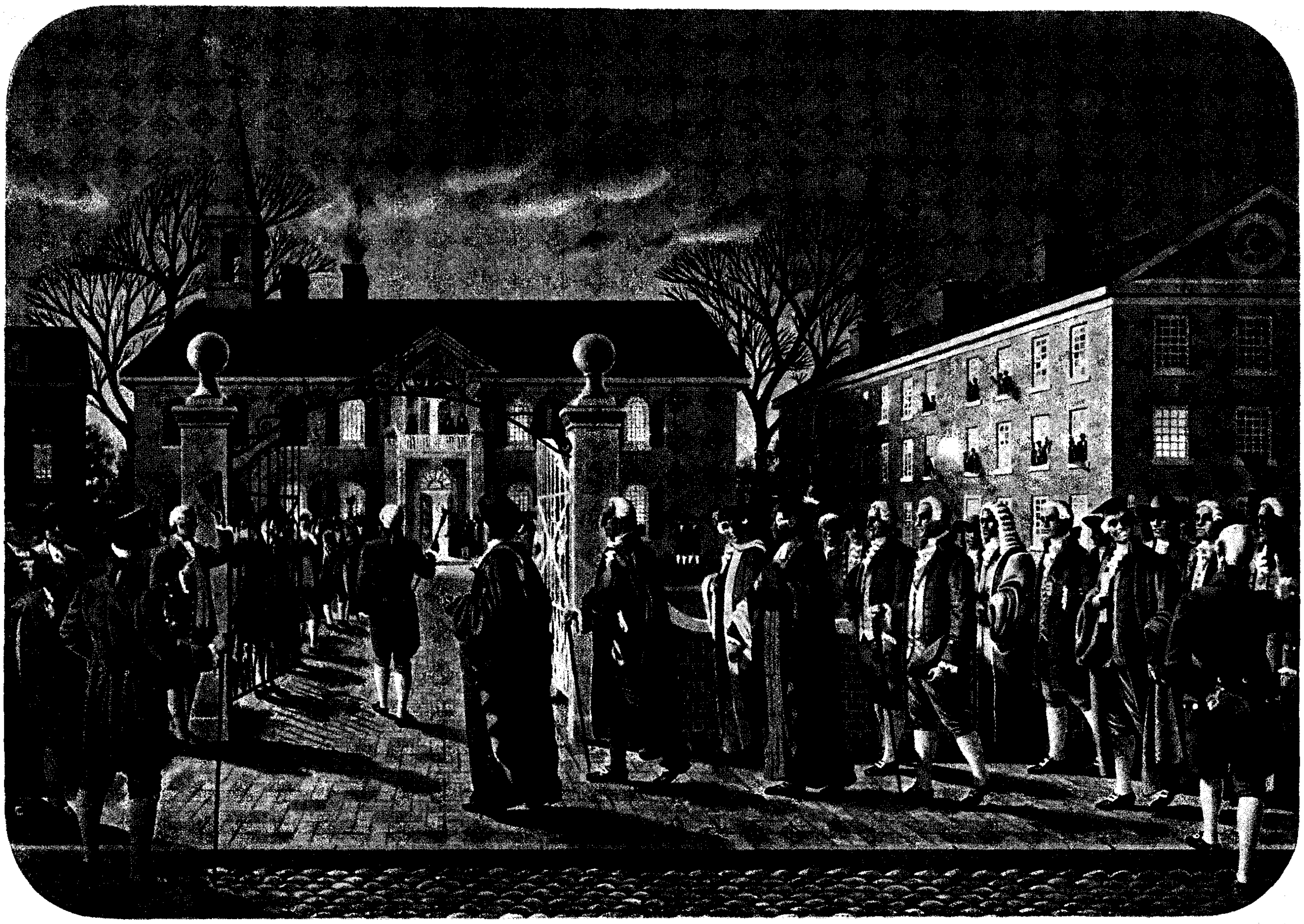

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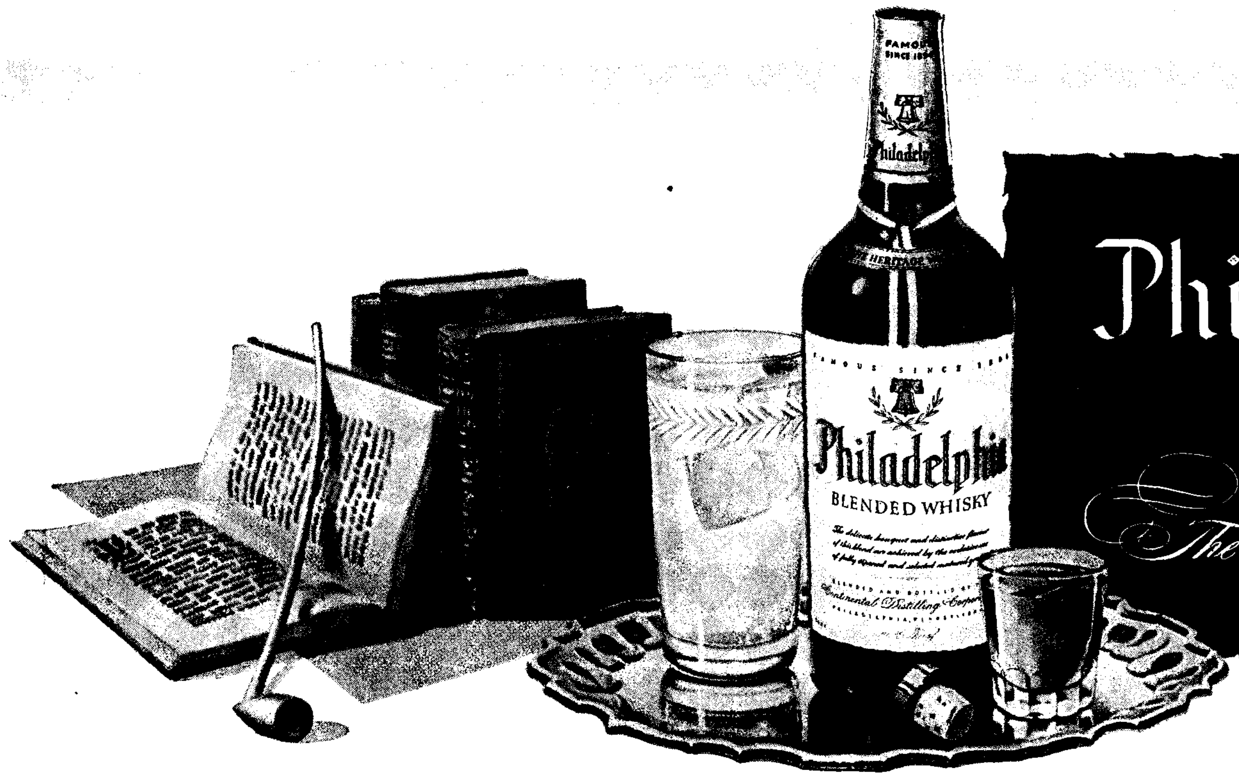

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As a result of her tours and the friendships built up with the prisoners, Piaf "adopted" one of the camps. One of the first things she mentions to interviewers is that she is godmother to more than 27,000 prisoners and their families. To date Edith has given or raised more than 2,000,000 francs for her godchildren.

In recent months she has teamed up with a group of nine young troubadours who form a background for some of her songs. They call themselves Les Compagnons de la Chanson and are accompanying her to the States.

Piaf was terribly excited about leaving for her American tour, but she was worried about the proper setting for her performances. She doesn't like night clubs because the patron who has had one too many can break the mood of a whole number simply by knocking a glass off the table at the moment when a Piaf heroine is being jilted.

"Would it cost very much," she once asked, "to hire the Metropolitan Opera House?"

She had a taste of American reaction to her repertoire when she made a tour of U.S. Army camps in the Marseille area. The boys were wildly enthusiastic about her.

But it isn't so much playing for American audiences that excites her about her American tour as the possibility of meeting Charlie Chaplin, or "Charlot" as she (and all the French) call him.

"I know this will sound terrible for me to say," she admits. "But I want to make a movie with Charlot. I have a feeling that I may be the girl for whom he has always looked and never quite found. The little waif, the poor child with the simple, tortured soul which is the companion soul to that of the pathetic Charlot of the films."

Impertinent as this dream may sound, it has more than vanity to stand on. In reviewing Etoile Sans Lumière, Piaf's only film to date, more than one critic found himself compelled to compare her to the Chaplin hero of The Gold Rush or Modern Times.

When she is in Paris, Edith Piaf lives in a big, comfortable duplex apartment at the back of a courtyard on the Rue de Berri, almost opposite the office of the New York Herald Tribune's European edition. She lives with her secretary and constant companion, Andrée Bigard.

She's Not Pathetic Offstage

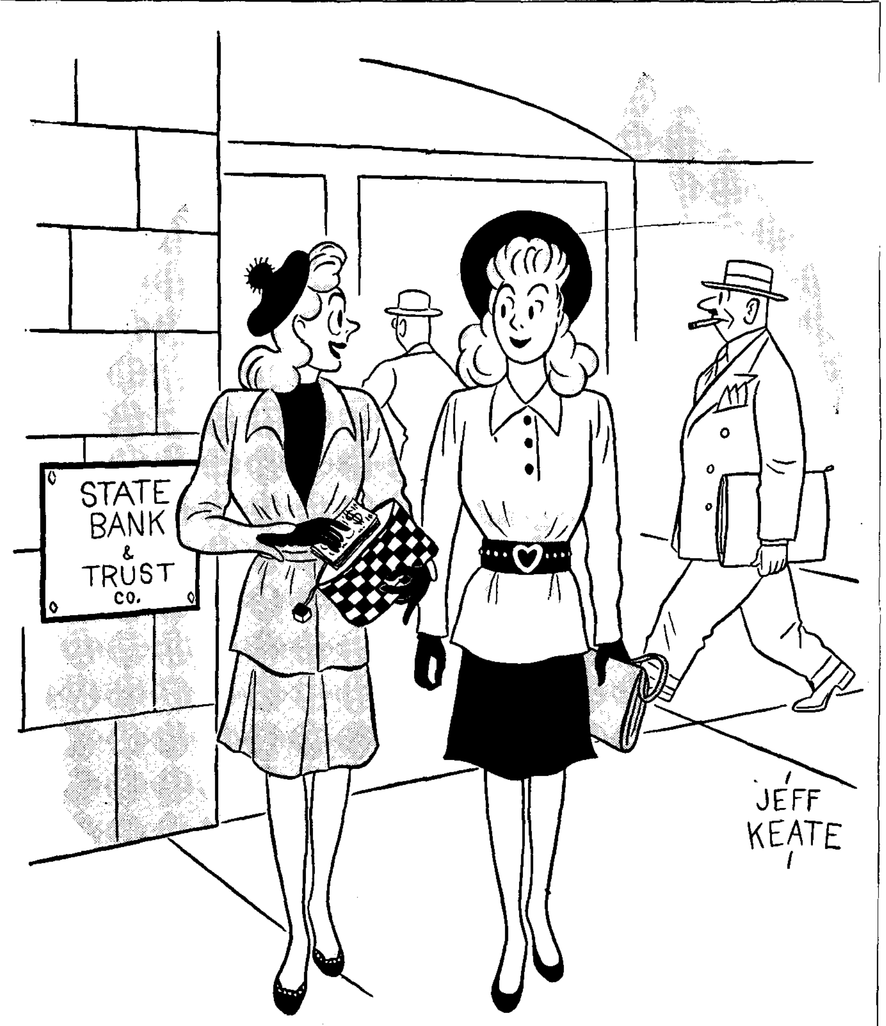
Even when she is at home, she bounces and flits about so energetically that she never seems to alight for more than a couple of minutes. She is always the actress, her off-stage personality is almost diametrically the opposite of her depressed and miserable songs' heroines. She is usually overwhelmingly gay, laughing her raucous, infectious laugh at the slightest provocation.

On the subject of her own music, Piaf is less articulate. Most of her songs are written for her by one of three musicians who seems to have caught on to the formula.

Piaf herself has contributed the words to several of her ballads, and she certainly helps out on the lyrics, even though she never actually writes them.

If Piaf cannot define the essence of a successful ballad, she does know what it takes to put one across. She summed this up, quite unconsciously, one day when speaking of a *chanteur* who had had a tremendous success at one time and who now had fallen from the top rung. In so doing she explained, in large measure, her own greatness. "The thing that happened to him," she said, "is simply that he stopped singing with his heart. When you don't sing with your heart . . ." And she finished her sentence with one of those gestures that are so fabulously articulate and so fabulously Piaf.

THE END



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COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

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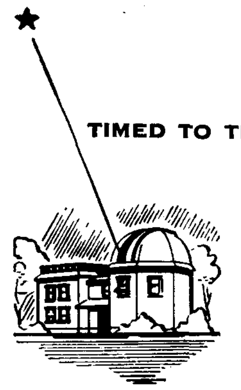

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DON'T EVER LOVE ME

Continued from page 12

the water was still running. He made a sharp, impatient gesture toward the shower handles, and she reached out and turned them. Then she said, "If you don't go away, I'll call the police."

The threat didn't seem to disturb him. In leisurely fashion he probed into the side pocket of his coat and produced a gold badge. "Save yourself the trouble, lady. I'm the police."

"What are you doing in my apartment?"

"That all depends. I'm here on business. I'm Max Gold. Lieutenant. Attached to the Manhattan Homicide Squad."

The words had an ugly sound. This was no ordinary intrusion. Lynn caught the tense alertness in his manner, the professional impersonality. But as she became less afraid, there arose a new awareness that her attire was exceedingly informal. She asked, "How did you get in here?"

"I rang," he said. "No answer. Rang again. Same result. The super let us in."

"Us?"

"Me and my assistant. Detective Andy Sullivan. The super stayed outside, asking himself questions." The faintest ghost of a smile showed briefly in the piercing black eyes. He said, "You don't look awful comfortable. Suppose you get out of that tub and towel yourself off so me and you can talk things over."

SHE gestured helplessly toward her inadequate covering. Gold said, "I'll wait in the living room. I'll close the door. But don't try any funny stuff."

She hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about, but she didn't hesitate about promising not to try any funny stuff. She was feeling far from funny. The situation had become more than mere embarrassment. It had a frightening undercurrent. This fellow Gold was hard as nails.

When, a few minutes later, Lynn went into the living room, Lieutenant Gold was standing beside her desk. He was a small man, but she suspected that his inexpensive serge suit and plain overcoat concealed a wiry, muscular frame. An old hat was shoved back from his forehead and she saw close-cropped black hair. His hands were delicate, but they looked strong. Near the window was a second man: a big, burly man with a florid face and nice blue eyes. "Detective Sullivan," said Gold, and Lynn nodded.

It was Sullivan who spoke, and his words brought her up sharply. He said to Gold, "Did you see the body, Lieutenant?"

Gold glanced at Lynn and then looked away. "You might call it that," he said. Then he brought his shrewd glance back to her face. "Where is it?" he asked.

"Where is what?"

"The body."

Lynn seated herself on the arm of a club chair—Alan Gordon's favorite chair, and said, "I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about. If I didn't know better, I'd think this was some sort of a game."

"It ain't a game, lady. The boys down at Homicide haven't got time for that. I'm up here looking for the body of Lynn Sheridan."

In spite of herself, she smiled. "I'm Lynn Sheridan. You've already looked far enough."

Max frowned. His voice took on a new quality. He sounded like an efficient cop doing a job. "Who's in the apartment with you?"

"Nobody."

"Mind if I look?"

Gold didn't wait for an answer. He and Andy started through the apartment. They did a quick and thorough job. They probed into closets, looked under the bed and behind the furniture. Andy Sullivan even peeped into the tub. "Never can tell," he remarked, "I might have a little luck too."

Back in the living room, Gold started asking questions: "How long have you been alone?"

"Ever since I got home, less than an hour ago."

"And before then?"

Lynn told him.

"This is apartment 18-A?"

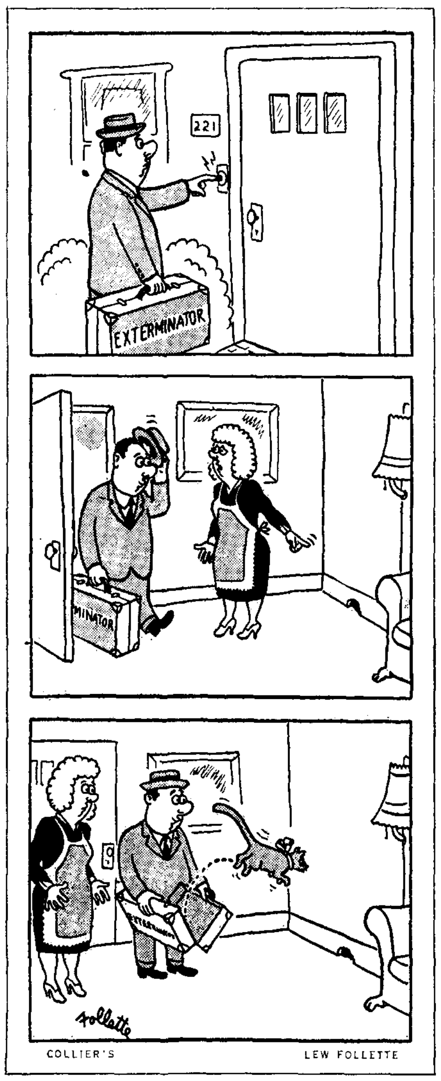
"Yes."

"And you ain't kidding about being Lynn Sheridan?"

"No."

Gold appeared to be stumped. He and Andy Sullivan looked at each other, and Sullivan shrugged.

Lynn said, "I've answered your questions, Lieutenant. I'd like to ask a few."



COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

"Go right ahead."

"First—what's all this double-talk about hunting for bodies? What does it mean?"

Max hesitated, but only briefly. Then he said, "A little more than an hour ago, somebody called Homicide. The call came in direct, not through Headquarters. They gave this address and the apartment number. They said to send someone up right away. They said a girl named Lynn Sheridan had just been murdered."

"There's some absurd mistake . . ."

"There ain't any mistake about our part of it. I was in when the call came through. This is a classy address. If a dame had been knocked off, it looked as though it could be important. So I grabbed Andy and we came up." He looked down at his strong, slender hands and went on without looking at her. "How do I know you're Lynn Sheridan?"

"Ask the superintendent. Ask either of the elevator boys. I can give you a hundred people you can check with."

Gold shook his head wearily. "Begins to add up like one of your friends must have a queer sense of humor. Homicide ain't so busy but somebody has to make jokes yet." Then his manner softened. "I'm sorry, Miss Sheridan. We get a call like that. We hop on it. We expect to find somebody all carved up. I hear the shower running, and I get the idea it's one of these bathtub murders—"

"They put the body in the tub," Andy volunteered cheerfully, "so all the blood runs down the drain."

Lynn was beginning to get angry. "Who made the call, Lieutenant?"

"I don't know. Can I use your phone?"

She showed him into the foyer. He cradled the phone against his ear, dialed, and talked with somebody named Joe.

When he returned to the living room, he said, "A woman made the call, Miss Sheridan. Asked was that Homicide. Most people outside the department don't know about Homicide. They want to report something, they either just ask the operator for police or they call Spring 7-3100. That's Center Street. I asked Joe to try to remember exactly what happened, and this is the way he handed it to me: A woman said, 'Listen carefully. Send someone right away to the Wallace Arms Apartments. Number 18-A. The young lady who lives there is named Lynn Sheridan. She has just been murdered.'

"That's the way Joe remembers it. He started firing questions at her. That's routine. It's a stall for time so the call can be traced. This babe must have known all the angles. She hung up without giving any answers. A check was made but it came out zero. All we learned was that the call came from a pay station. So there it is, Miss Sheridan. The works. How do you figure it?"

"I don't."

"Some people got a screwball idea of what makes a joke."

"I know . . . but this seems to go beyond that."

LYNN opened a cigarette humidor and motioned for the two men to help themselves. She put one between her lips, and Gold struck a match. He held it for her, and then for Andy. Then he lighted his own. Andy made an unhappy sound. "Always leadin' with your chin, Lieutenant," he said. "Ain't you ever gonna be convinced three on a match is bad luck?"

Gold regarded the girl gravely through the thin blue smoke. "Let's admit this is squirrelly," he said. "So I'm asking: Can you think of any friend who would think it was funny to have cops come bargin' in looking for your dead body?"

"No."

"Do people play jokes on you much? What I mean, there's some people you just naturally rib along. Others, you know they wouldn't like it, so you lay off. Which class are you in?"

"The second. I've always thought practical jokes were stupid."

Max produced a little black notebook. He said, "I got to make a report on this, Miss Sheridan. Routine, is all. First, what is your job with Trent Advertising?"

"Copy writer."

"You mean you write the text for advertisements?"

"For some of them, yes."

"Judging by this apartment, you're pretty good at it."

"I make $7,500 a year."

"Not bad. . . . How long you been with Trent?"

"About four years. I came here from

this is FLORIDA

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you'll remember your
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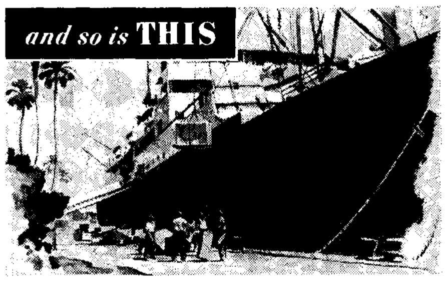

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Cleveland, where my family lives. Stewart Trent, president of the company, is an old friend of my father's. That's how I got the job. Of course, my starting salary was only thirty-five dollars . . ."

Gold said, "Don't get sore at this one, Miss Sheridan. How good a friend is Trent?"

She didn't get sore: she laughed. "A wonderful friend, but not in the way you mean. He's not an elderly wolf, and if he were, he wouldn't pick on me. It's a father-and-daughter relationship. I'm friendly with the whole Trent family, and once a week—during the opera season—I go out alone with Mr. Trent."

GOLD'S eyes were speculative. "How come?" he asked. "A girl as pretty as you shouldn't suffer from a shortage of boy friends."

"I don't. What's more, I'm engaged to a civil engineer named Alan Gordon. He walked home with me tonight, and left me in the lobby downstairs. I have a date with him for approximately nine o'clock."

"I see . . ." It was plain that Max didn't see. Not clearly enough, at any rate. "About going to the opera with your boss . . ."

"Alan detests opera. I love it. So does Mr. Trent. From the winter I first arrived in New York, he started taking me with him every Wednesday night. Alan approves of it; it spares him the ordeal. He isn't jealous, if that's what you're getting ready to ask. And Stewart Trent isn't jealous of Alan, either."

"But you got a nutsy friend somewhere," persisted Gold. "*Somebody* put in that phone call to Homicide."

"That's true. And I haven't the faintest idea who might have done it." She drew a deep breath. "You really frightened me."

"You scared me, too. I was expecting to see a body, but not standing up." Max went back to his quizzing. "Forget the joke angle, Miss Sheridan. Can you think of any friend who would be smart enough to call Homicide direct if they wanted to report a murder?"

"No."

"I'd give it a little thought, if I was you. Friends like that ain't always healthy. If this is what they call funny, who knows but what they might get the idea of being even funnier?"

"You think . . . ?"

"I don't think anything, Miss Sheridan. But cops work on hunches, and my hunch on this says that as a joke, it stinks. What's more, I'd like to get my hands on the woman who did it."

"If you could investigate . . ."

He shook his head. "Can't touch it. It ain't up my alley unless a homicide actually happens." He hoisted himself from his chair and reached for his hat. "I'm sorry about disturbing you, Miss Sheridan. You've been swell. And I got one piece of advice: Check up on your friends."

"You believe there might be more to it?"

"That's hard to say. All I know is, I don't like it." He gave her a warm, friendly smile. "Anyway, now you know the ropes, Miss Sheridan. If I can ever be of service, you'll find the number of the Homicide Squad in the Manhattan phone book. You can call me direct."

She shook hands with the two detectives and escorted them to the front door. Then she walked back to the living room and dropped into Alan's favorite chair. She was more shaken than she realized.

Somewhere in a tiny recess of her brain a thought persisted. Nothing definite. Nothing tangible. Nothing connected with any specific person.

She had the unhappy feeling that this was not the end of something, but the beginning. . . .

Lynn opened the door for Alan Gordon on the stroke of nine o'clock. He stepped into the foyer, tossed his hat on a chair and wrapped her up. "That," he said, "was worth waiting for."

She smiled, but it wasn't a very gay smile. Alan shucked his overcoat, then asked, "What's wrong, Lynn?"

"Oh, nothing." But her words didn't carry conviction. He suggested that they go dancing for a couple of hours, and she vetoed the idea. She settled herself on the couch, and he sat beside her so that he could put his arm around her. She was quite something to put an arm around, he told himself.

Finally she told him the story of Max Gold's visit. He listened gravely, not interrupting, not moving. When she finished, he lighted two cigarettes and put one between her lips, retaining the second for himself. He said, "You're really upset, aren't you, honey?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know. That detective—Gold—said that it didn't look like the sort of thing even a practical joker would do. I agree with him."

Alan was thinking the same thing, but it was his job to reassure her. "That's what it's got to be, Lynn. It hasn't any sense, but then practical jokes never have."

She spoke thoughtfully: "I've checked the list of my friends. Not one of them fits the picture."

"Why not?"

"Admitting I don't know everything about all of my acquaintances," she explained, "this seemed to have a vicious angle . . ."

His arm tightened around her. "Forget it. It was stupid: we admit that. But what disturbed you was probably the trimming: cops walking in on you, official questioning, notes being made in a little black book . . ."

"We're making one mistake, Alan. We're trying to figure who would play that sort of a practical joke. Suppose it wasn't meant to be a joke?"

"That doesn't. . . ." He left his sentence dangling. For the first time, he, too, looked worried. "Gloria Clayton?"

All Lynn said was, "It isn't really credible."

ALAN drew a deep breath. He leaned back against the upholstery and considered the situation from this fresh viewpoint. Then he said, "I've never known much about her, or about her husband, either. Suppose you bring me up to date."

"I've deliberately avoided discussing Floyd. The setup seemed tawdry. Just the sort of thing that might annoy you."

"I've got a rhinoceros hide." His grin was warm and reassuring. "And don't let false modesty hold you back. So this guy is madly in love with you. I can certainly understand that."

"I was engaged to him," she said, "when I lived in Cleveland. Naturally, I thought I was in love with him. As I got to know him better—"

"You saw he was a louse; is that it?"

"No. That's true, yet it isn't true. What I mean is that it doesn't give you a correct picture. Floyd Clayton was as lovable and as worthless as any man I ever knew. He'd always been spoiled. When his family went broke, he didn't know what to do with himself.

"He drank a lot. He wanted me to marry him to reform him. I said I wasn't having any. He'd get furious, then affectionate, then furious again. There were times when he frightened me. It didn't take me long to realize that I wasn't in love with him, and that even if I were, I'd be insane to marry him. So I broke it off. It wasn't any fun."

Alan asked, "What does that mean?"

"He acted like a child. He threatened to kill himself. He kept pestering me all the time—every day, every night."

"Sounds obnoxious."

"That's the surprising thing. If you

knew him better, you'd probably like him. Men do."

Alan nodded. "I can understand that. The few times I've met him, he seemed to be all right."

She said, "Did he ever discuss me—with you?"

Alan hesitated. "Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Pretty much what I said a few minutes ago. That he couldn't blame any man for being in love with you. He said if he couldn't marry you, then he'd see that no one else did. I didn't pay much attention. He was drunk."

"He'd have said the same thing sober. That's what worries me. That's why I think he or Gloria might be behind the affair of this evening."

"He was from a pretty good family, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

ALAN asked, "How'd he happen to marry Gloria? Not that I have anything against Gloria . . . but she and Floyd don't seem to belong together."

"They don't. He was just continuing to act like a spoiled brat. He annoyed me so much that I left Cleveland. That was four years ago. This girl was in love with him like crazy. He married her. He was probably trying to prove something. Then, a year ago, they moved to New York."

"Has he been bothering you since he got here?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because the situation sounded too corny. Old suitor married to woiking goil. Pestering former fiancée."

"And in addition to annoying you here in New York . . . ?"

"He's hit bottom, and makes no secret of it. Gloria is working in a beauty parlor, supporting him. He seems to have no pride and no shame. She came to see me once—about a month ago. It wasn't a pretty scene. She begged me to let him alone. I tried to show her the truth without hurting her. She seemed to believe me. She started crying. She said he was no good, but she couldn't help loving him. She asked me to help."

"What did you say?"

"I said there wasn't anything I could do—or anything I wouldn't be willing to do. I suggested that she get him away from New York, and she said he wouldn't go. I certainly couldn't run away again. Leaving Cleveland was bad enough. I couldn't imagine myself flitting from city to city to avoid a worthless person who was building himself up into a psychopathic case."

Alan got up from the sofa, went into the pantry and mixed a couple of highballs. He said, "What sort of a girl is Gloria?"

"Nice," Lynn said. "Not overly smart, or rather I should say, not overly educated. There's nothing in her world except Floyd. She worships him. His not being in love with her would be bound to make her miserable. But the fact that he's in love with someone else—or thinks he is—could make her desperate."

Alan chose his words carefully. "Suppose . . . just suppose . . . that Gloria Clayton felt her only chance to get rid of you was to frighten you? Is this the sort of thing she might have cooked up?"

"I don't know. It isn't fair to say yes, and not sensible to say no."

"Would you like me to talk to her?"

"What could that accomplish?"

He said, "A woman like Gloria Clayton is probably rather primitive in her impulses. She could easily talk herself into doing something foolish—and be scared just as easily. If she knew someone suspected her, and that she might get into trouble . . ."

Lynn shook her head. "If you *knew*, that would be one thing. But you're only guessing."

Alan said thoughtfully, "Gloria might have done the actual phoning, and yet it could have been Floyd's idea."

"That doesn't make much sense."

"None of it does. But suppose he figured you might be frightened. Suppose she's as much under his thumb as you think. Isn't it conceivable that she might enter into a scheme to annoy you?"

She said, "That's reaching pretty far, sweetheart."

"Somebody was responsible."

She smiled faintly. "You sound like Lieutenant Gold again. I'm trying to make myself believe that I'm a hysterical female who has been the butt of a stupid practical joke. Maybe by tomorrow morning I'll see things that way."

"Will you try?"

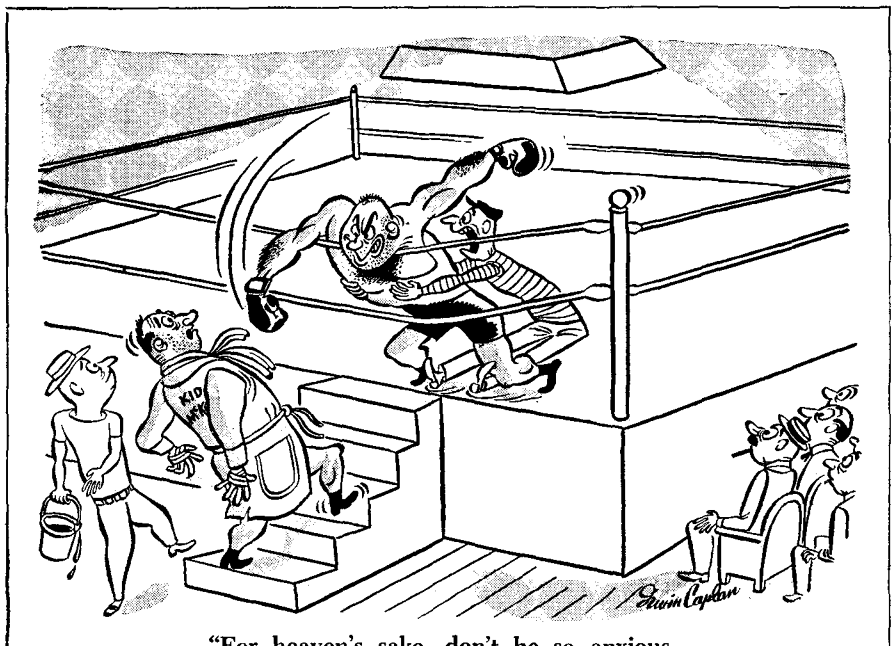
"Cross my heart. Beginning as of now."

Alan insisted, then, that they go for a walk. Plain, hard, common sense told him that they were making a mountain out of a molehill; yet he, too, had the instinctive feeling that this might not be the case.

THE next evening Alan and Lynn had another date. A little after eleven o'clock she yawned, and he laughed. They agreed that perhaps he wasn't as fascinating as he might have thought.

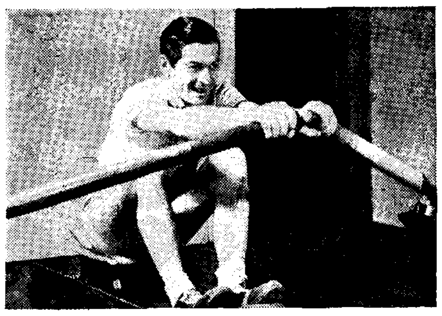
At 11:15 Alan got up to go home. He put on his overcoat, picked up his hat and started to kiss Lynn good night.

The doorbell rang. She looked up at him and frowned. Then she opened the apartment door. Three men stood there;



"For heaven's sake, don't be so anxious, Killer. The least you can do is let him in"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN



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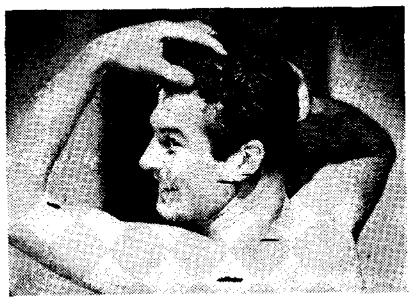

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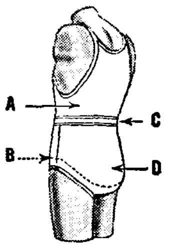

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they were all dressed in white. In the background, a uniformed elevator boy was staring curiously.

Two of the men were carrying something. A stretcher. The third man seemed to be a doctor. He was very young, very serious and he had a stethoscope in his pocket. He said, "Miss Lynn Sheridan's apartment?"

Lynn said, "Yes."

The man said, "The ambulance is downstairs. So if she's ready—"

Alan Gordon shoved forward. He said, "What is this all about, Doctor?"

The intern shrugged. "We got here as soon as we could."

"For what?"

"For Miss Lynn Sheridan," the intern explained. "The lady that telephoned said she's been badly injured—that she might be dying."

Alan heard a sound. It was a laugh, and it came from Lynn. The doctor stepped forward, professionally efficient. He said, crisply, "Hysteria. I'll take care of her as soon as I've seen Miss Sheridan."

THE two stretcher-bearers were staring at Alan. The doctor was getting impatient. He said, "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Lynn didn't say anything. She controlled her brief attack of hysteria, but was completely unnerved. She was waiting for Alan to carry the ball. He said, "There's some mistake, Doctor. This is Miss Sheridan."

The doctor pulled a slip of paper from his coat pocket, consulted it, and shook his head. "No mistake on *our* records," he said.

"Just the same, this is Miss Sheridan. She hasn't been injured, she isn't dying, she doesn't need an ambulance. Somebody seems to have a fantastic sense of humor."

The intern said, "It's a hell of a joke, if that's what it is. And this was a private call."

"I'll pay for it."

"That isn't the point. People have no right to call ambulances because they want a laugh."

"I didn't call you. Neither did Miss Sheridan."

They all stood still, looking at one another and saying nothing.

Finally the doctor said, "Well, if nobody's needing an ambulance, I guess we better be going," and Alan agreed that he better had. So the intern and the stretcher and its two bearers went back to the elevator, and the door closed behind them.

Alan took Lynn back to the living room and seated himself beside her on the couch. He put his arm around her. She was trembling.

"Who could be doing this, Alan?"

"Let's don't ride *that* merry-go-round again, honey."

"I know . . ." She looked small and lovely and helpless, and her voice wasn't quite steady. "We went over it all last night. There's nothing more to add." She stared at the pattern on the rug. "The intern said that a woman telephoned?"

"Yes."

"It must have been the same woman who phoned the police."

"Probably."

"Maybe," she said, "I should tell Lieutenant Gold about this." Then she shook her head. "No. That wouldn't do any good."

"Why not?"

"He said it wasn't in his field until after a homicide occurred."

They looked at each other. Neither liked the sound of what she had said. Alan said, "You're nervous, honey. I'm not going home until you calm down."

"I'm not that kind of nervous, Alan."

"I know better. You're not staying here alone tonight. If you don't want me hanging around, I'll get Nita."

"Why Nita?"

"Because she's my sister-in-law. I know she's nutty as a fruitcake, but she's a woman; you know her, and I think you like each other."

Lynn said hesitantly, "Yes, I like her. But even though we work in the same office we're not . . . well, that is . . ."

"Quit apologizing. You're not her type. You've nothing in common. But in a situation like this, I think she's just what the doctor would order."

"What are you going to tell her?"

"The truth."

Alan reached for his coat and hat, kissed Lynn, and started for the door. "I'll be back before you know I've gone."

The weather was blustery, the air filled with delicate particles of snow. There was no taxi in sight, so he decided to walk. It wasn't a bad idea, anyway. Gave him time to think.

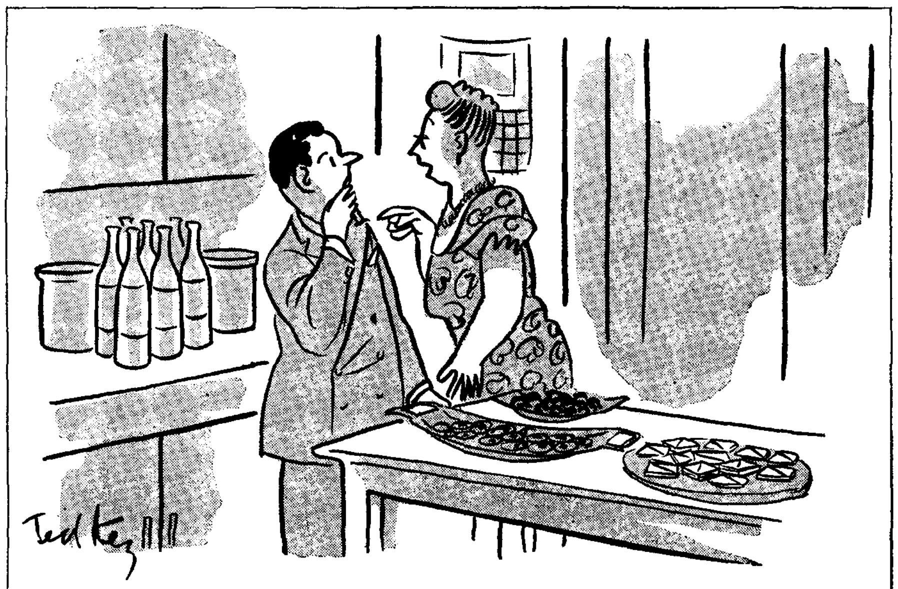
He was worried. Just why, he didn't know. This was a sort of thing that should be shrugged off, but his efforts to do that didn't get very far.

He thought his idea about having Nita spend the night was good. Nita wouldn't say no to him. Between them there was an odd relationship. A relationship which dated back four years.

Alan had been 26 then, a captain in the Corps of Engineers, Army of the United States. He ran around with a gang of other young engineer officers, and through them had met Nita Holloway.

Nita was young. She was slender and dark and vivid, "the passionate type," as she'd been described to him. And he was willing to believe it.

Her specialty was bringing solace to



"Serve the sandwiches when Clem Walter starts trying on the women's hats"

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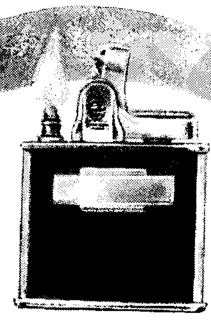
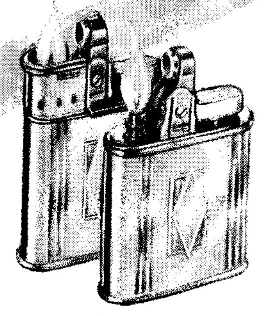
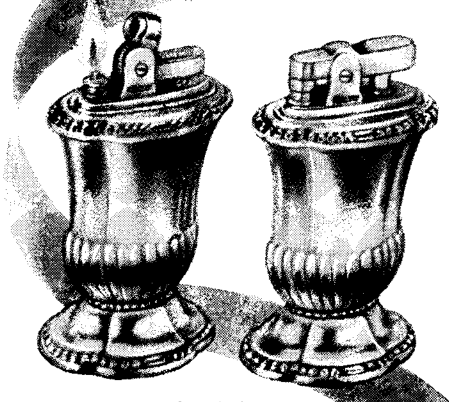


RONSON "Standard", popular model for pocket or handbag.

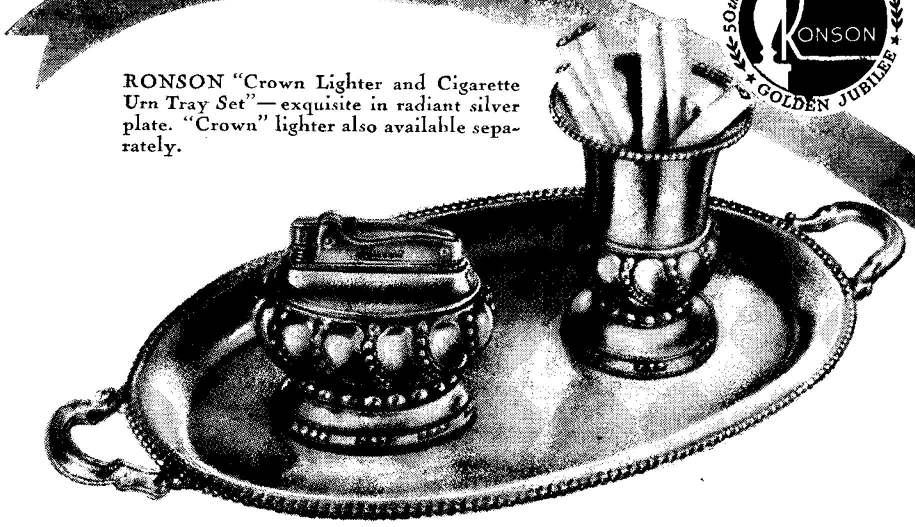


RONSON "Whirlwind" with disappearing windshield, sporty, outdoors . . . dressy, indoors.

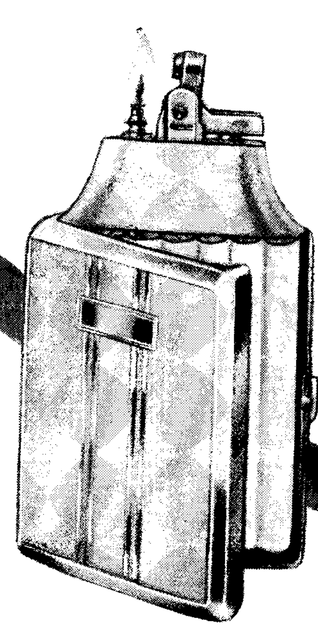
RONSON "Queen Anne", lovely table lighter in gleaming silver plate.



RONSON "Mayfairs", dainty pair of dinner table lighters in silver plate . . . a gracious and decorative convenience for guests.



RONSON "Crown Lighter and Cigarette Urn Tray Set"—exquisite in radiant silver plate. "Crown" lighter also available separately.



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DUBONNET COCKTAIL

One-half Dubonnet. One-half gin. Stir thoroughly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass and add twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet
wine

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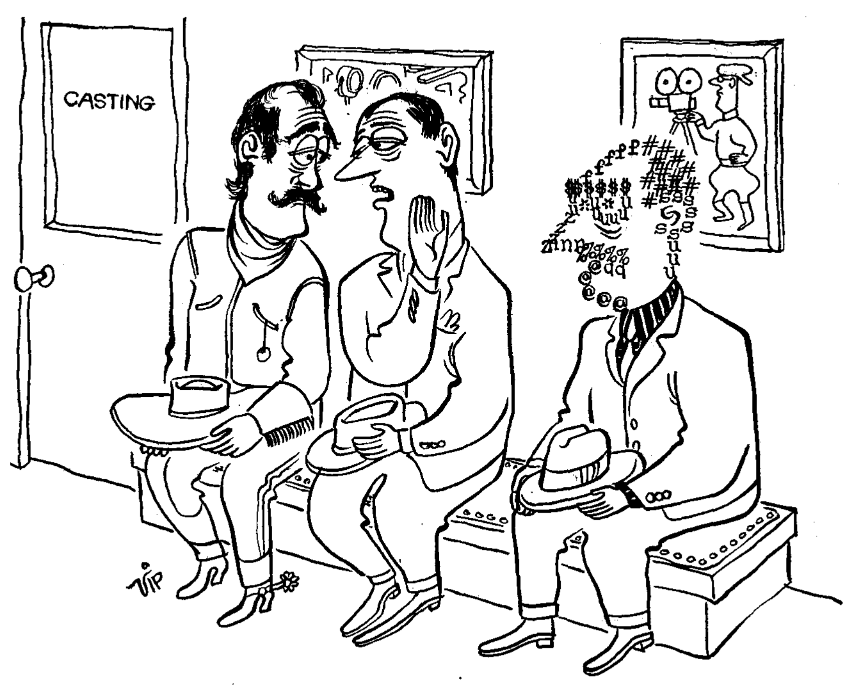

COLLIER'S "Boy, if you think *you're* typed . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

young officers who were headed overseas. There were times when he thought she overplayed this patriotic angle, though he'd never heard any of his fellow officers complain. She was gay, alive, and superbly uninhibited. From the moment of their first meeting, she and Alan understood each other. He didn't make a play for her, and she let him alone, which was all right both ways. It would have stayed all right if it hadn't been for Bruce Gordon.

Bruce was Alan's younger brother, a big, handsome, impulsive, likable kid, wearing brand-new pilot's wings. He came to New York on leave, making his second lieutenant's bars look very impressive.

Alan was ridiculously proud of him. He tried to forget how young Bruce was. He introduced him into his own group, and so, inevitably, Bruce met Nita Holloway.

That they were instantly attracted to each other was logical and understandable. Alan figured the kid had grown up, that as a fighter pilot there'd be some tough going for him before the war was over. He had no intention of riding herd on his brother's morals.

But when Bruce turned up one day with Nita and introduced her as his wife . . .

Alan had a long private talk with Nita. He laid his cards on the table, face up. He said, "Only the fact that you're wellborn keeps you from being a tramp. That's your business. Or it was until today. Now you're Bruce's wife. It's my job to see he doesn't get hurt."

She said, "That sounds like a threat."

"Maybe it is. But all you have to do is make the kid happy."

And that was the basis of the relationship between Alan and his new sister-in-law. They understood each other perfectly. And Nita tried with Bruce. What was more, she succeeded. Up to the day they sent Bruce overseas, he was happy. That was all Alan had demanded; it was more than he had expected.

In August of 1943, Bruce was shot down over Germany. It hit Alan hard. It seemed to hit Nita hard, too.

Before Alan left for overseas assignment, he had a talk with Nita. He asked how she stood financially, and she told him she was all right. The government had paid her Bruce's Army insurance. She'd get a job somewhere . . . she wasn't very definite where, but she said there'd be lots of jobs, and she fancied herself as a commercial artist.

Now Nita was the same girl Alan had known originally. But she had run through her $10,000—or most of it. She wanted a job. It was through Lynn that Nita was hired by Trent Advertising as a sketch artist.

Alan reached the apartment house where Nita lived. He walked through a lobby which was full of huge mirrors and chromium, rode up to the ninth floor, and pressed the buzzer by the side of the door marked 9-C. Nita opened it for him. He followed her into the lavish living room, said good-naturedly, "How do you do it on seventy-five a week?"

She laughed. "You really want to know?"

"Do I?"

She shook her head. "Look, Alan," she said, "I'm the same person I always was. I'm extravagant. I love nice things. Does that answer everything?"

He liked her frankness. After all, it wasn't any of his business. He told her why he had come. When he finished Nita said, "The poor kid. Of course I'll go over."

She tossed some things into an overnight bag which looked as though it had received more than average service. They found a taxi. On the way over Alan tried to thank her, and she brushed him off. She said, "Don't be that way. I like Lynn. I'm flattered that she'd want me."

As they left the taxi and walked through the lobby of Lynn's apartment building, Alan said, "Don't discuss this with her any more than you have to, will you?"

"Why not?"

"Because she's terribly upset."

"That I've got to see."

He grinned. "Still thinking of Lynn as the efficient career woman, aren't you?"

"That's the only way I know her."

"Well, she's more than that. She's very human."

"You speak with authority."

"Why shouldn't I? We're engaged." His voice grew serious. "I love her," he said quietly, "as much as my brother loved you."

SUNDAY morning. The wind knifed through the open window of Alan's bedroom, causing that young man intense discouragement. He craved coffee and a cigarette, but the bed was warm and the room was not.

Eventually he would have to get up; but this was a luxurious postponement of the inevitable. The fact that he could postpone it was the thing that made Sunday different from any other day.

And, having thoroughly enjoyed the fact that he didn't have to get up if he didn't want to, he got up, slipped into an old flannel robe and went into the kitchen. He'd made coffee the night be-

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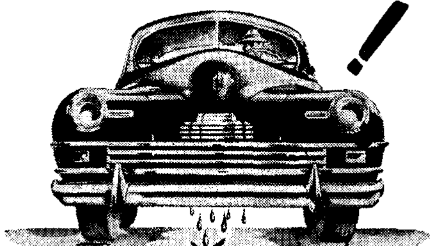

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X LIQUID REPAIRS LEAKY RADIATORS
X BLOCK LIQUID
X RUSTOFF
X SUPER FLUSH

fore; now all he had to do was heat it.

Carrying the coffee cup, Alan returned to the living room. He went to the door and picked up the Sunday paper. For the next hour or so he planned to be a gentleman of leisure.

The telephone rang. He seated himself on the edge of the bed, hoping it was Lynn Sheridan calling. But it wasn't. The voice was masculine, and it said, "Alan?"

"Yes."

"This is Joe Kerrigan."

"Oh, yes . . . Hiya, Joe?"

"I'm okay." The voice on the other end seemed unhappy. It said, "I'm awful sorry, old man. Just called to find out if there was anything I could do."

Alan blinked. This sounded like so much double-talk. He said, "Do about what, Joe?"

"Well, I didn't know . . . I haven't seen you for a couple of weeks, and of course, nobody told me . . ."

It sounded less like double-talk now. Kerrigan was a good guy; he wasn't doing this for a gag. Alan asked, "What is it you didn't know?"

"About Lynn Sheridan. I'm sorry as hell."

SUDDENLY, Alan was afraid. He ground out his cigarette with meticulous care, controlled his voice and said, "What's it all about, Joe?"

"I just read the paper. Don't know how I happened to look at the obituary column. But when I saw that Lynn had died . . . honest, feller, it hit hard . . ."

Alan Gordon didn't know what happened right after that. He brushed Joe Kerrigan off as swiftly as possible without being rude. Then he grabbed for his Sunday paper.

He found it all right. Just where Joe said it was. A simple paid obituary notice which stated that the funeral of Miss Lynn Sheridan would be held the following day. The notice gave the name of the morticians, and the usual information which might prove of interest to friends.

A wave of nausea swept over Alan. This was the pay-off.

The stark simplicity of the obituary notice was impressive. Suppose . . . no, that was absurd. He'd been with Lynn until almost midnight last night. Just the same, he was afraid. He dialed her number, and exhaled with relief when she answered.

He was grimly determined to keep it light. "Darling . . . ?"

"Yes. This is your darling. Who's calling, please?"

"You'd never guess. Anyhow, it's me. I've a yen to see you—but right away."

"You sound very abrupt."

"I am. Hop to it, lady. And don't waste time on the morning paper. I'm on my way."

He dressed swiftly and made it to her apartment in nothing flat. She seemed glad to see him but he saw a question in her eyes.

He saw, too, that even in the revealing light of morning, she was a most delectable young lady. She was wearing a pale blue quilted dressing gown embroidered with tiny little blue flowers. The neckline was touched with delicate lace, which gave added softness and allure to the promising curves underneath.

He wondered why—out of all the girls he'd met—he'd happened to fall in love with Lynn. Her brightness, perhaps. Perhaps because she could be so gay and impersonal . . . and then suddenly so volcanic. That was a side of her which invariably amazed him. She was blond and delicate, and he was never quite prepared for the tempests so easily aroused in her.

But that didn't answer the question, either. He hadn't known that when he was in the process of falling in love. It had been an extra added delight she had brought to him.

Lynn had seen through his forced gaiety. She waited for a few minutes and then said, steadily. "Let's have it, Alan."

"Have what?"

"Whatever it is that brought you over here. I know it's important."

He told her gently of the obituary notice in the morning paper. He didn't try to make light of it, because that would have been too obvious.

She said, "If I were a courageous character, I'd make a bright remark. It just happens that I don't feel that way, and I won't pretend."

He crossed the room and sat on the arm of her chair. He said, "I don't like it any better than you do, honey. I'm not afraid . . . it isn't that . . . but I'm mad as hell."

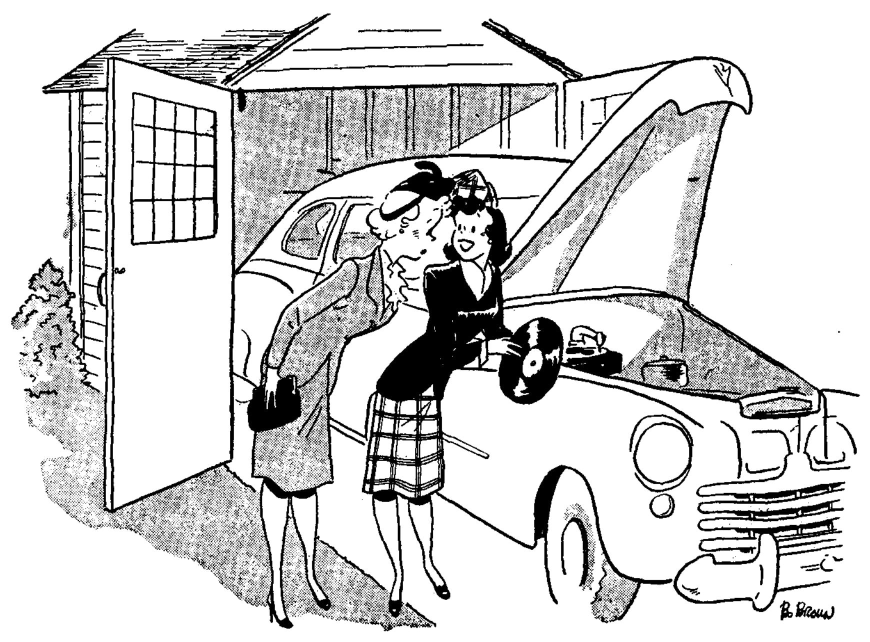
He went on sternly, "You're not going to stay alone in this apartment. I want Nita to move in with you until this screwball—whoever it is—decides he's had enough joke."

She said, "I'm afraid that won't work. Nita leaves for Chicago this afternoon. She'll be gone all week."

"I'll make her call it off."

"She can't. It's business. And look, sweetheart, we've got to be sensible. Nothing has happened except a lot of annoyance. My job is to sell myself the idea that it doesn't mean a thing, that pretty soon I won't be bothered any more."

"You can tell yourself that, Lynn. But will you believe it?"


"When we couldn't get a radio, Fred put in a record player!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

What to do FOR COLDS

DOCTORS ADVISE THESE 5 BASIC STEPS, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

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"How do I look in a Halo?"

"A PERFECT angel . . . that's me, says my wife. Funny thing is, I owe it all to her . . . and that swell little X-acto Tool Chest she gave me last Christmas.

"Darned if my nerves didn't start unkinking before I'd finished the first car of my snappy little model railroad. And by the time I got the 10-car 'system' set up in the basement, my crabby disposition had disappeared like fog under a smiling sun.

"My wife says every gal can have a model guy, if she gives him X-acto!"

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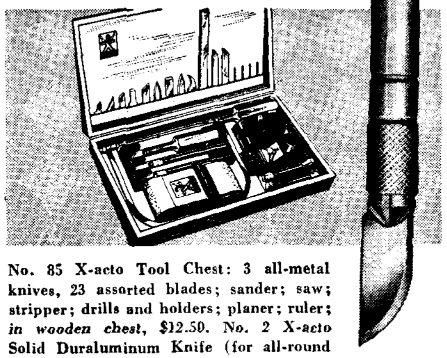
X-acto, the famous *all-metal*, removable-blade craft knife, gives you *13 different blade shapes!* . . . all of scalpel-sharp surgical steel, and quickly interchangeable. Firm-grip handles and vise-like blade lock make X-acto safe even for beginners. Whittling, model building, woodcraft, leather work . . . whatever your hobby, you'll do a slicker job, *quicker*, with super-sharp X-acto!



No. 85 X-acto Tool Chest: 3 all-metal knives, 23 assorted blades; sander; saw; stripper; drills and holders; planer; ruler; *in wooden chest*, $12.50. No. 2 X-acto Solid Duraluminum Knife (for all-round work) with 5 extra blades, $1. Other X-acto Knives, Tools, Chests, 50c to $7.50.

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"I've *got* to!" He didn't like the look of desperation in her eyes.

"How about marrying me? Now. Let me move in. I could think of a lot of worse ideas."

Her fingers closed around his. "I'm afraid that's not a very good reason for rushing into matrimony, Alan; not that I need a reason, actually . . . but it would seem to be starting on the left foot."

He asked, "Are you afraid?"

She considered the question carefully. "Not afraid exactly, but upset," she answered finally.

"I think it's about time for me to talk this over with the Claytons. It's got to be one of them—or both."

"Provided it's more than a gag. Frankly, it doesn't sound like something Gloria would do."

"Why not? She's married to a louse she's crazy about. He's in love with you. Maybe she thinks this will frighten you . . . run you out of town . . ."

Lynn said, "Talking to Gloria wouldn't get you anywhere. If she were doing it, you'd only tip her off that her scheme was working."

"How about Floyd?"

"The same argument holds good. Maybe someday you'll have to talk to them. But not now. Call it a hunch. Call it woman's intuition. I simply feel that it certainly wouldn't help, and it might hurt."

Alan gave up.

For three days, then, nothing happened. They were together Monday and Tuesday evenings. She seemed a little less tense, less upset by what had occurred, more inclined to believe that it had ended.

WEDNESDAY night they had no date. That was Lynn's night to attend the opera with Stewart Trent, president of Trent Advertising. For three opera seasons they'd done that every Wednesday night.

"What'll it be tomorrow night?" asked Alan.

"Tristan."

"You like?"

Her face shone. "Yes, I like. I like very much."

"And when you're at the Met you won't be thinking of anything else?" Alan asked.

"Not even of you."

"Nuts! If that's the way opera affects you, I'm going to start taking singing lessons."

"Opera nights" had come to mean a great deal to Lynn. Maybe it was because the Met was so typically and exclusively New York. Maybe because she enjoyed being with Stewart Trent, who was so correct, such a perfect companion for that sort of evening.

She left the office early Wednesday afternoon and went straight to her apartment. She felt a tranquillity which she had not known for some time. Things had been moving smoothly at the office. Even the weather had forgotten to bluster, and New York was enjoying one of those rare warm midwinter interludes.

Stewart Trent called for her at 7:30. He came into the apartment, took her hand and smiled. He had a nice, fatherly smile. He stood back and looked at her. "You look lovely, my dear," he said.

Trent was a small man; mild and colorless. There wasn't anything dynamic about him. She wondered often how he had attained the success which had come to him. Trustworthiness, yes; plus ability. But he was not in any way her conception of the great New York executive.

He was a widower, and since the marriage of his daughter he had lived alone in a great graystone house near Fifth Avenue. There was nothing ostentatious about him. His manner was simple, direct and kindly.

He was fifty-six and she was twenty-five. His daughter, Carol, who was now Mrs. Larry Anderson, was only a year older than Lynn. But, while Trent and his daughter loved each other, and while there was a great depth of affection between them, Carol simply hadn't turned out to be the sort of person with whom Trent could enjoy the things that made his life seem worth while. . . .

The performance was magnificent. And then, too soon, it ended. Trent and Lynn walked through the lobby and picked up a taxi on Broadway. He suggested dropping in at a night club, and she said yes—eagerly. She had known he would suggest it, because he always did and she always said yes. That would mean a little wine, a sandwich if she wanted it, and then—on a clear, pleasant night like this—a walk to the lobby of her apartment house. There he would say good night and stroll to the corner where he'd take a taxi home. The routine never varied except when the weather was inclement. His manner was always the same: old-fashioned courtesy, friendliness.

They stayed at the club less than an hour. Then they walked home, discussing the opera.

The street on which Lynn lived was deserted. The squalid tenements were dark, save for the pale yellow lights which glowed from vestibules and gave unhappy vistas of ancient stairways. The new, swank, glittering apartment houses—including the one in which Lynn lived—stood out incongruously against a background of what so recently had been a slum. Across the street loomed the bulk of the decrepit, deserted brewery.

Lynn was at peace with the world. She had temporarily forgotten all those things which she wanted to forget. Trent was telling her an anecdote about a famous European soprano who had consented to sing at the ship's concert on a transatlantic liner, and whose performance had been interrupted by a trained seal. He told the story well, and she was laughing when she heard the shot.

It was a single sharp crack which split the quiet of the night.

She had no idea what had happened. She knew that Stewart Trent had stopped walking. She looked at him, and what she saw sickened her. There was blood on the side of his face. A great deal of blood.

He was sagging. Slowly. Then he pitched forward and sprawled on the sidewalk. Stewart Trent was dead.

Lynn heard a man yell, then the shrill blast of a policeman's whistle. A half-dozen people appeared on the street and crowded around her. A man in a blue uniform said, "What goes on here?"

Her voice was dry and harsh: "Someone tried to kill me. They killed him instead." . . .

Lynn Sheridan never clearly remembered—then or later—what happened in the next twenty minutes.

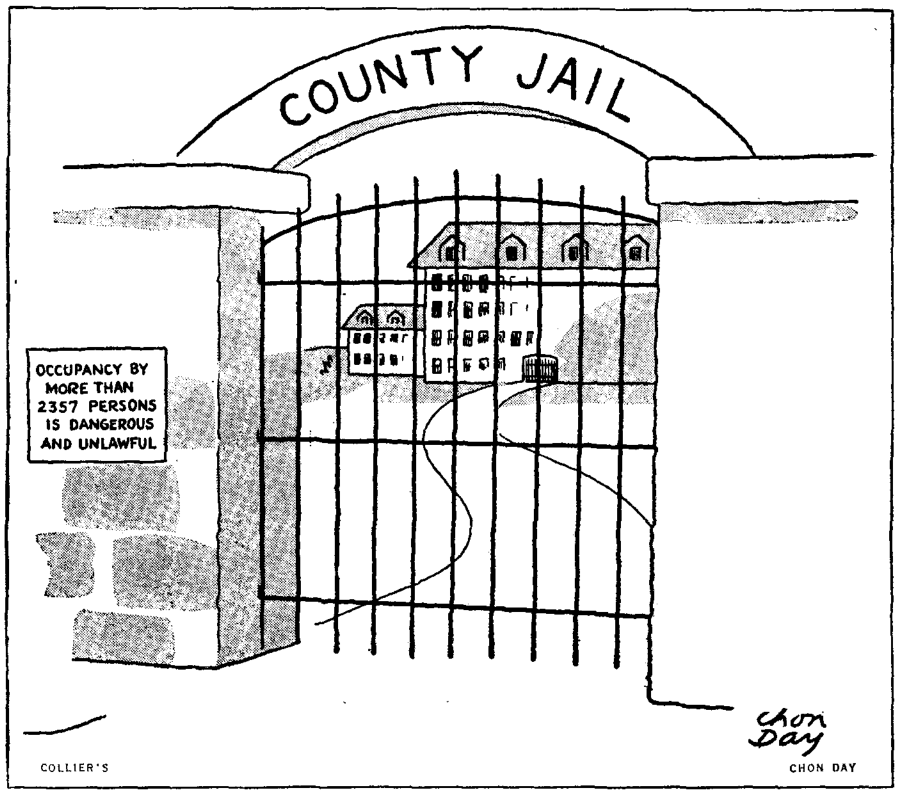
People appeared as though by magic. They came from the swank apartment houses, from the tenements, from taxicabs. Everybody seemed to be asking questions which nobody answered.

A uniformed patrolman stood beside Lynn, holding her arm and saying over and over again, "Who done it, miss? Who done it?" and when she shook her head and said she didn't know, he started another refrain: "Didja see anybody? Didja? Which way did he go?"

A second patrolman arrived. Then a police radio car sirened up to the curb, and two more men leaped out. Lynn heard one of the policemen say, "Yeah, Homicide's been notified . . ." and she turned in the direction of the voice. She said, "Tell Lieutenant Gold . . ."

The policeman said, "Tell who?"

"Lieutenant Max Gold. He's on the Homicide Squad. He knows about this."


COUNTY JAIL
OCCUPANCY BY MORE THAN 2357 PERSONS IS DANGEROUS AND UNLAWFUL
Chon Day

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

The cop turned to one of the patrol-car officers. He said, "The dame is nuts. She says there's some guy on Homicide that knows all about this, and it ain't only just happened."

A squad car came whirling up. More cops. A lot more cops. Then another car filled with police technicians. They started taking pictures and examining the body. One of them said, "Deader'n a mackerel. Right smack through the head."

Lynn felt sick. Sick and frightened. Someone tried to kill me, she thought. They killed Stewart Trent instead.

Another car swung into the block. One of the two men in it was Lieutenant Max Gold. He walked over to where the man in the blue uniform was still holding Lynn's arm. He said, "Think straight, Miss Sheridan. Did you see anybody?"

She shook her head.

"You got any idea where the shot came from?"

"It sounded as if it came from across the street."

Gold looked around. He examined Stewart Trent's body. Someone said, "Musta come from that old brewery across the street, Lieutenant. Pretty fancy shootin', I call it."

Gold barked an order and one man

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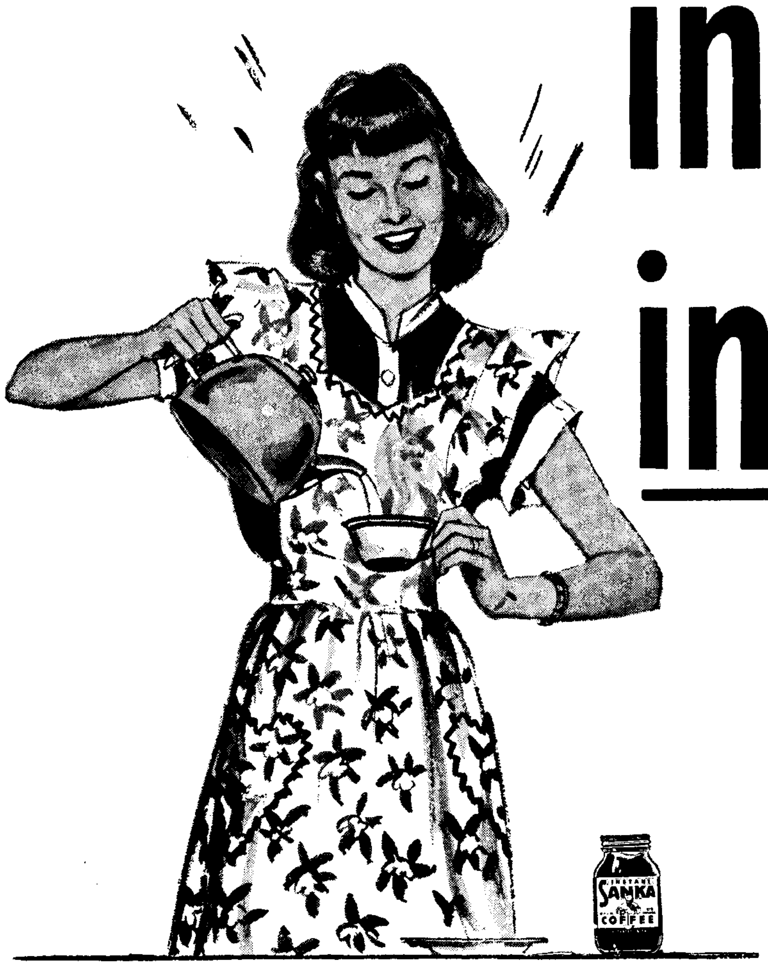

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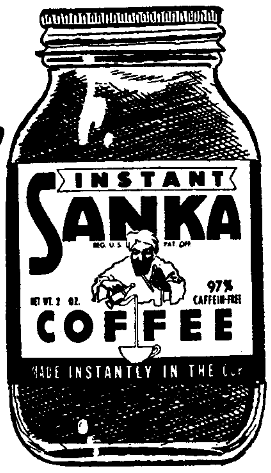

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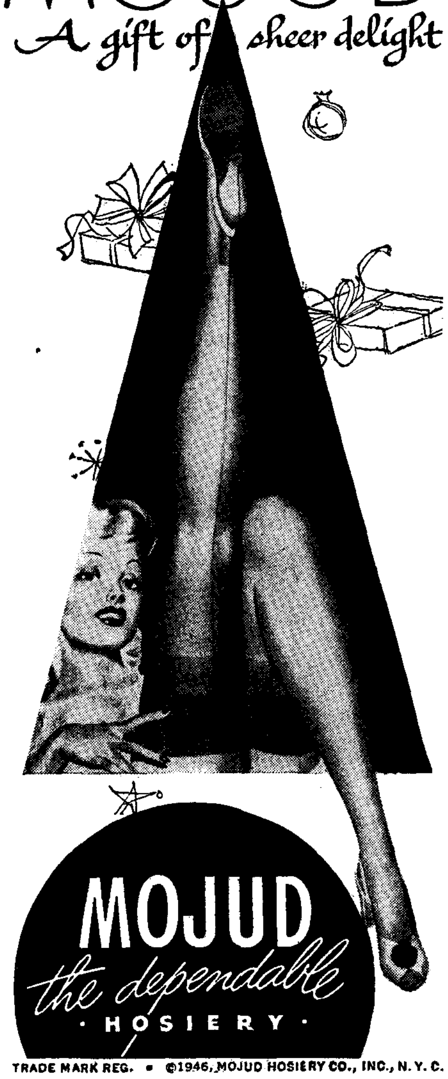

TRADE MARK REG. • ©1946, MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N. Y. C.

ran across to the brewery while a second scuttled for the corner, to circle the building. "It won't get us anywhere," commented Gold bitterly. "Whoever it was has had time to raise a family."

He said to Lynn, "You're 18-A, ain't you?" and when she nodded he left word that anything new was to be reported to him there. He took Lynn's arm in his strong, gentle fingers. He said, "Keep your chin up, Miss Sheridan. Let's go." And as they started away, he flung over his shoulder, "Come along, Andy."

A burly patrolman shouldered a pathway for them through the morbid crowd. The elevator boy, puffed with importance, took them upstairs.

INSIDE the apartment, Gold helped her off with her evening wrap. He poked around in the pantry and returned with a bottle and a glass. He poured a straight shot, and she downed it in a couple of gulps.

Lynn said, "I wonder if you'd mind calling Alan Gordon?"

She thought she saw Gold's black eyes narrow speculatively. "Your fiancé?" he asked.

"Yes." She gave him the number.

"Sure I'll call him." He tried to make his next question sound casual: "Did he know you were stepping out tonight, Miss Sheridan?"

"Yes. He knows that I go to the opera *every* Wednesday night with Mr. Trent."

Gold jerked his head at Sullivan. Andy went to the phone and started dialing.

Max seated himself opposite Lynn. He said, "You done swell so far, Miss Sheridan. Keep pitching."

Lynn pressed her hand against her lips. "I'm all right. I won't crack."

"Good." He smiled with his lips, but not with his eyes. "Now tell me about it."

She told him. Then she said, "They were trying to kill me. It's in line with all those crazy things we tried to believe were practical jokes."

Max said, "Let's go over those again—quick." He waited until she had finished and then he said, "Still got no idea?"

"No."

His face was grave. "You've been on the wrong track. You've been trying to peg somebody with a twisted sense of humor. Now you gotta try to think of who might want to kill you."

She said, "No one would want to kill me. No one."

"Look, Miss Sheridan—let's don't go at it that way. Somebody wasn't kidding."

She said, "Mr. Trent was such a fine gentleman. My father's friend, and like a father to me."

Gold's eyes were speculative. But all he said was, "It still comes up murder. Whoever it was tried to kill you, missed by maybe an inch. It's tough on Trent, but I'm glad for your sake."

She didn't say anything. Her mind was clearer now, but she wasn't sure that she liked it that way. The pain was more poignant, the memory of the tragedy too sharp.

Max said, "You didn't see anything?"

"No."

"Nobody running away? Nothing like that?"

Again she shook her head.

"Anything unusual happen tonight: anything that would make it different from any other night Trent took you to the opera?"

"No."

"No more screwy telephone calls?"

She said, "It's 'No' to everything."

"Give this one a little thought, Miss Sheridan. Suppose the bullet had got you like it was meant to do. Who would have benefited by your death?"

She tried to concentrate. "Nobody."

"How much dough you got? I mean, how much are you worth?"

"I have a few thousand dollars in War Bonds, perhaps a thousand dollars in a checking account."

"Your old man rich?"

"No. I doubt whether he owns anything except the house he lives in and his life insurance."

"Who would get your job at the agency if you didn't have it?"

She said, "I don't know. Any one of a dozen people are qualified and eligible."

"Can you think of one of the dozen who needs it kinda bad?"

"No."

"But somebody scared the b'gosh out of you, and went to a lot of trouble doing it. You gotta think harder, Miss Sheridan: it doesn't come out even."

Andy Sullivan reappeared. He announced that Alan was on the way. Max said, "How'd he sound, Andy?"

"Sleepy."

"You tell him what happened?"

"Yeah. I thought I'd better, knowing he'd hit that crowd downstairs."

"How'd he sound then?"

"Scared as hell. He kept on yelling at me was I sure Miss Sheridan was all right."

"Okay." Max turned his attention back to Lynn. "I got an idea you're holding out on me."

She said quietly, "Maybe I am. But I didn't mean to."

"Let's have it."

"It isn't fair, really. I'm picking this right out of the air—"

"I get your point. I run into things like that all the time. But maybe it's a lead."

She told him about Floyd and Gloria Clayton. She told him with scrupulous honesty; adding nothing, omitting nothing. Gold listened attentively, but he didn't look at her. He kept staring at the tips of his slender, sensitive fingers. She couldn't tell from his attitude how he reacted. She hoped he wasn't the sort to jump at conclusions.

WHEN she had finished, Gold's calm, judicial manner reassured her. He said, "What kind of a guy is this Floyd Clayton?"

"Weak. Sentimental. Worthless. But not the kind who would kill anybody."

He let that ride. "Clayton married this Gloria dame on the rebound, huh?"

"That's my guess. They're out of different worlds."

"What does that mean?"

"It probably sounds snobbish and I'd *rather it didn't.* But he was from a good family. She was a beauty-parlor operator. A nice enough girl, but just not his type."

"I get it. So he starts lushing. He marries Gloria. He follows you to New York. She comes, too, and gets a job so she can support him. He pesters you. He meets Alan Gordon and says he understands how any man can be in love with you, but also announces nobody is gonna marry you."

"I knew you'd make it sound bad, Lieutenant."

"How else can it sound? Listen, Miss Sheridan. This is murder. The fact that the murdered person ain't the one that was intended don't make a bit of difference. Under the law you gotta have an intent to commit a crime, and then you gotta do *something* about it. This person did. It could just as well be you dead as Mr. Trent."

The voice of Andy Sullivan broke in. He said, "And another thing, Miss Sheridan—if this party was so set on your being dead, he might still do things about it."

Max Gold said gently, "Andy is right, Miss Sheridan."

"You mean . . . ?"

"What's the use holding back something you'll figure out for yourself when you start thinking clearer? Of course I mean that. I mean that whoever wanted you dead, probably still wants you dead.

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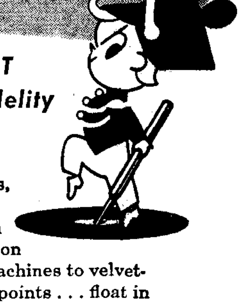

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I mean it's a ten-to-one bet that sooner or later they'll try again."

A detective came in to tell Max Gold that Alan Gordon had arrived. Gold nodded, but didn't immediately do anything about it. He walked up and down the room, then wrote something on a piece of paper. He handed this to the other man and said, "Take somebody with you and go to this address. Check on a couple that lives there: Floyd and Gloria Clayton. See that they don't do any telephoning. If they're both out, stay there till they come in. If one is home, and the other is out, start checking. See if you can pick up the one that ain't home. Gimme a report."

The man nodded. He said, "You want to see Gordon now?"

"Send him in."

A FEW seconds later the solid, muscular figure of Alan Gordon appeared in the doorway. He started toward Lynn, and she met him halfway. His arms went around her and he held her close. She cried softly, and clung to him. Gold stood in the corner, watching them, saying nothing, missing nothing.

They spoke to each other in whispers, and that was okay with Gold, too. He gave them plenty of time. Then he said, "Sorry, Gordon—but we gotta move fast. I want to ask you a few questions."

Alan led Lynn to the couch. He sat beside her, holding her hand. Her grief was deep and genuine. Her face looked drawn, her eyes tired. Her evening gown, which had made her look radiant earlier in the evening, seemed grotesque now. Max said, "Begging your pardon, Miss Sheridan . . . I want you to keep out of this. No interrupting. No prompting."

She nodded. Max regarded Alan gravely. It was as though he were looking for something, but his face gave no hint of whether or not he had found it. When he spoke, his voice was smooth as silk. He said, "You were in the Army, weren't you, Gordon?"

"Yes."

"Pretty good rifle shot?"

"Expert. Why?"

"Nothing special. Just thought I'd ask." Gold lighted a fresh cigarette, studied the smoke for a while, and then said, "The bullet that almost killed Miss Sheridan—the one that knocked Stewart Trent off—was fired from a rifle. I just got a report on it. The murderer left the rifle in the brewery across the street. No fingerprints. Not much chance of tracing it. Buying a rifle ain't like buying a revolver. It could come from anywhere and belong to anybody."

"Eleven million men were in the armed forces," said Alan. "Most of them learned how to handle rifles."

"True enough. Provided they got reason for doing it."

"I had no reason."

"Sure. I know." Max's smile was genial, but it didn't fool Alan. Gold went on, "Where you been since dinner?"

"Home. In my apartment."

"Doing what?"

"Studying."

"Engineer, ain't you?"

"Yes. Civil. With McIntosh & Collins."

"What were you studying?"

"Something connected with a job I'm figuring on. Stresses and strains."

"Kinda appropriate, I'd say."

"What's that?"

Gold's eyes crinkled at the corners. "Forget it, sonny. My jokes are always kinda corny."

Max framed his next question carefully: "You're the broad-minded type, ain't you, Gordon?"

"What does that mean?"

"Could mean anything. But what I'm driving at is this: You're engaged to Miss Sheridan, and yet you sit home doing stresses and strains while she goes out with another man."

"Ye-e-es . . ." Alan was faintly amused. "I'm afraid you're on the wrong track, Lieutenant. During the opera season, Miss Sheridan has a standing Wednesday-night engagement with Mr. Trent. I've always known about it, and approved."

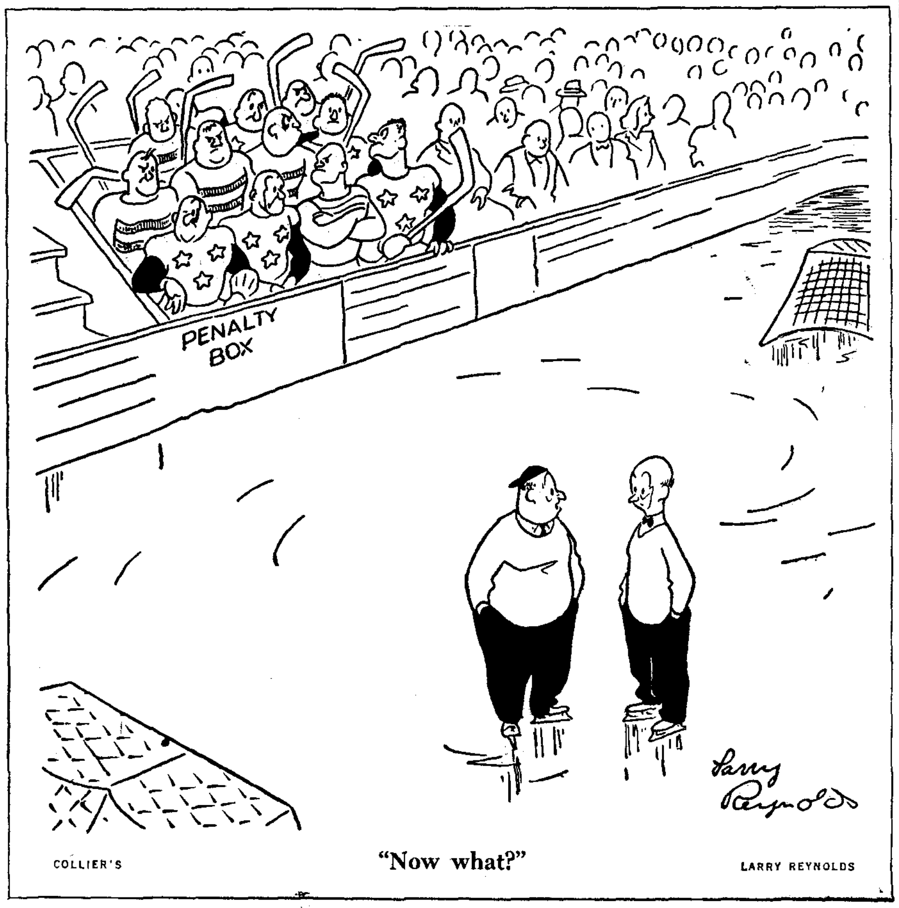
"Fair enough. But a guy *can* be jealous. If you thought Miss Sheridan was two-timing you, who's to say you didn't decide to shoot her?"

Alan said angrily, "I don't like that, Lieutenant."

"I didn't think you would. I wanted to see how you'd react. So all right; we'll say it wasn't you who was sore at Miss Sheridan and tried to kill her. We'll say it was somebody else. Who would that be?"

"I don't know."

"Gloria Clayton maybe?"



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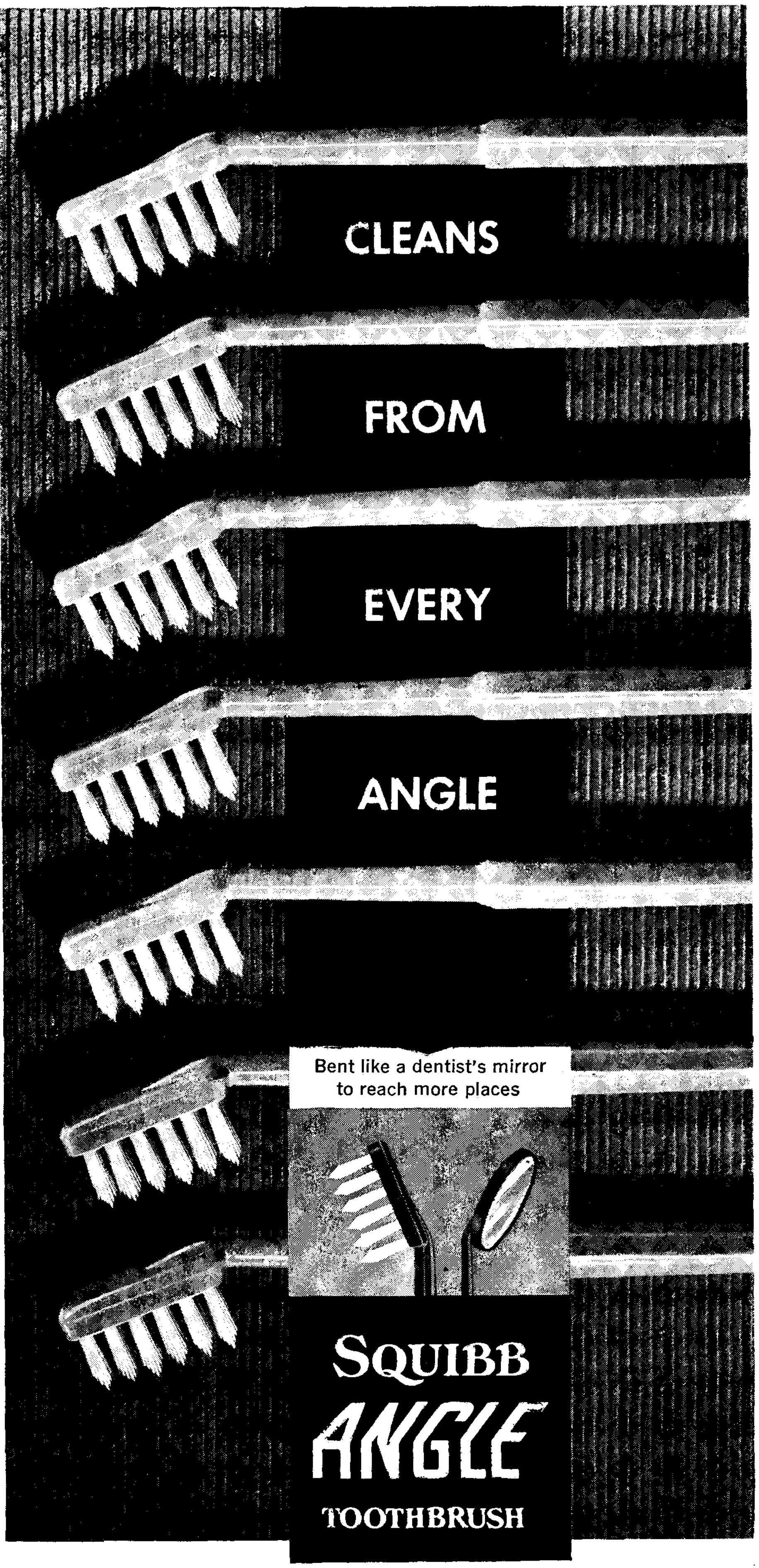

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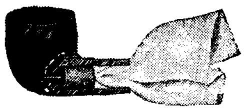

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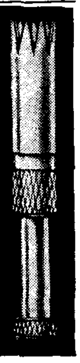

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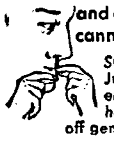

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The young man glanced sharply at Lynn. Max said, "Let's not compare notes, Gordon. She's already told me what she knows about the Claytons."

Alan said slowly, "Gloria's a good-looking girl who happens to be deeply in love with her husband."

"And jealous because he's overboard about Miss Sheridan, huh?"

"But I don't believe—"

"Look, Gordon—none of us believe anything. We ain't got a thing to go on. But the Claytons are our only lead, unless we figure you in. Now another thing: You've met Floyd Clayton, haven't you? What kind of a lug is he?"

"Irresponsible. But he wouldn't try to kill Lynn."

"Why not?"

"Because he's in love with her."

"Yeah. But she's engaged to you. He could maybe get a snootful and figure if she was dead, she couldn't marry anybody. What's wrong with that idea?"

"It doesn't figure right," Alan said. "Whoever did that shooting had to do a lot of planning. He had to know how to get into the brewery; he had to buy the rifle . . . and I'd go further and say that anyone who planned to shoot that accurately would be careful not to get drunk."

MAX GOLD nodded. "Sounds like you got something there, sonny. And we got no right presuming he was drunk tonight. Your idea ain't helpful, but it's reasonable. Sort of seems like this whole thing might be something Gloria would plan, but not her husband."

"I didn't say that."

"No-o. Matter of fact, you didn't say *hardly anything.*" Gold walked to the window and stared out into the January night. He said, without looking at them, "There's something missing. Maybe you're holding out deliberately, maybe it's just because you've overlooked it."

The telephone jangled. Gold answered it, then returned to the room and said, "Gloria Clayton's at home. Floyd isn't there. I'm going over, and I'd like you two to go with me."

Lynn asked, "Is that necessary?"

"It's the way I'd like it."

Lynn asked permission to change, and went into the bedroom and closed the door. The detective nodded at Alan. He said, "She's a keen number, Gordon. You're lucky."

"I realize that."

"While she's out of the room, I'm asking you—man to man—have you been holding out? Like, for instance, something you wouldn't want to say in front of her on account of it might hurt her feelings?"

Alan smiled in spite of himself. "You really play all the angles, don't you, Lieutenant? No, I haven't been holding out. But I'm going to ask a favor. Lynn's been through a rotten experience tonight. Make it as easy on her as you can, will you?"

"Fair enough. But it ain't any of it easy, son. There's no percentage in giving a murder time to cool off."

Alan said, "What about Mr. Trent's family? When are you going to tell them?"

"How much of a family has he got?"

"A daughter, Carol, and a son-in-law."

"They live with the old man?"

"No. They have their own apartment."

"We'll let them wait a while. I'll see they're notified before the newspapers hit the streets. Right now, this Clayton setup has got to be dug into."

The bedroom door opened and Lynn appeared. She smiled, but it was a smile of courage, not of mirth. . . .

On the street, Andy Sullivan sat in the front seat of the car with the driver. Max shoved into the back seat beside Lynn and Alan. He turned away from them and said, "All I can say is: Forget I'm here."

His voice was astonishingly kindly. It did things to Lynn. She had done her best. She had done everything they had asked her to do. Max had said she'd been splendid. But she was tired of being splendid. She wanted to be a woman, to give way to the emotions that were seething inside.

She fought against it as long as she could. Then she turned suddenly and flung her arms around Alan. She cried. Not loudly, but terribly, her slender body shaking convulsively. He held her close, making soft, soothing sounds with words that didn't have any particular meaning. He wanted her to know that he understood how she felt and why she was giving way. He wanted her to know that she wasn't expected to continue playing the role of a stoic.

She clung desperately. She pressed against him, making the most of this moment of surcease, trying to convince herself that here—in the shelter of his arms—there was no such thing as terror, no such thing as death.

His right hand, strong and cool, kept her head pressed against the rough tweedy texture of his overcoat. Her sobbing became less convulsive. And finally she raised her head. She took a handkerchief out of her bag and dabbed at her eyes. Alan kept his arm around her, wishing that there was something more he could do, wishing that he could tell her that there would be no more of this in her life . . .

But he didn't tell her that. He let her fight her own battle, knowing that she was strong, and that she would win.

And eventually, she did win. She looked at him and said, "I'm all right now, Alan."

They drove across town, pulled up in front of an ancient building on the West Side, a structure that was venerable without being dignified. Max went with Alan, Lynn and Andy Sullivan into the dingy lobby. They walked up to the second floor.

The door of 2-B was slightly ajar. A hard-faced detective said, "'Lo, Lieutenant," and let them in. Alan heard him whisper to Max, "I been havin' one helluva time. This broad is a firecracker."

THE apartment was small and reeked of cheapness. Max's survey of the apartment didn't take long. His eyes focused on the woman who was standing in the middle of the room.

She was quite a woman, this Gloria Clayton. Tall, voluptuous, blond. Someone, figured Max, who could be fun—or poison.

Gloria said, "Who the hell are you?"

He introduced himself. She looked past him at Lynn Sheridan and then at Alan. The fear in her eyes grew deep.

She asked, in a tight voice, "What's wrong?"

Max spoke quietly: "Nobody said anything was wrong, Mrs. Clayton."

"You can't kid me!" She crossed the room, grabbed Max Gold by the shoulders and shook him.

"Where's Floyd?" she cried. "What have you done to my husband?"

Max looked at the hysterical woman and said, "Why should we do anything to him?"

"You did! I know it!"

"Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is."

"What time did he go out?"

"I don't know that, either. I haven't seen him since I got home."

"What time was that?"

"About six-thirty." Her voice was no more steady, but it had taken on a pleading note. "What's wrong? You got to tell me."

"I didn't say anything was wrong."

She uttered a single profane word. "I'm not a fool. Cops. Everywhere cops Waking me up. *Sticking around.* Asking questions."

Gold went right on: "There ain't any

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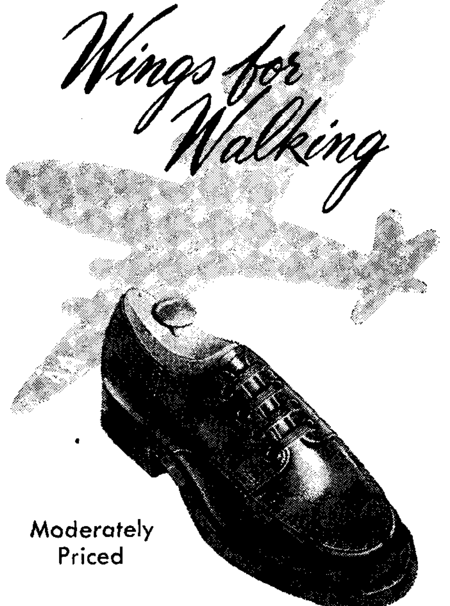

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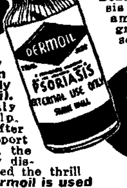

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sense getting yourself upset, Mrs. Clayton. I gotta ask questions. About you. You been home all evening?"

"Yes, I've been home."

"Doing what?"

"Housework. Cleaning. Waiting for Floyd."

"You haven't seen him all day?"

"At lunchtime. I came home to see how he was."

"How was he?"

"Sleeping."

"You didn't talk to him?"

"No I went back to work without waking him."

Max said, "Where does your husband work?"

She looked at him, puzzled. She turned the question over in her mind, not liking it. She stood in the middle of the shoddy little living room and let hysteria grab her. "I'm being persecuted. I don't know what it's all about, but I haven't done anything. Neither has Floyd. All right, so I *do* support him; so he's a louse. Whose business is that? He's my husband, ain't he?" She looked at Lynn Sheridan, her eyes filled with bitterness. She said, "You're responsible for this. If Floyd is a bum—it's your fault."

She moved close to Gold again. She said, "Get the hell out of here. Get out!" Then suddenly her rage was gone and only the fear remained. Her knees sagged and she dropped into a chair. She buried her face in her arms and sobbed.

IMPULSIVELY, Lynn moved across the room and sat on the arm of Gloria's chair. She put a hand on the shoulder of the other woman. She felt like crying, too. "Don't cry like that, Mrs. Clayton. Try to get a grip on yourself."

Gloria looked up. Her blue eyes met Lynn's kindly gray ones. "Get away from me," she screamed. "I know all about you. Everything would have been all right if it hadn't been for you." She put her hands over her eyes. Then she said, "Oh, God . . . get out of here. Get out—quick."

There was a quality in her voice which was dangerous, something not quite sane. Alan said, "Take it easy, Mrs. Clayton . . ."

Gloria stopped crying. It was as though she had just realized that there was nothing she could do. "I'll be quiet."

"Good!" It was Max Gold speaking. "That's fine, Mrs. Clayton. Why did you tell Miss Sheridan it was all her fault? *What's* all her fault, Mrs. Clayton?"

"Everything. My husband is in love with her. He always has been. He probably always will be."

"He told you that?"

Her laugh was harsh. "He makes it a point to remind me."

"But you say you're in love with him."

"That," she said, with odd dignity, "is something I can't help."

Gold went on with his questioning. "You're in love with your husband, Mrs. Clayton. You'd do pretty nearly anything he asked, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"You know he's in love with Miss Sheridan. You know that's what keeps you from being happy. You must hate Miss Sheridan, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You'd injure her if you could, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"Would you kill her?"

Gloria's eyes were hard, reckless. She said, "I'd do anything . . . and to hell with what happened to me."

"*Did* you try to kill her?"

Gloria said, "I—I don't know what you're talking about," but she didn't sound very convincing.

"I'm talking about murder. Just a little while ago, somebody tried to murder Miss Sheridan. The bullet missed her by an inch. It killed an innocent man. But it's still murder. Who did it?"

She said tightly, "You think Floyd might have . . ."

"We ain't saying so. We're asking."

She said shrilly, "I always knew cops were dumb, but I never thought they were that dumb. Why would Floyd try to kill her?"

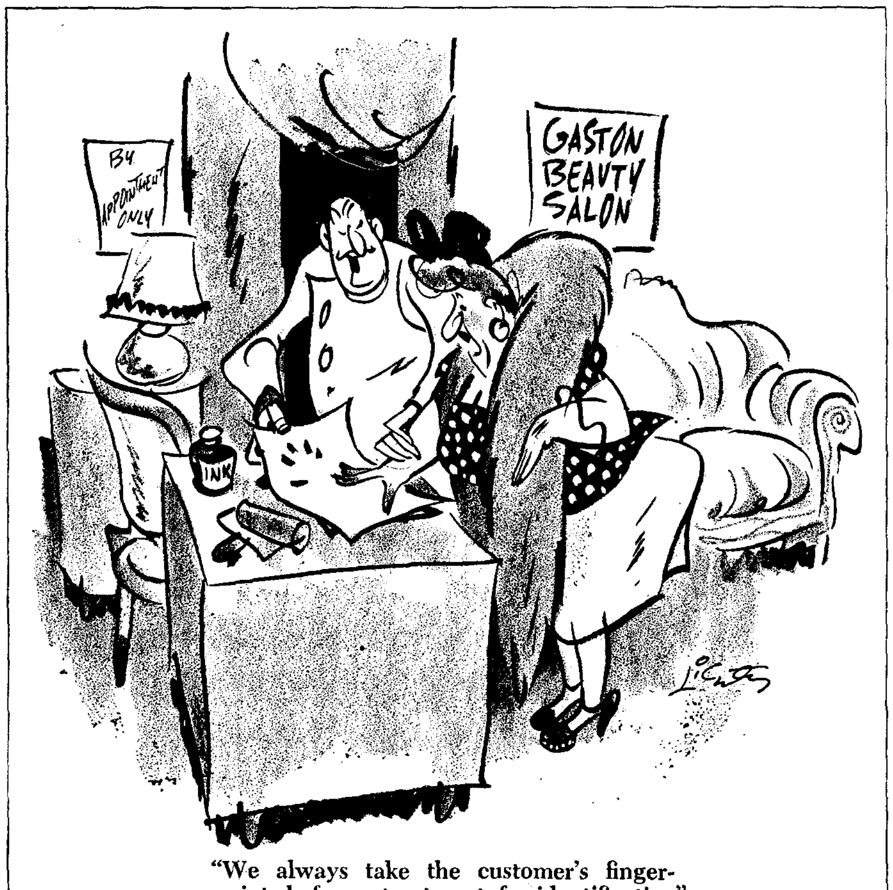
"Because she is engaged to this young man. She intended to marry him. Soon. If she was dead, she couldn't marry anybody."

"But then Floyd wouldn't have her, either. If he was going to shoot anybody, it'd be the man—not the girl."

Gold said, "You got it all figured out real cute, haven't you, Mrs. Clayton?"

"You're crazy," she said sullenly. "Floyd wouldn't do anything like that. Drunk or sober, he wouldn't."

Gold said, "Have you ever handled a rifle, Mrs. Clayton?"



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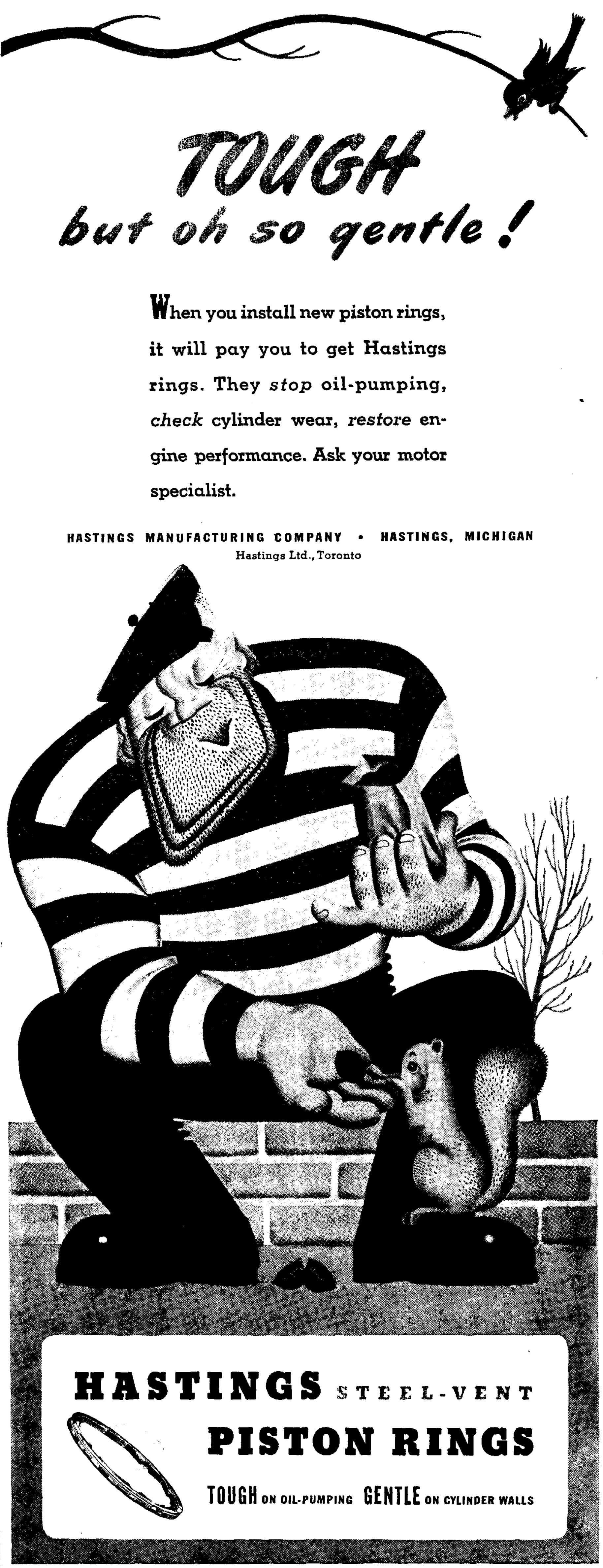
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Once more you could see her thinking. She said, "Yes, I know how to shoot a rifle. I learned when I was a kid."

Gold looked at Andy Sullivan. Both men shrugged as though to confess that they'd pumped this well dry. Gold said, "Might as well sit down, folks. We'll wait right here until Floyd comes in, or until he's picked up."

Lynn sat close to Alan. She was desperately sorry for Gloria. She wondered why Gloria happened to love Floyd. Without logic, without reason, yet without blindness. Yes, she'd do whatever Floyd might ask. She would even jeopardize herself if she thought it would help him.

There was a noise from the stairway outside the apartment, uncertain footsteps, the sound of a body bumping against a wall, and a deep, angry, masculine voice saying, "Keep your dirty hands off me."

Gloria started up from her chair. Gold said sharply, "Keep your lip buttoned, Mrs. Clayton. Or we'll take you out of here."

THE door banged open. A cop stood in the doorway. He was holding another man by the arm.

The other man was Floyd Clayton, and Floyd was very drunk.

He was not a tall man, but he was big. Powerful. Solid. He had sandy hair and eyes which normally would have been clear gray, but which were now bloodshot and angry. He stood just inside the door which the cop had closed. He blinked at the gathering, trying to get his eyes to focus.

Gloria's shrill voice broke the silence. She said, "Don't talk, Floyd. They're trying to pin something on you."

Max said sharply, "That'll be all from you. I warned you . . ."

Floyd was having trouble seeing things clearly. He looked like a nearsighted person who has mislaid his glasses. Then he picked out Lynn Sheridan, who was sitting stiffly in her chair. He shook his head and said thickly, "You?"

Lynn said, "Yes, Floyd."

Max Gold asked suavely, "Surprised, Clayton?"

"Yeah . . . sure. . . ." He paid no attention to Gold. He moved forward unsteadily, staring at Lynn. He said, "What you doin' here?"

Max Gold said, "Why are you surprised to see her here, Clayton?"

"Why? Because . . ."

Gold kept punching. He said, "Where you been all evening?"

"Where I been? Me? Hell, I dunno. Out, I guess."

"Out where?"

Floyd Clayton waved his hand weakly and favored his inquisitor with a silly smile. "Oh, makin' the rounds. Gettin' plastered. Always get plastered. Yep—always."

"Why?"

"Why? It helps—that's why. Makes a guy forget. Makes me forget." He leaned forward and spoke confidentially: "I'm no good, see? No job. No pride. I ain't worth a damn. It makes me forget that."

Gold said, "Were you over on the East Side tonight?"

"East Side?" Floyd repeated. "Maybe. I dunno."

"There's an old brewery over there. Right across the street from where Miss Sheridan lives."

"Yeah, I know. Ol' brewery." Again the confidential note crept into his voice: "Funny thing, that brewery. Thev don't make any more beer there. Jush big empty building."

"You seem to be pretty familiar with it."

Gloria cried out, "Floyd! Careful!"

"Familiar?" Floyd was weaving. The big cop had trouble holding him on his feet. "Yeah, sure. I go there lots of times."

"Why?"

"Crosh the street from where Lynn lives. Can shtand there an' look at her apartment." He grinned, a wide silly grin. "I'm damn' fool, see? In love, like eighteen years old. Shtand there an' look at girl's apartment."

"Were you there tonight?"

Clayton appeared to be thinking. Then he waggled his forefinger in the face of the detective. He said, "Was I where? You always ashking questions."

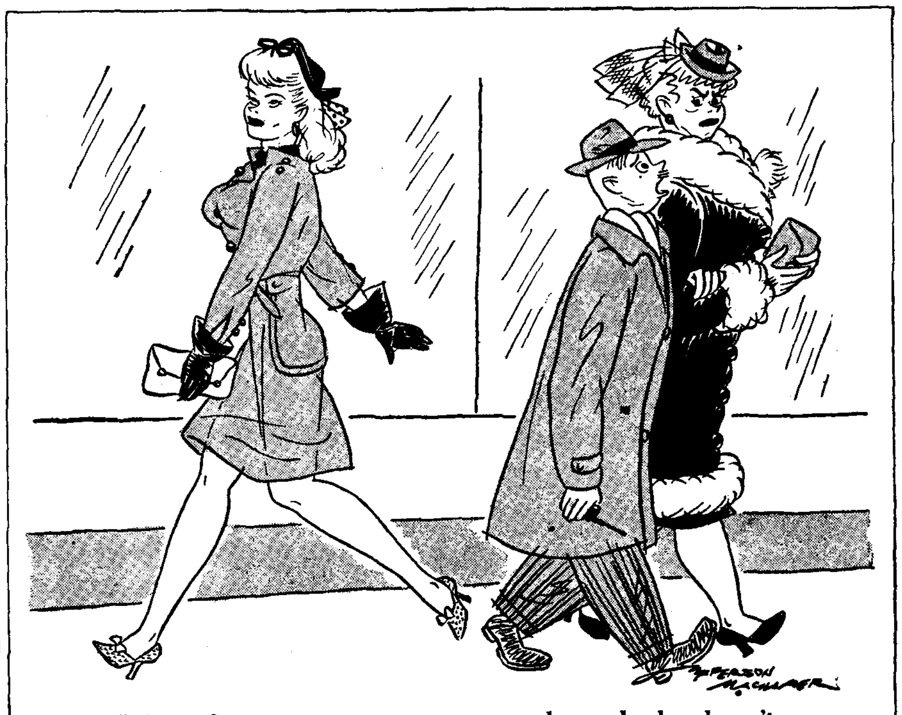
"Were you anywhere near that brewery tonight?"

"H'mmm! Can't fool you, can I? Wise guy. But you can't fool me, either. Maybe I was there . . . an' maybe I wasn't. How you like that answer?"

Floyd Clayton looked triumphantly at Max Gold. Then his eyes started to glaze. The cop who was holding him loosened his grip for just an instant, and Clayton pitched flat on his face.

An unhappy, wailing sound came from somewhere. Gloria was on her knees beside the sodden figure. She was holding her husband's head against her breast. She was saying, over and over again: "Oh, darling . . . darling . . ."

(To be continued next week)



"Things have come to a pretty pass when a husband can't look at another woman who reminds him of his own wife!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

1

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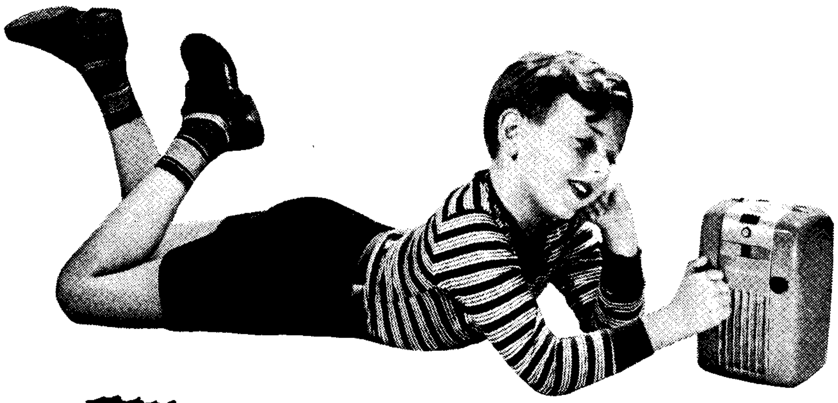

2

"WAIT UNTIL THE CROWD SEES MY DUO! AN AUTOMATIC RADIO PHONOGRAPH WITH A LIFT-OUT RADIO"

4 ways to delight your family this Christmas...

3

"WHAT A WONDERFUL CABINET... AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL TONE!"

4

"JUST LISTEN TO THAT VOICE! YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT WAS A RECORDING."

"AND LOOK, WE CAN PUT OUR WHOLE RECORD LIBRARY IN THE FULL WIDTH ALBUM SPACE."

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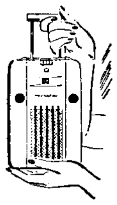
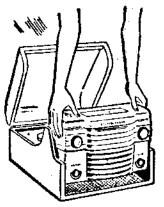


2 **THE DUO—ANOTHER WESTINGHOUSE FIRST!** A revolutionary automatic radio-phonograph with a radio that can be lifted out and used anywhere in the house! A real TWO in ONE instrument! Mahogany veneer airstream cabinet—automatic record changer—plays 12 records. 6 tubes including rectifier.



3 **THE OPERA GRAND—ANOTHER WESTINGHOUSE FIRST!** An automatic radio-phonograph in an exquisite bow front mahogany or walnut veneer cabinet. PLENTI-POWER provides 10 watts of undistorted output, more than most prewar 12 tube sets. Large record storage space—automatic single-button record changer, 7 tubes including rectifier. Standard and Shortwave.

4 **THE ONE-NINETEEN—ANOTHER WESTINGHOUSE FIRST!** A magnificent musical instrument—a masterpiece of cabinet craftsmanship! PLENTI-POWER provides 17 watts of undistorted power. True-to-life FM—automatic record changer—full width record storage — crotch mahogany veneers. 14 tubes including rectifier. FM, Standard and Shortwave.

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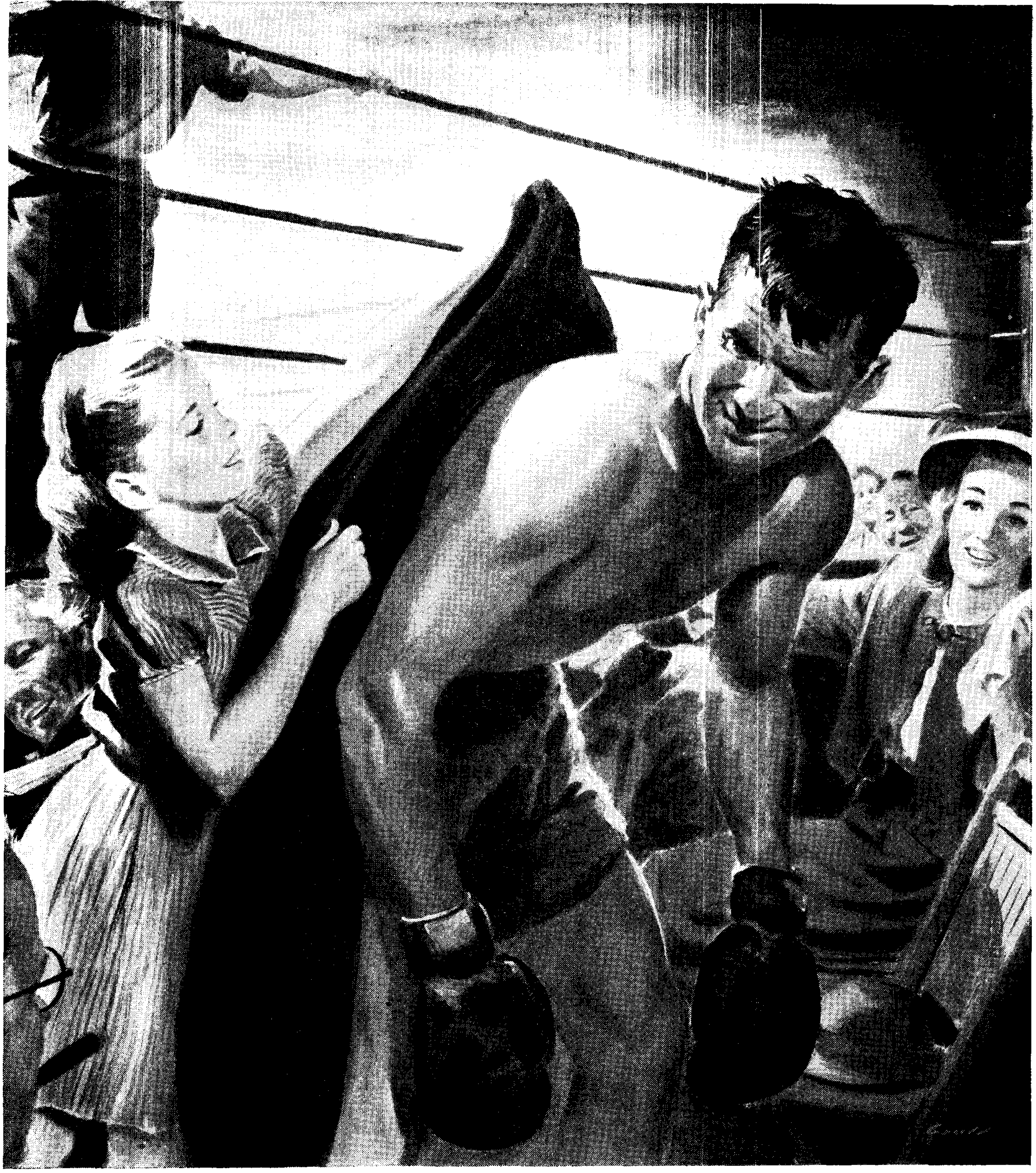

Harry grinned awkwardly at Kathie, and he went on bending so that she could lay the robe across his shoulders

MAKE IT LOOK GOOD

BY JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

Harry made it look good, all right. He made it look better than anyone expected

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GOULD

YOU cannot always tell, from watching a man walk down the street, what he does for a living. But with Harry Joiner, you could. Harry was a youngish man who moved with a slight shuffle. He had regular features except that his nose was ruined around the edges, and both his eyebrows bore a ridge of scar tissue. Other than these things, and his gnarled hands, he looked like any other pedestrian. But for all his jaunty appearance in the tan suit and checked sport shirt, he was old for his trade.

Thirty-four is old for a fighter. You can age quickly under the ring lights, and Harry had nearly two hundred fights in the book. He had a thousand smoky hours of punishing toil behind him, and he was on his way out. Clever and a sharp hitter, he had campaigned over most of the country and had once beaten the champion in an overweight match. They don't count that kind, however, and Harry's manager had not belonged to the right lodge so he never got a title shot. Harry was what the sports writers call, with mingled respect and derision, a "crowd pleaser." At thirty-four, he was a hair off in his timing, his eyes were dangerously tender, and his end as a fighter was in sight.

Harry was not thinking about the past as he turned up the stairway to Slattery's. The gym was full of fighters. Their training antics filled the hall with sounds of assorted violence, and the smell of sweat was heavy. Some of the pugs were working out on the heavy bags, dimpling the dirty canvas with choppy blows, some were shadowboxing, weaving and ducking methodically. In the ring, a middleweight with spidery legs and flaring shoulders was doing his best to destroy a willing sparring partner. The middleweight was Lee Troy, ranked six in Ring Magazine. He was a young comet out of the Middle West, slated for the Garden, so the watching *aficionados* mouthed their cigars and eyed him carefully.

Harry stopped for a minute to watch the massacre. He was thinking that Troy held his hands too low, and that the other boy was soaking up a lot of unnecessary punches. Troy was good enough, a fast, crowding fighter with a mean hook. He charged in, swept his opponent off balance with a shoving right, and then slammed him with the hook. The sparring partner's face took on a look of tremendous surprise; he sagged and tiptoed away in an off-balance dance. It was a short trip, and then he fell on his face.

Troy stood looking down, legs still planted from the force of the blow. His face was impassive as he touched his sodden gloves together, and the spectators began to hum with comment. Harry Joiner rubbed his chin, went back to the dressing room, and undressed leisurely. He pulled the faded purple trunks up over his slightly pouched belly, and then shuffled his feet to see if his shoelaces were tight enough. The battered shoes were comfortable, so he went out and loafed through some calisthenics.

He was standing before the light bag when Herndon walked up. Herndon was a spare, morose-looking man who wrote sports for the Times-Herald. Harry nodded at him and went on rapping away at the bag. The motion of his hands was short and fluid; the sound was a rolling rhythm. It was something he could do in his sleep, and he elbowed the bag, backhanded it, and even butted it without slipping out of gear. When he stopped and turned around, sweat was beading up all over him.

"Took a long time to learn," said Herndon, the cigarette moving between his lips.

"Sure." The chunky fighter was dancing in place, arms dangling at his sides. "May go into vaudeville with it."

Herndon smiled faintly. "Still good. Like that night you dropped the icebox on Briscoe, in Moline."

Harry was still jogging; he nodded and snuffled. "Long time ago."

"Best middleweight in the world, that night," said the reporter. "It was nice."

Harry stopped and threw the bag gloves down. "It was fairly stylish," he admitted. He stood there half smiling, kneading at the slight roll of fat. "I remember you putting your drunken head under the ropes, too, and hollering at me to murder him. The ref had to stop the fight and shoo you back to your typewriter."

(Continued on page 68)

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FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

MAKE IT LOOK GOOD

Continued from page 66

Herndon nodded. "Time for murder. I had two hundred skins riding." He dropped the cigarette and stepped on it. "Who's next?"

"Artie Dowling, six-rounder over in Bradentown." Joiner thumbed at his nose judiciously. "He ain't a bad fighter."

"Rock him out of there, kid." Herndon waggled one hand and walked away. Harry stood watching him go, wondering whether to get someone to work a few rounds. He was meditating when Izzy Groh came over and said Farrow wanted to see him. Petey Farrow was matchmaker for the club, so Harry threaded his way through the gym and up to the office.

Farrow was a mountain of fat in a wrinkled seersucker suit. One beefy leg was hanging on the edge of the desk, and a straw hat was tilted over his eyes. The pudgy matchmaker was talking on the phone, so Harry stood there and waited, jamming one fist into the other. The walls of the office were covered with fly-specked photographs of fighters The gym noises were remote down the hall.

". . . a very good boy," said Farrow into the phone. "Goes East after this fight. Awreddy beat Pinelli and Vince Faraday, and figures to go in with Georgie Abrams in September. No, a real hitter. Best right-hand little man since Jenkins. . . ."

THAT'S a lie, thought Harry idly. He's talking about Lee Troy, and the kid couldn't bust a paper sack with that right. It's the left one that hurts.

". . . awright, awright," growled the fat matchmaker. "Can I help it if Doyle bust a hand? You don't want it, why, you don't want it. Much obliged." He hung up and relighted the charred cigar. Staring at Harry Joiner, he shoved the hat onto the back of his head.

"You in shape to go ten?" he asked.

"Yeah." Ten rounds was a main event, and doubt began to grow in Harry's mind. "Who is it?"

"Troy, this week end." The matchmaker leaned back, sucking moistly on the cigar, and the swivel chair groaned in protest.

Joiner stared out of the window. "A good fighter. How much?"

"Four hundred." The cigar was out again, and Farrow was rummaging in the desk drawer.

"Not much dough for the ball park," said Harry slowly. "Not when Troy'll take down at least three grand."

Farrow grunted and went on pawing in the drawer. "You're a substitute, Harry," he said patiently. "Wouldn't fifty people pay to see you in a main event. Not no more. Not if you brought all your relatives. They'll come to see Troy."

Joiner was still looking out of the window. "I guess it beats a hundred at Bradentown," he said.

"Sure, it does." Farrow leaned forward. "It's a workout, at the price. Just make it look good to the people."

Harry let out a deep breath. "It's a bad overmatch," commented the aging fighter mildly. "I can't step ten with that kid blasting at me. Not any more." It was not a complaint, only a statement of fact.

Farrow chewed at the dead cigar. "Lookit, Harry," he said, irritation tinging his words. "I can get plenty guys for three. But I want it should look good. I thought with the kid and all, maybe you can use the dough."

Joiner grimaced and shook his head. "Make it five," he said. "I fought a few winners in that park."

Farrow's pouched eyes regarded Harry across the desk. The big man looked like a petulant Occidental Buddha. "Okay," he said, and put his meaty hands up, as though he had been robbed. Harry turned around and went out of the office. As he dressed to go home, the fighter could see that the dirty windows were blue with twilight. It occurred to him that he would have to get down to the gym earlier tomorrow. . . .

When he walked into the apartment, Jane was in the kitchen. She heard him and came out, wiping her hands on the apron. She took his kiss on an uplifted cheek, a slender woman whose prettiness was fading. When she switched on the lights, Harry flopped down on the sofa and picked up the afternoon paper.

"Got another scuffle," he said, looking at the paper carefully. "Main event, against this Troy kid."

"He's pretty good, isn't he?" She came over and sat down by him, her face flushed from the heat of the kitchen. "How much?"

"Five bills." He was gripping the paper, remembering all the fights she had followed him through. "But he'll flat kill me."

Her brow wrinkled briefly; then it cleared and she got up. "You should have gone to Bradentown."

"I know. I don't like to do it." He threw the paper down on the rug. "We need the dough," he said irritably.

Jane moved across the room. "Yes, I suppose we do," she answered faintly, and that was bad because they had been married so long he knew exactly what she meant. She didn't want some strong-backed punk tearing his eyes open again. Feeling worse than ever, he got up and went back to the bedroom. Kathie was sprawled on the bed, reading, and he went over and spanked her lightly. She twisted, smiling, and he swung her up. Kathie was nearly seven, blue-eyed and fair. He was still swinging her when Jane called, so they went in to dinner.

They laughed so much during the meal that he almost forgot about the fight. Kathie was telling them, with much indignation, how Dickie Bonner had put her hair in the inkwell, at school, and had gotten spanked for it. Harry grinned at Jane between bites, and said he had been licked for the same thing, once upon a time. But all that vanished when Jane asked him if he would have to make the weight for the Troy fight. Kathi went wild with excitement, then. Sh had seen Harry fight only once, but she knew his record and the lingo.

"Please," she begged, "can I go?"

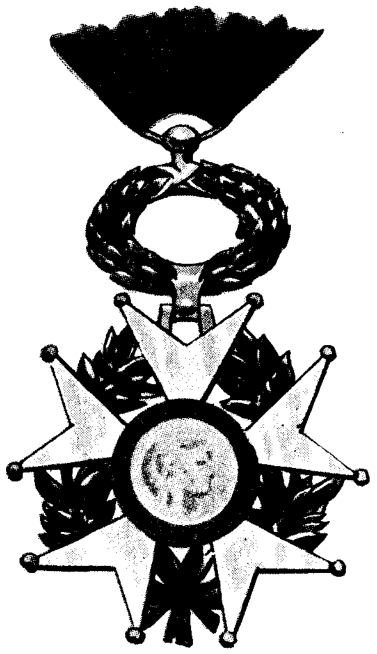
Harry looked across the table at Jane. "Not this one," he said. "Maybe next time."

Kathie was biting her lips with eagerness; her face was bright. "I won't holler," she promised. "Even if he decks you, I won't let out a peep. You won't even know I'm there. The kids at school—"

"I said no!" As Harry stood up and threw his napkin on the table, he knew that he should not have shouted. Trembling slightly, he went out the back door and stood on the porch. It was beginning to rain, and the mist turned the neon signs into hazes of pure color.

AS HE walked under the lighted stands, Harry could hear the crowd growling at one of the prelim bouts. He was thinking that Farrow wouldn't go bankrupt donating $500 to the Joiner family, for the stands were full and that meant ringside was full, too. Going down the shadowed gravel walk, he could hear the same sounds he had heard in all the clubs and parks he had fought in. That bristling roar when someone went down, and the long waits between, when drunks got scattered laughter by heckling tired fighters.

A policeman held him up at the door-



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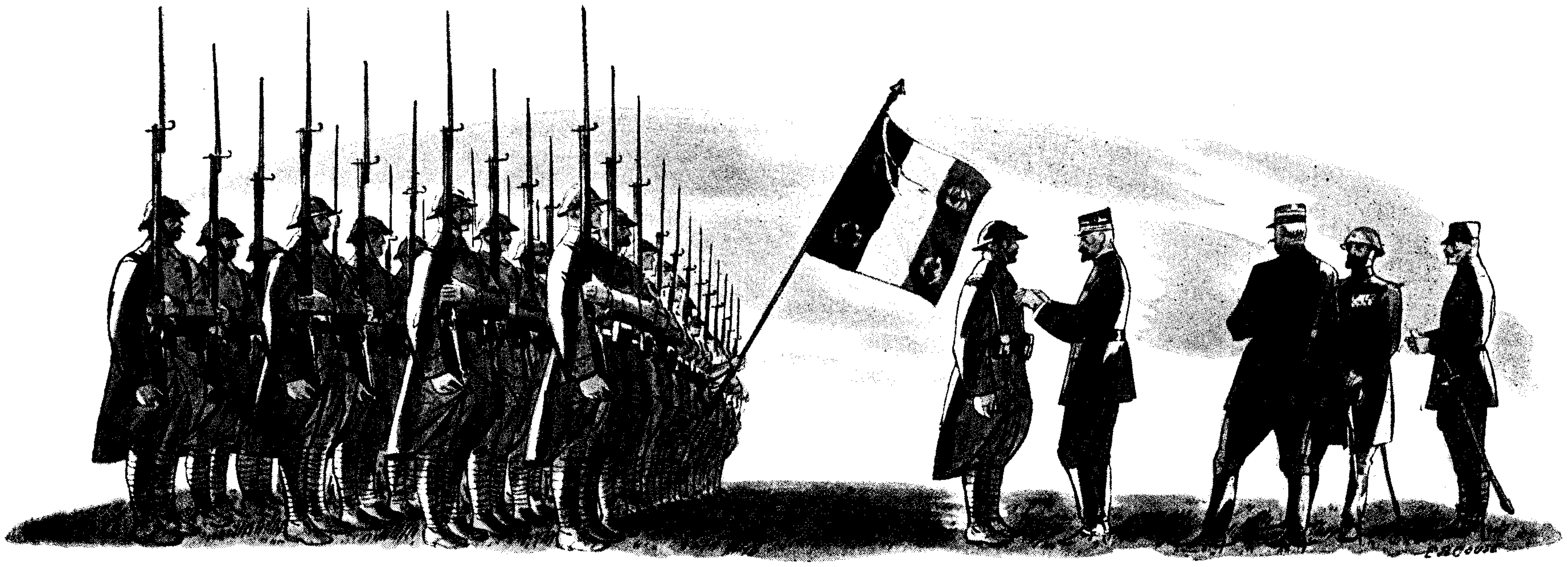

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way to the dressing rooms, and Harry was explaining when Izzy Groh shouted "Okay" from a group of men down the hall. The policeman stepped back, murmuring apologies, and Harry said to forget it. As he went down the concrete hallway, he realized that he was already tightening up and he hoped the cop didn't have any money bet on him. That was the worst thing. He had a lot of friends, and he knew some of them would put a few bobs in just for old times' sake. The miracle seekers would be in there, too, and even that bothered him.

Benny Griffin was waiting in the doorway. Benny was his second, and a shrewd one. His voice was hoarse, and he had an impediment of speech caused by too many blows to the head, but he could rate a fight. Harry nodded and closed the door; he wanted to tell Benny not to get so excited, but the second was naturally elated at being back on main events. Harry smiled at him and got undressed; he put on his supporter and trunks, and laced up his shoes carefully. Benny, still chattering, began to coat the fighter's eyebrows with collodion. It was a delicate job, putting one layer of protective film after another over the scar tissue.

They were working on it when Farrow came in. The straw hat was straight across the fat man's eyes, and he looked like a beefy faun. "You feel okay?" he asked, and when Harry nodded, he said it was a good crowd. "Better'n they had figgered." He said that Harry was to get another hundred, if he went seven rounds.

Joiner nodded gently, so Benny could keep working at the eyes.

"Make it look good," insisted Farrow.

Harry raised his head. The light glistened on his coated brows. "I'll do it all, if I can."

"Best house I've had in two years." Farrow was nervous; he chewed on one bulging cheek. "You got to mix a little . . ."

"Don't worry about it," said Harry shortly. He sat there swinging his bare legs and Benny went on covering the eyebrows. Farrow grunted heavily and went out again, still worried. When the collodion was dry, Harry stood up and moved around the room, throwing short punches with his shoulder behind them. The scrape of his feet was the only sound in the room, and Benny leaned against the peeling plaster wall, watching. They were like that when the door opened, and a brisk voice said, "You're on, Joiner." Harry pulled the dressing gown over his shoulders. Holding both edges of it, he went out and down the hallway. It was cool, and the ring lights were a blinding oasis out in the infield.

He went nimbly up the stairs and ducked under the ropes. A few scattered cheers arose, and he toed into his corner, shuffling both feet. He was sitting on the stool, slope-shouldered and patient, when a bristling roar went up and Troy ducked into the ring, flanked by his handlers, strutting and grinning. The mane of black hair bounced as the cocky young fighter danced to the center of the ring and whirled, one hand up.

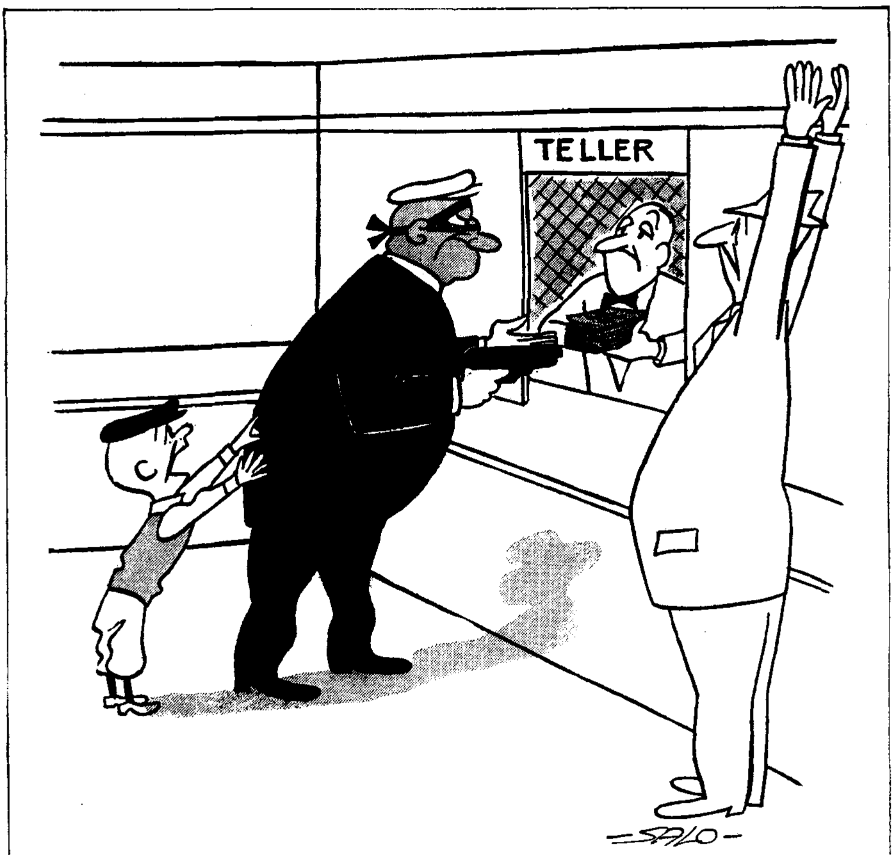
THE first round went by fast. Troy came across low and started firing away. Harry worked along the ropes and got clear of his rush. They circled in the center, with Harry ducking a barrage and the crowd screaming. Some of the blows connected, but Harry took most of them on his gloves or elbows. Troy kept bulling, pawing with his right, but Harry knew better than that and circled away.

At the bell, he went lightly to his corner, aware that it was Troy's round. In the corner, Benny began whispering. He examined the eyes with careful fingers, and said that Troy carried his hands too low. He was excited about it.

"Stop it, Benny," said Harry, looking out over the crowd. "I been to a couple of these parties before." The second nodded and rubbed at the calves of his legs, hard.

The next round was the same; Troy had speed and strength to burn. Once he butted in a clinch, and Harry thought about roughing him up a little but didn't. The third and fourth rounds put that faint leaden feel in Joiner's legs, but in the fifth he felt better and stopped backing away. He started a chopping attack that didn't look like much out in the seats, but it didn't help Troy's belly any. When they clinched again, the black-haired boy growled, "All right, Grandpa. A little more of that and I'll turn off the lights. . . ."

Harry was leaning on Troy's shoulder, staring across the smoky ringside. He didn't answer, and when they came out of the clinch he moved in and scored



COLLIER'S "Pop, can I have a nickel?" SALO ROTH

CIGARETTES

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Ask any 10 men this question and you're likely to get 10 different answers. If one of the 10 answers thoughtfully, he's apt to say: "My life insurance." In truth, few things are worth as much as our life insurance. Think what it can do.

> *Life insurance can pay off a mortgage in full if anything happens to the breadwinner.*
>
> *It can assure our children of a good education.*
>
> *Even a little life insurance can provide a widow with job training that can be the difference between poverty and a living wage.*
>
> *It can store up money against our old age.*

How many of us own anything else that can do as much?

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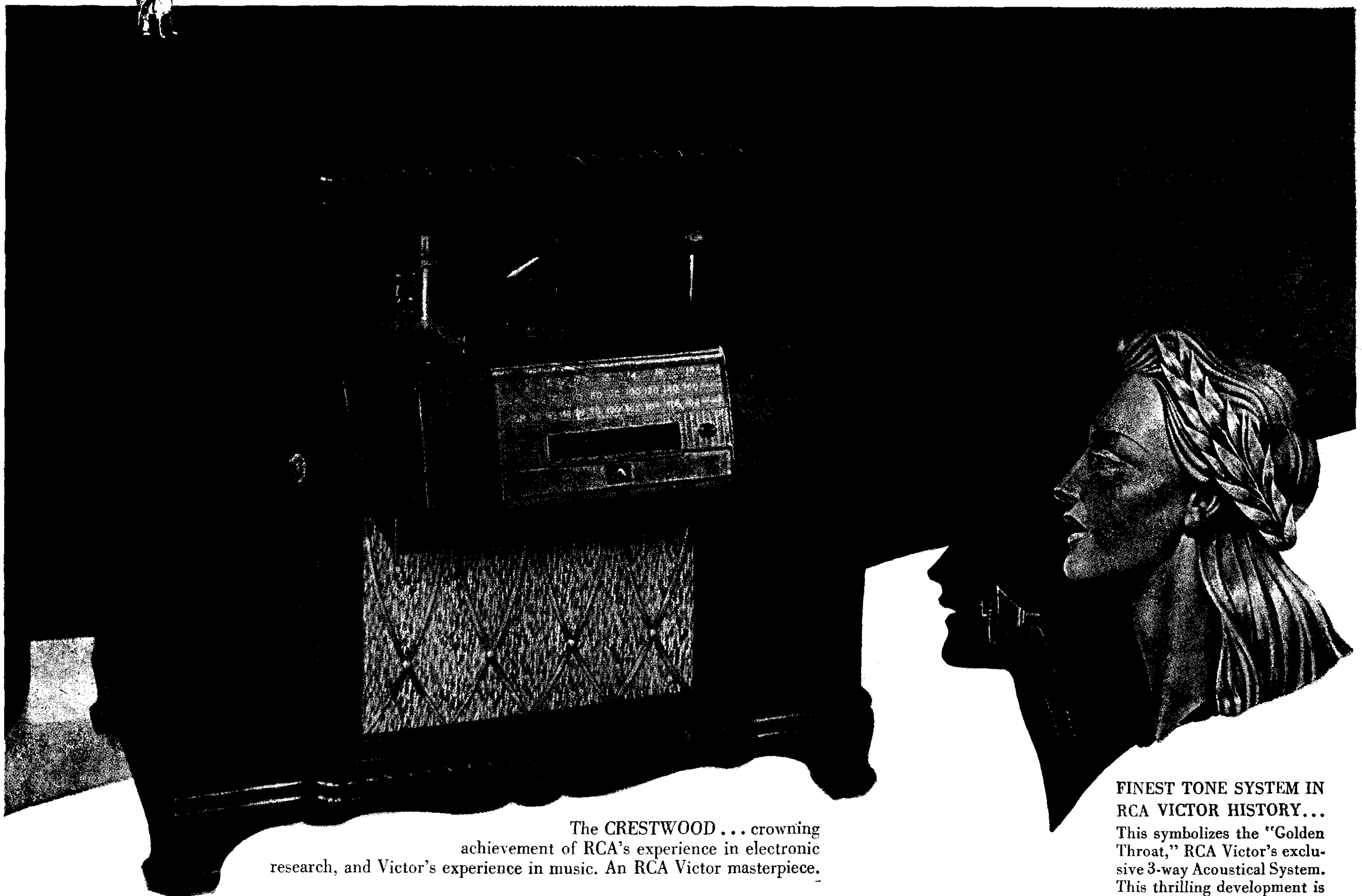

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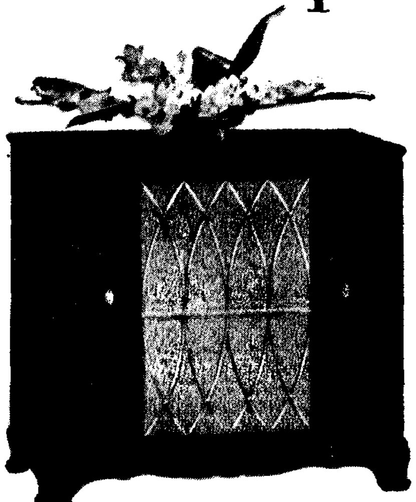

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with a cross. Troy's head bobbed like a cork on a fishing line, and his hatchet face tightened with anger. He spat out his mouthpiece and came charging forward, but Harry had counted on that and stabbed him with two leather bombs. The jabs were hard; they connected solidly, and the young fighter was still shaking them off at the bell.

Benny didn't say anything, and Harry sat there breathing heavily. When the second pulled the elastic waistband out, he arced his trunk and shook his damp head. He moved out at the bell, hunching the shoulder up before his chin. He was thinking that he had paid his debt to Farrow, and that Troy would pull all the stops out in an effort to put him away. The young fighter rushed again, and as Joiner went moving back he caught the left hook square on the mouth. His mouthpiece exploded away and the whole glaring battery of ring lights tilted. The roar of the crowd washed down out of the darkness.

They were pleading for the kill, and Troy was trying to pacify them. He stalked Joiner mercilessly, and the sound of his blows was like a butcher's cleaver going home. Harry was plodding and stumbling, but he was always moving. Twisting and ducking. There was a patina behind the glazed eyes that would not let him stay put for the finishing blow. Troy poised and threw the hook time and again, but he was too eager. Harry blocked, slowly and clumsily, for he was nearly on Queer Street, but always in time. At the bell he stood swaying in the center of the ring. His hair was matted and he was grinning foolishly. Benny came out, took him under the armpits, and shoved him back to his corner.

Slumped across the second rope, Harry felt something bite into his nose and sear his throat. He shuddered and sat up, but Benny kept waving the bottle in his face. The lights swam and then steadied.

"Oke," said Joiner hoarsely. " 'M'all right."

"Seventh coming up," whispered Benny.

Harry nodded vaguely. He was staring across the ropes and then he thought he saw Kathie. As his gaze focused, he looked down again. It was Kathie, and her mother was sitting next to her. Jane was smiling at him, but too brightly, and the little girl was sitting very straight in her chair, looking down at her hands.

". . . seventh, Harry." Benny was slapping him on the cheeks, and Joiner threw his head up. Anger flared through his mind so fast that he knocked the little bottle out of Benny's hands. The warning buzzer sounded and Harry sat forward on the stool with sickness tangling at his stomach like an iron claw. Jane should have known better, he thought, and cursed profoundly and flatly. When Benny leaned down he shoved him aside again.

He went out to meet Troy's rush. There was a flurry of blows, and Harry got inside. He slipped out again and circled. As he backpedaled, Troy came on but he was standing higher. Hands too low, thought Joiner; there was a time when he couldn't fan me with a towel. He feinted a left and crossed with a right that sent the faint shock down his shoulder. Troy's rush was halted; he looked angry and a little bewildered. As Harry moved away, he was hoping that Kathie had been watching.

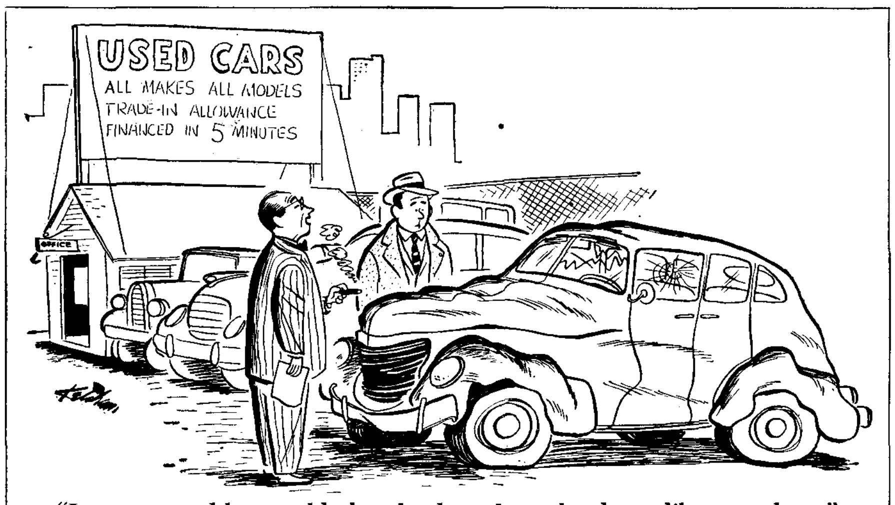
This is just a plow hand from Des Moines, Harry thought, who picked a better birthday than mine. I wish I had my clippings, he thought; some of the names would scare this cotton picker right out of the ring. He went gliding around Troy, thinking of Kathie and counting in his head. The anger grew in him like a fever, and he slashed with both hands. The young fighter grunted with pain and rage; he kept charging and got blinded by left hands. Harry's face was a sheeted mask; he had his lip curled like a gargoyle, and he was backhanding, heeling, and doling out the laces. Stepping on Troy's toes in close, calling on everything he had ever learned to channel his waning strength. In a clinch, he gasped in Troy's ear that he had fought a draw with Barney Ross once, so to stop his crying.

WHEN he went back to the corner, Harry knew he had nearly spent it all. He danced to the stool, but it cost him something, and the roaring of the crowd was like a tidal wave. Herndon had his head poked under the ropes and he was shouting, but Harry couldn't make it out so he just waved a glove at the reporter. There was too much noise. He wanted to look down at Kathie, but he couldn't make himself do it. Benny was worried.

"Farrow . . . sent word to slow up," he rasped. Joiner snuffled and put his gloves out on the ropes. He was panting hard, and the specks were exploding before his eyes. He knew that sign; it meant he was nearly out of gas. When the bell clanged, he came out slowly, saving all the precious seconds he could. Troy didn't rush, and Harry knew they had told him to loaf to a decision. So, very tired, he knew what he had to do.

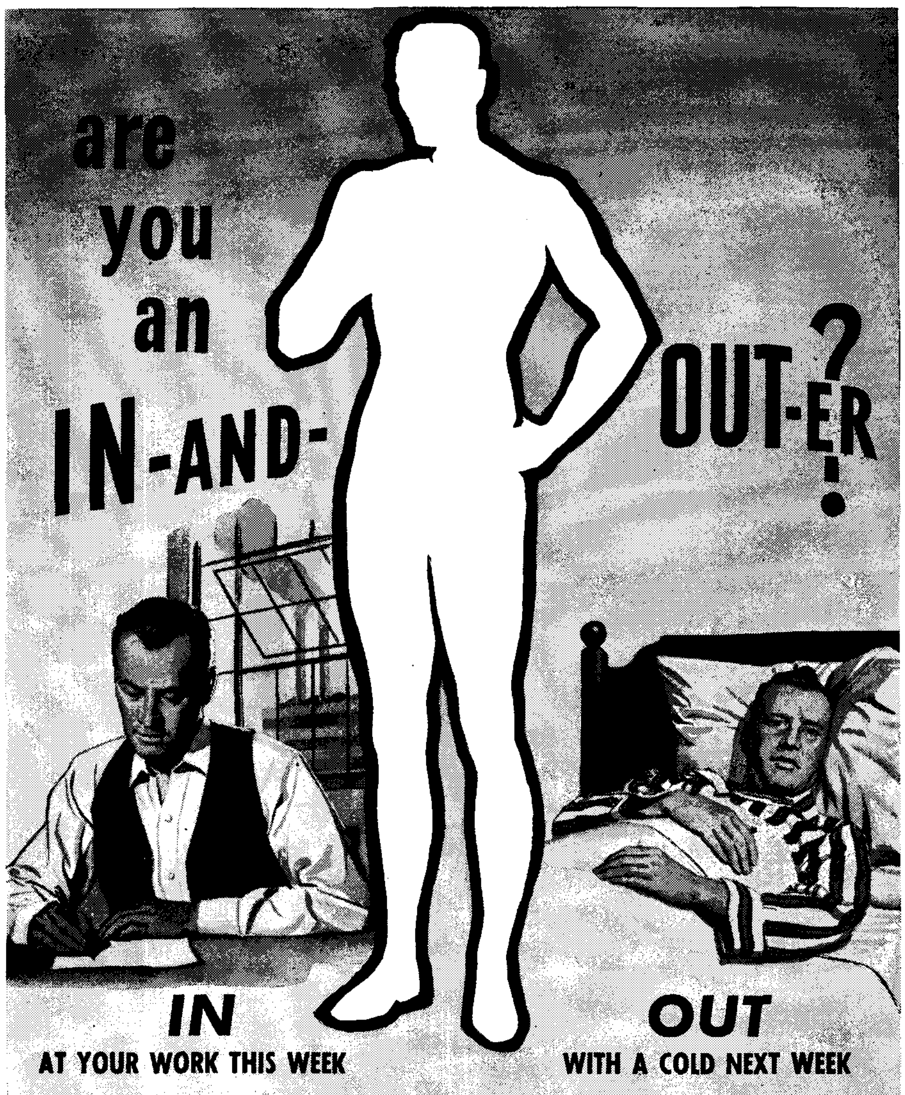
It was not an easy thing. He had to go out on his leaden legs and open up the younger fighter. He had to put him down and he had to do it that round, because he would not be good for another. He had to do it because Kathie was watching him. Coming in, he took a jolting right, but that was the price. He missed with a hook and Troy dropped the left on him, so hard that he had to go skipping to let his head clear. Coming back, he feinted and saw Troy's face tighten. He turned the right hand loose like a hammer, weaved, and turned it loose again.

He scored both times, and knew that Troy was hurt. All of a sudden the searing lights overhead seemed to be



"It was owned by an elderly school teacher who drove like a madman"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM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OUT
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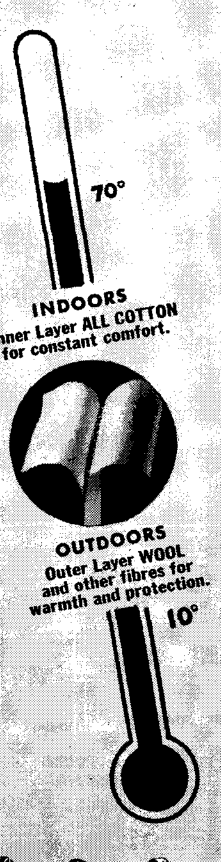
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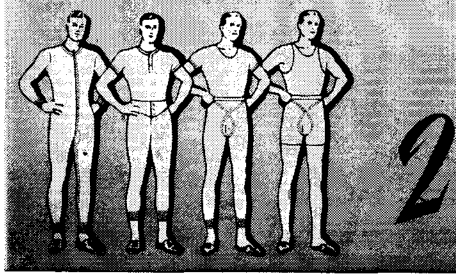

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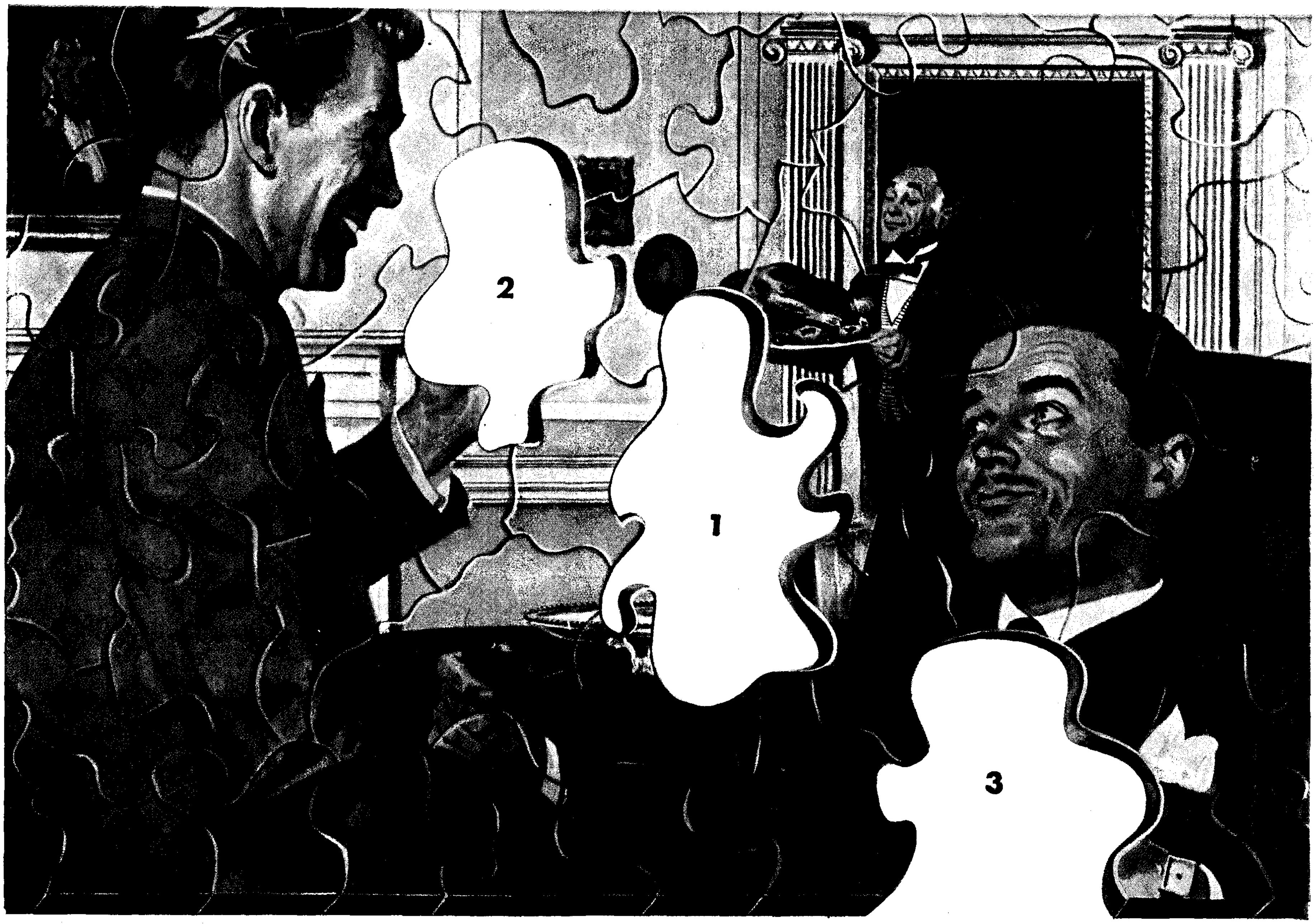

How to complete your Thanksgiving picture

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Blended Whiskey

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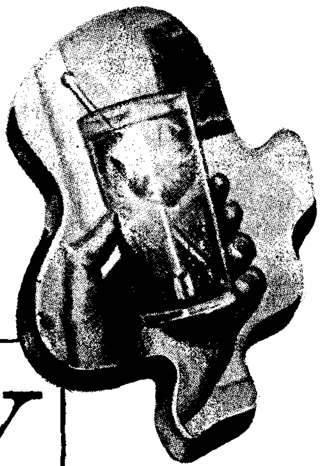
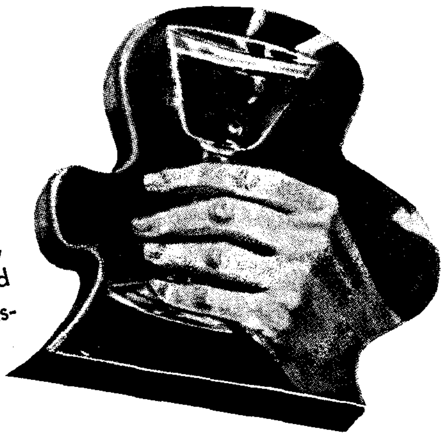


2. For the guest who likes highballs, you just add ice and soda to a couple of ounces of full-bodied Kinsey, and place the amber-colored nectar into the waiting hand.



3. Manhattan-fanciers are usually fussy. So make your Manhattans with smooth, rich Kinsey Whiskey... and complete the picture of Thanksgiving contentment.

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friendly. He had spent a hard apprenticeship under them, and, fortified by the memory, he made his move. He came in close, off his toes, and lashed out with both hands. He took two and they stung, but he kept wading in. It was a rhythm and he went with it. If I miss this one, he thought, that hook will kill me. So he pointed with the left, moved in flat-footed, and let go with his right hand.

It was a solid smash and he stepped back automatically, holding his hands up and moving to a neutral corner. Back of him Troy folded and went crashing down, and the waves of sound shook the blue smoke hovering over the ring. Then he was out in the center, whirling slowly, with his hand raised. As he went through the ropes, Benny threw the robe after him, but it missed and fell in the aisle. Harry stooped, very tired and sweaty, but Kathie was there first. His bruised mouth grinned at her awkwardly, and he went on bending so that she could lay the robe across his shoulders. People were reaching out, trying to touch him, and he winked at her and went plodding up the aisle

After he had showered, with Benny whistling like a happy lunatic, someone knocked on the door. Harry's first thought was that it would be Farrow, and he was tightened up when Benny opened the door. It was Jane and Kathie, and Herndon was behind them with a silly grin on his face. Harry kissed Kathie and swung her up on the rubdown table. Jane was smiling faintly, and Herndon took a noisy drink out of a bottle that came from his back pocket.

They were all talking, and Harry stood before the mirror, knotting his tie with swollen fingers. Herndon shouted that he wouldn't have to try vaudeville yet, and without turning around, Harry said that the reporter was a dirty, deceiving rat. Herndon chuckled with deep contentment, and said a man had to protect his bet. When Harry had shrugged into his coat and turned around, Kathie swung her skinny legs and regarded him gravely.

"You don't look so good," she said. "I was afraid to watch it for a while, but you beat him. That right cross hurt his whole family."

HARRY walked out and went up the corridor to the office. Izzy was standing outside, and when Harry asked for his money, Izzy said, "Maybe later, maybe never." When Harry slapped him, he went toppling over. Farrow was sitting at the desk inside, and the boys from the windows were counting the cash.

"My dough," said Harry.

"You're a louse," answered the fat man. He said it with rancor, hard and flat. "You're a washed-up louse. You knew this was a build-up fight for Troy."

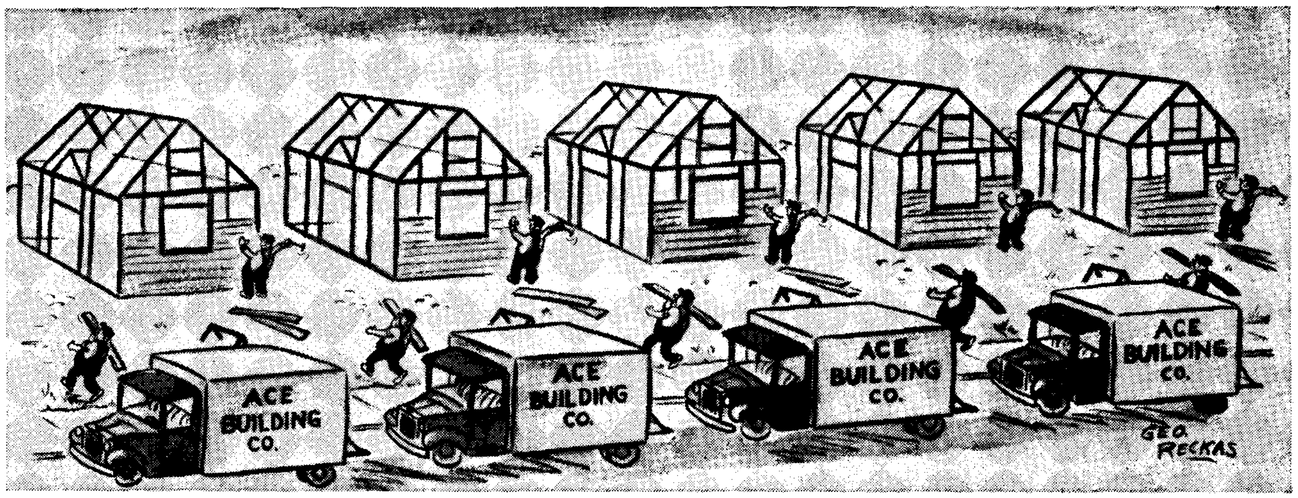
"Maybe so." Harry felt the tiredness in his neck. "But you forgot to tell me. And he called me Grandpa."

Farrow licked his thick lips. "All right. But you don't fight around here no more."

"The dough," said Harry. He could feel his legs bunching, and when Farrow threw the bills across the desk, he gathered them up and counted them. There was five hundred in the stack, and that was a hundred short. But he remembered the clean jolt of hitting Troy, and decided it was worth a hundred dollars.

They were waiting in the dressing room. Harry walked in and said that a party was just on the verge of starting, and Jane said that Kathie had school tomorrow. Harry said to forget that; he said that she could go to school any day, but that right now they were going to Luigi's, for pizzas and ravioli and red wine. They went out the door like a small mob, with Kathie clutching him around the neck and Herndon bringing up an erratic rear guard. It was cool on the street, nearly midnight, and Harry knew that the late crowd would be pouring into Luigi's. As they walked down the street, Herndon kept muttering "Wham" in back of them. The fighter thought secretly that if the sports writer had some food he might remember that foolishness. About the Briscoe fight, and his being the best middleweight in the world. He wanted Kathie to hear that.

THE END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GEO RECKAS

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

HOUSING: DETROIT'S TIME BOMB

Continued from page 15

What will Detroiters do in the meantime? Whites as well as Negroes will "sweat it out."

George Cheatham, living with his wife and four children in a basement a few blocks from Detroit's swank downtown hotels and shops, will sweat it out by continuing to guard his children nights, against forays by rats. So badly did rats mangle his 3-month-old baby daughter that doctors at Detroit's Children's Hospital feared she'd lose the use of an arm.

"Her story belongs in a medieval city in medieval times," exclaimed the Detroit Free Press. But such stories are not rare in Detroit. Seven rat bites were reported last month, six in the month before that. All were in white families. Bites on Negro children are seldom reported.

John M———, his wife and two children will "sweat it out" by clinging to their half of a room. Their apartment building once housed 6 families. Now it shelters 100 through the endless division by which each room has become an apartment, then has been divided in half, and each half has become another apartment.

Yet these families may consider themselves well off. Others, as Detroit's Housing Commission wired President Truman, may have to pitch tents in parks this winter as veterans continue to buy homes and evict more families.

While all Detroit is up against it, the worst off is the Negro. The 2,000 homes, 1,700 of them "temporaries," built for the 67,000 Negro war migrants, didn't even scratch the surface of their need. But to have built more, it would have been necessary to call out the Marines.

When the government sought in 1942 to house 200 Negro families in a sparsely settled neighborhood five miles from the established Negro communities, outcries from neighboring householders and their congressmen forced Washington to turn the black project, Sojourner Truth, into white. The protests came not only from Polish-Americans across the road but from a colony of middle-class, professional Negro families living in the well-kept $8,000 to $20,000 Conant Gardens homes near by. White and Negro homeowners' arguments were the same: "They'll lower property values in our neighborhood."

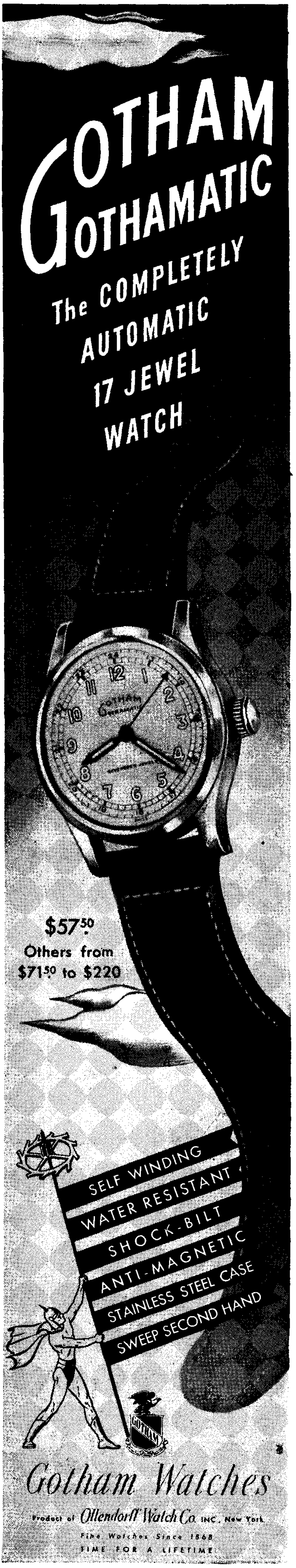
But Mayor Jeffries insisted that the meager 200-home bone thrown to house-hungry Negro war workers could not be snatched back again, and the project stayed Negro as planned. When colored families started to move in, police were alerted throughout the city to avoid riots. In spite of precautions, protesting whites rioted at the site. The mayor called on state troops, who rolled into Detroit with bayonets fixed and remained for three weeks until the Negro families had moved in and feeling quieted down.

The riot at the Sojourner Truth homes was only a curtain raiser to the full-dress race riots that broke with bloody violence a year later. Sociologists agreed that more elbow room for the Negro would provide a major part of the solution.

Desperate city officials combed Detroit for new sites on which Negro workers might be housed and, failing, scattered two temporary projects through the vacant lots of existing Negro-blighted neighborhoods, adding to congestion in the slums.

The federal government, looking to unused land outside Detroit's city limits, had no better luck.

Miles of vacant land lie between Detroit and Dearborn and within the town limits of Dearborn. When the federal government sought to locate 1,800 temporary dwelling units on it, Dearborn,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Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Tune in "Sparkle Time," C.B.S., Friday nights.

which prides itself on the fact that "The sun never sets on a Negro in Dearborn," raised such a hue and cry that the project was abandoned. When the government sought to house Negro war workers in Ecorse township, downriver from Detroit, Michigan's Senators Vandenberg and Ferguson joined the protests. V-J Day came along and this project, too, was dropped.

Men who fought for their country are no more welcome than war workers. Negro veterans, returning with a new sense of dignity from Army life, get a quick refresher course in the facts of life between the races.

To house 228 Negro veterans and their families in barracks, Detroit's Housing Commission selected a city-owned site in a neighborhood which is already half Negro. The neighbors didn't take long to call.

"The feeling of resentment is fast approaching fever heat among us," the Algonquin Playfield Association, Inc., a neighborhood group, protested in a resolution to the mayor, the council and others.

"We fear that serious trouble and race riots will result from the violation of our rights as established in abstracts of title (anti-Negro restrictions written into deeds)," the resolution continued. The Algonquin Playfield Association pointed out that the Negro veterans would be "much happier in their own Negro neighborhood," on a site near a garbage incinerator which Housing Commission officials describe as "the city's worst slum." But the city council agreed with the white protesters, and when Councilman Bill Rogell, a former Detroit Tiger shortstop, introduced a resolution to drop the Negro veterans' project, the council backed him, 5-3.

During the turbulent sessions that preceded the vote, Councilman Robert J. Oakman, tears streaming from his eyes, sought out Mayor Jeffries. His political life at stake if he supported homes for Negro vets, the councilman asked the mayor's advice.

"Sit tight (for the Negro vets)," the mayor advised from bitter experience. "No matter what you do now, you'll be hanged by both sides."

Overriding the council's vote, the mayor is pushing the project, has his fingers crossed lest Detroit have another Sojourner Truth housing riot, this time directed at Negro war veterans.

I talked to C. W. Treadwell, president of the Detroit Real Estate Board, about land restrictions. In business 34 years, Mr. Treadwell told me he had opened up more than 50 subdivisions.

Homes For Caucasians Only

"On all of them I recorded a restriction covering the entire subdivision stating that 'this property shall not be occupied by others than the Caucasian race.' If I put up a subdivision without restrictive covenants, I couldn't sell it," he said.

Since much of the subdividing was done several decades ago, such restrictions, common to all Detroit real-estate practice, set the color line for Detroit's land long before there was a "Negro problem" or even before there was any way of knowing whether Negroes or whites or both would want to live in a new area.

I asked Mr. Treadwell whether unrestricted subdivisions could be opened up on raw land outside Detroit.

"Very difficult," the Real Estate Board president said. "The township boards insist on restrictions. There are gentlemen's agreements with the boards not to open up for Negroes."

So color-conscious are Detroit's real-estate men that a former Real Estate Board president sought to evict a white tenant for inviting Negro guests to his apartment, among them Eddie Tolan, the Olympics sprinter. Preoccupation with race in Detroit takes on some of the zany aspects of Hitler's efforts to define Aryans. When a landlord sought to evict a Detroit schoolteacher on the ground that he was a member of "the African race," anthropologists from Wayne University testified this could not be, for there is no African race, only Caucasian, Mongoloid and Negroid.

Raymond M. Foley, national FHA administrator, fighting to open up mortgage credit to Negro homeowners, found last year, in a survey among Negroes jammed into the blighted areas of 41 cities, that 40 per cent paid $50 to $60 monthly rent, that 43 per cent wanted to buy homes and that more than two thirds had the money right in their hands—savings of at least $1,000. The National Association of Real Estate Boards agreed that real-estate men and builders were overlooking a good bet and urged the sound business of building for Negro families.

But the waiting and eager market finds no takers inside Detroit. Even if materials were available, there would still be the problem of land. Hemmed tightly into the slums backing the Detroit River, Detroit's Negro community is a coiled spring exerting steady and strong pressure on the resisting white neighborhoods that surround it.

Higher Rents Paid by Negroes

For his crowded flat or room in blighted Black Bottom or Paradise Valley, the Negro pays 30 to 50 per cent more than whites pay for better quarters. A family jammed into a single room, sharing toilet facilities with six other families (the legal limit in Detroit is two, but is unenforceable), will pay from $11 to $16 weekly or $47 to $69 per month. Before rent ceilings came, landlords tripled and quadrupled monthly incomes by evicting white families and renting to Negroes; easy pickings.

OPA's advent didn't end the real-estate operators' opportunities for turning a quick dollar; it only changed the *modus operandi.*

"The Negroes are coming into this neighborhood," the real-estate sharper (often Negro as well as white) tells the apprehensive white homeowner. Property values are already collapsing. You paid $8,000 for your house? I'll bail you out for $5,000." (In Detroit it's accepted as an unchallenged fact that Negroes destroy property values, although the coming of Negro homeowners into some declining neighborhoods has actually rehabilitated them and raised their value.) The realtor buys from the white family for $5,000, then sells, often on the same day, to Negroes for $10,000 or whatever the traffic will bear. Such fast ones are harder to pull off today, because white families have nowhere to flee. The process of opening up neighborhoods to Negroes a street at a time has slowed down.

Even when homes were more plentiful, this street-at-a-time process fell far short of supplying the homes Negroes need. Some 150 groups of homeowners have banded themselves into "neighborhood improvement associations" and erected legal Maginot Lines of restrictive pacts. In the constant rumors and alarums about Negro efforts to find decent homes, military jargon is used. Negro families don't "move" into neighborhoods, they "infiltrate" and "invade" them. Mayor Jeffries described the outward movement of Negroes into white neighborhoods as "the process of attrition."

The "invasion," quiescent now because there's no place to move, may flare with explosive suddenness when new construction opens up homes for whites, and Negro families try to take over the homes that whites abandon.

The top professional and business

strata of Negro families have escaped to sumptuous homes in swank neighborhoods. In the tree-lined and wide-lawned Arden Park section, a few doors down from the $125,000 home of Samuel Gilbert, cigar magnate and president of Detroit's Street Railway Commission, there now lives (in a 22-room mansion) Prophet Jones, a Negro evangelist. Other more solid Negroes (including Dr. Haley Bell, prominent dentist with a white practice) reside in a street a stone's throw from the fine home of S. S. Kresge of dime-store fame. Some of the newly arrived Negro families in the Arden Park section moved north from the old Negro "gold coast" south of Hamtramck when other less wealthy Negroes moved in.

Small islands of decently housed Negro families now dot Detroit, giving the illusion that the color dikes have been breached.

In River Rouge, downriver from Detroit, I visited a trim community of 300 Negro homes built during the war. It was a warm Saturday, and most of the colored homeowners were busy with their patches of lawns. I stopped to gossip with Lloyd Hoggatt, grinder at the Ford Motor Company at $1.51 an hour and father of two veterans. An apartment dweller until he bought his 4-room, $4,900 house, he promptly launched into a dissertation on the advantages of bent grass over other species used by neighbors.

"But I can't keep up with the lady down the block," he admitted unhappily. "She's already spent $300 this summer on her lawn." Hoggatt and his wife showed me around their cottage. The $38-monthly payments on the 25-year, FHA-insured mortgage were below the rent the Hoggatts had paid for a flat. They had spent $2,500 on new furniture, period copies mostly, and in excellent taste. From unfinished attic to concrete-floored basement, their home was as neat as a pin. The house and others in the community showed no evidence of the blight which the color of the occupant's skin supposedly casts on a neighborhood.

But to most Negroes in Detroit, the Hoggatts and the dwellers in Arden Park, in Conant Gardens (which, incidentally, bars whites) and other scattered communities are living in a dream world available only to a lucky few.

To show me how most Detroit Negroes live, Dr. Bruce A. Douglas, head of the city's health department, pointed to a health-department map. In Census Area K, the Black Bottom and Paradise Valley slums in which 203,000 Negroes (4 of every 5 in the Detroit area) are jammed, the death rate from tuberculosis is 98 per 100,000 or more than twice the rate of the city at large. In the non-Negro neighborhoods immediately to the east, the tuberculosis death rate is 26. The story on pneumonia deaths is similar, and in infant deaths only slightly less shocking.

The villain is not color, but wretched housing with its overcrowding. Sanitary engineers, checking Negro slums, found 90 to 95 per cent of all houses they inspected "substandard." Many have stood since the turn of the century and, abandoned by successive waves of other minorities—French, Irish, Poles—now sorely need plastering to keep vermin out. Floors sag. Roofs leak. Half of the dwelling units lack kitchen facilities. A toilet for a family's exclusive use is a prized possession. Landlords delay repairs on the plea that materials are scarce.

Ostracism, coupled with the building industry's failure to provide housing, has bequeathed to Detroit an incubus of disease, delinquency and crime. The blight eats at the very heart of the city's existence as a solvent municipality. In 15 years the value of Detroit's taxable property dropped $1,500,000,000, or 40 per cent—as neglected neighborhoods decayed—while city tax rates were hiked 46 per cent to make up for the valuation drop One third of all Detroit is blighted, i.e., so run-down that residents would flee if they could.

What chance is there for cleaning up the slums through new homes?

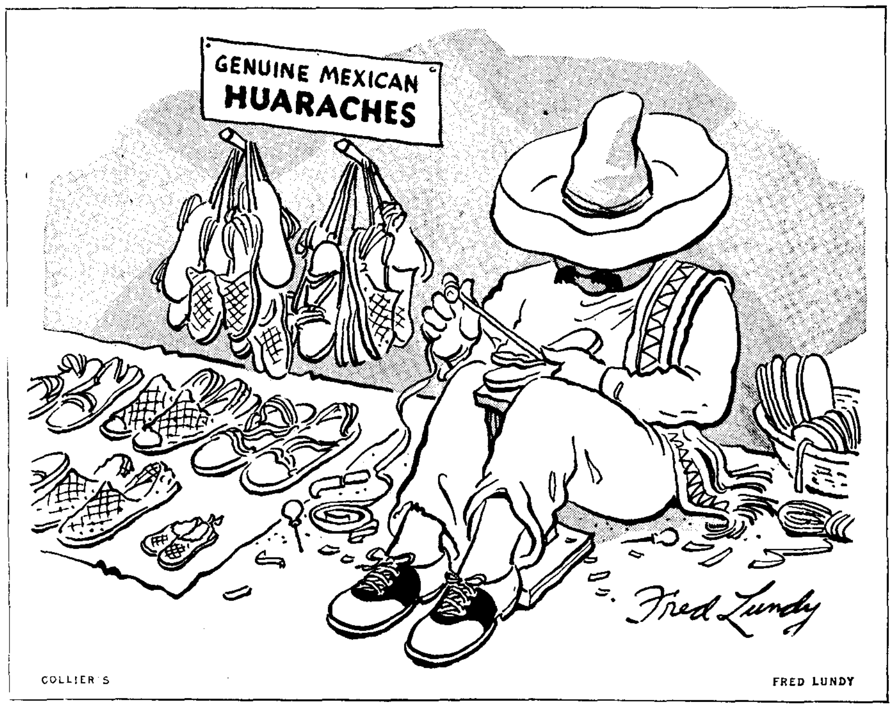
Builders Fear Federal Projects

Detroit's builders, realizing that further neglect on their part will invite large-scale subsidized public-housing projects by the federal government, are interesting themselves for the first time in low-cost dwellings for blighted areas. Under recent state legislation, the city is condemning slum land for resale to private builders at a subsidized price that will permit construction of some 1,200 units at $4,900 each. A plan, evolved by the Builders' Association of Metropolitan Detroit, will permit low-income families to become homeowners without any down payment, the monthly charge to be $35 to apply on a 35-year mortgage and pay all other costs. A year will be required to condemn and clear the land.

When completed, the project will provide a pitiably tiny piece of healthy tissue on the face of the cancerous blighted areas. But even here, Negro families will first have to be moved out. Where?

Detroit builders also intend to build sizable Negro communities outside the blighted areas as soon as enough materials are available to permit large-scale, low-cost construction.

"Where are you going to get the land?"



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COMING! REVOLUTIONARY NEW SOUTH [illegible]
HEATER THAT BURNS [illegible]

It's a Wonderful Love!
James STEWART
more lovable than ever... the kind of feller you want next door!
Donna REED
the sweetheart of all Jimmy's dreams— and yours!
Lionel BARRYMORE
He couldn't do anything right!
Thomas MITCHELL
He couldn't do anything wrong!
Henry TRAVERS
He couldn't do ANYTHING!
"It's a Wonderful Life"

I asked W. J. Guinan, executive director of the Builders' Association.

"There's plenty of land," he said. "We'll go out about 12 to 20 miles from Detroit." But inasmuch as suburbs and township boards bar Negroes through gentlemen's agreements with developers, obtaining land for Negroes may prove no easier for private builders than it was when federal and city officials tried it during the war. Besides, housing authorities and city planners raise serious questions about the feasibility of erecting segregated communities 12 to 20 miles from their economic base in the Detroit factories. With no local industries to supply tax nourishment, a parasite community of this sort becomes a federal reservation during hard times, its municipal services and schools dependent on government relief.

Segregation is the logical answer, according to Councilman Bill Rogell, who has been called by local newspapers "Detroit's Bilbo."

Detroit's councilmen are elected on a city-wide slate rather than by wards. Familiar names such as Rogell's are a cinch for preferment by the electorate. Another name so favored is that of Charles E. "Gus" Dorais, coach of Detroit's professional football team, the Lions.

"Gus (Dorais) and I have talked about taking an area and moving the whites the hell out—and moving the Negroes in," Councilman Rogell told me. "You won't have peace and quiet in Detroit until you have such an area. I'd like to see the Negro get a city of his own, with his own schools. We need a Harlem for them."

In a town whose common council recently rejected, 5-3, a proposal to house Negro veterans in a neighborhood already 50 per cent Negro, the difficulty of "moving the whites the hell out" is obvious.

Mayor Jeffries, torn between his obligations to all Detroit citizens and the political pressures from white property owners, takes refuge in the belief that "the law of attrition is working" to solve the problem; i.e., Negro families are moving into houses abandoned by whites.

This process has yielded an estimated 5,000 to 7,000 homes for Negroes since 1942 as against the estimated need of 40,000.

The mayor pointed out that Detroit can't solve "this vicious situation" alone, but needs the help of the communities that encircle it. Fourteen thousand Negroes work in Dearborn, for instance, but almost none are permitted to live there. (The last census showed 9 Negro families, mostly servants.)

Moneyed Colored Folk Live Well

Because Detroit is a high-wage industrial town, the Detroit Negro is relatively well off economically. Despite restrictions, more Negro families own homes in Detroit than in any other city, with the possible exception of Washington, D. C. In the Gotham Hotel, the Detroit Negro community boasts the finest colored hostelry in America. No Waldorf-Astoria, it is scrupulously neat and proudly plays host to Paul Robeson, Lena Horne and other distinguished members of the race who visit Detroit. Capital for the hotel, some $350,000, came from Detroit Negro businessmen. Detroit has the largest (and most aggressive) chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Detroit Negroes own chain drugstores and even chain Jim Crow hospitals for Negroes only (Negro doctors are barred from white hospitals, must leave their patients at the door). And a Negro developer put up 300 homes for colored occupants.

Capital in that instance came from the "numbers" game, the entrepreneur being Everett Watson, millionaire rackets king, who has just completed a penitentiary term served in company with John Roxborough, Joe Louis' former manager, and with Detroit's former mayor, Richard W. Reading, all convicted in the numbers conspiracy case of 1941. Still a flourishing industry among Negroes (and whites), the Detroit numbers racket is dominated by two Negro and two white "houses" and is defended by some in the Negro community as a means of raising capital for Negro businesses.

The only lasting solution to the housing impasse, argue Negro leaders such as Horace A. White, member of Detroit's Housing Commission, is to remove covenants and other restrictions and let the Negro homeseeker meet his needs according to his economic ability. Four cases involving restrictive covenants are now before the Michigan Supreme Court, and Negro groups intend to take them to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

Blame Racial Discrimination

The closest student of Detroit's vexed Negro problem, the Detroit Interracial Committee (8 white members, 3 Negro), named by Mayor Jeffries after the 1943 riots, vigorously urges the end of discrimination in housing as the chief means of calming troubled racial waters.

George Schermer, director of the Interracial Committee, points out that attempts to prevent expansion of Negro living space on vacant land is "merely accelerating the movement of Negroes into established white neighborhoods.

"While I don't believe this is unwholesome," Schermer said, "it is being forced under unwholesome and explosive conditions.

"Let the Negro step up to the housing market and buy or rent a house the way he buys a suit or car—without special privileges or special penalties because of his skin color," Schermer urges. Segregation will probably continue even in an open market, he points out, because minorities characteristically settle in groups. But neighborhoods would rise in which Negroes and whites would live side by side "just as they have done in certain neighborhoods in Detroit without friction for years," Schermer says.

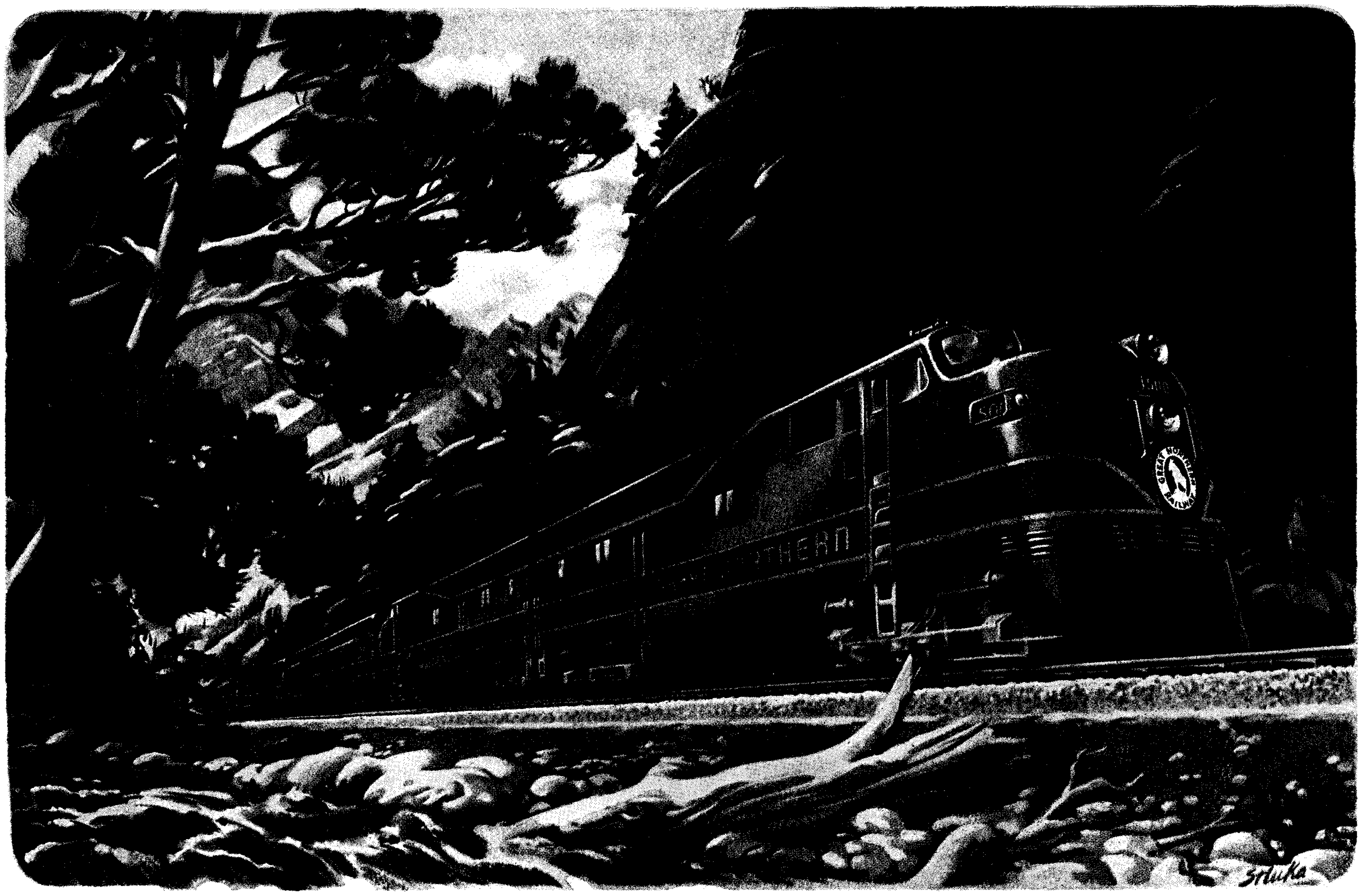
This view, boldly advocated by the Interracial Committee, is more circumspectly advanced by such voluntary groups as the Citizens Housing and Planning Council, by some unions and churches. The debate is part of the education of a city which is one of America's greatest melting pots.

Detroit has been hammering away at interracial amity with characteristic energy. Under Police Commissioner John F. Ballenger, former head of Detroit's Welfare Department, police rookies are being indoctrinated with courses on race relations. The school system has a program, too, and the Interracial Committee has set up a "barometer," unique to Detroit, to measure, in terms of incidents (brawls, hot words, house burnings), the state of white-Negro tension.

But for the Negro, the truest barometer of his treatment in the white world is the house he lives in.

There is a great song by that name, The House I Live In, which spells out the meaning of democracy, and there is a great Negro ballad singer, Josh White, who sings the song with such feeling that audiences plead for it. At a benefit performance one night, Josh White sat with friends discussing disconsolately how he could not obtain a decent flat for his family because of his color. When White's turn came to entertain, he arose, and with heartbreaking emotion sang the song of democracy the audience clamored for, The House I Live In—It's America to Me.

THE END



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custom-built for pleasant, faster travel

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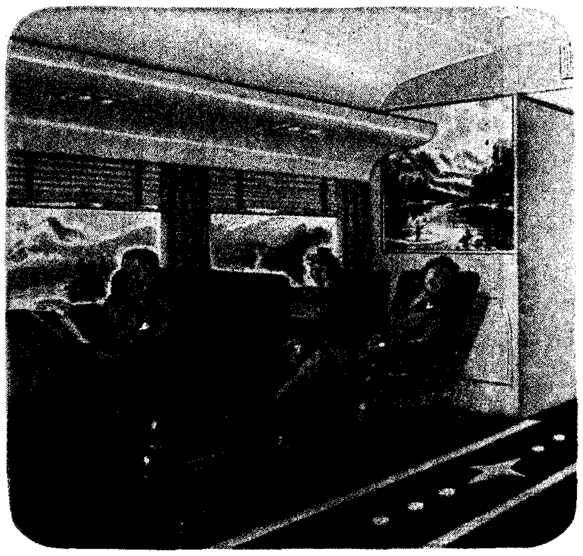
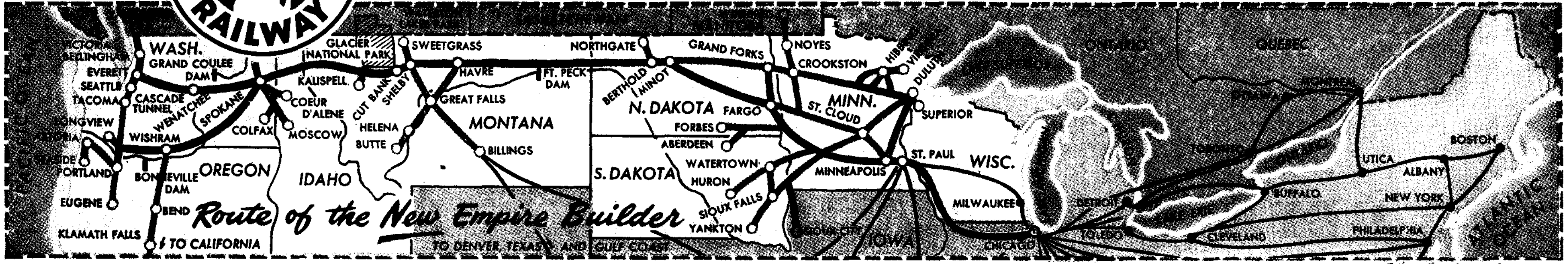
New design duplex roomettes . . . ideal for the passenger who desires complete privacy and comfort.



New style Day-Nite coaches . . . more room for each passenger, more comfort and convenience.

Serves the Best of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY *Great Northwest*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GRAND COULEE DAM
VICTORIA
BELLINGHAM
EVERETT
SEATTLE
TACOMA
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LONGVIEW
ASTORIA
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SEASIDE
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BONNEVILLE DAM
OREGON
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BEND
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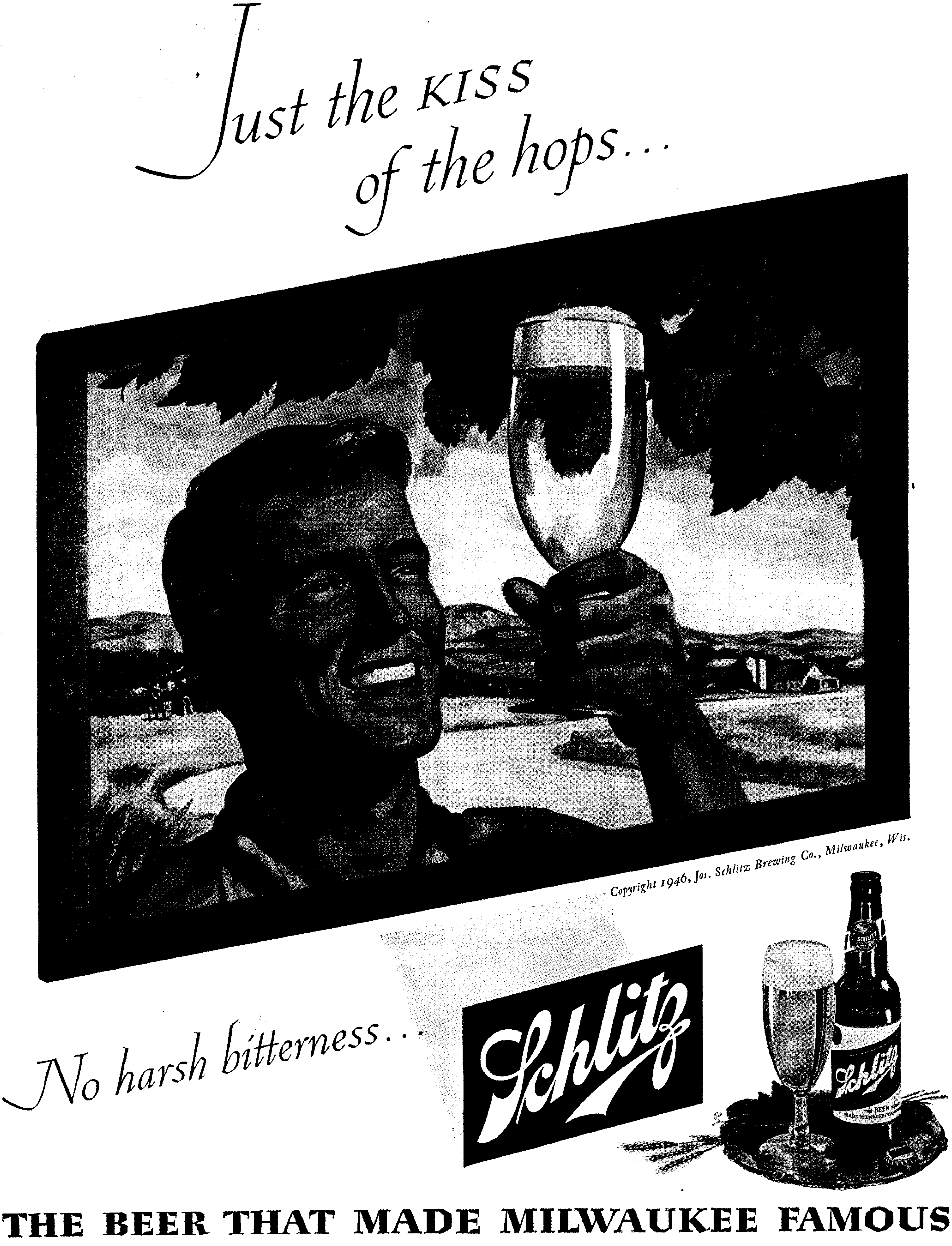


Just the KISS of the hops...

Copyright 1946, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

No harsh bitterness...

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

She was positive the stones were real—the most genteel count had presented her with the bracelet

JEWEL SLEUTH

BY MARSHALL DAVENPORT

If an insurance company is suspicious when jewels are lost or stolen, it employs a detective to investigate. Here's how one of the shrewdest jewel dicks operates. For obvious reasons the name we have given our hero is fictitious

Throughout the evening her escort took unflattering pictures. Each shot was focused on the brooch

PRIVATE detective James Throcton Larson, who specializes in tracking down lost insured jewels, often has to think up methods of operation that would amaze any orthodox police detective. In his mystery-dramalike occupation, Jim finds his rubies and sapphires not in caves of some war-ravaged country but in the more ordinary places, like flushed down a drain or swallowed by the family pet. He has even been known to dissemble plank by plank a section of a house in search of an emerald, and to buy tons of worthless scrap paper because some diamond-shop clerk carelessly tossed a precious gem into the wastebasket.

Few insurance companies are large enough to maintain a nation-wide crew of jewel sleuths, and rather than entrust this highly skilled work to just any agent, a group of companies retains a specialist like Jim in various sections of the country. He investigates all claims in his territory, and either produces the lost or mislaid jewel, digs up sufficient evidence to prove fraud, or assures the company that the claim is authentic.

Though criticized by less important agents for overcautiousness, he is praised by top executives and is recognized generally as the shrewdest agent in the game. A gun is not part of his equipment—he solves his crimes by endless hours of digging up evidence, following leads, and fitting together all the pieces of his difficult puzzle. He can't quote an exact figure on his treasure-trove fortune but, offhand, he can recall enough cases to push the total well above the five-million-dollar mark.

He engages a rambling warehouse where he stores certain damaged goods awaiting disposition as well as all sorts of queer objects his work forces him to buy. The warehouse keeper, now beyond the stage of being shocked, passes off the arrival of some unexplainable shipment as "just another danged-fool thing that boy sent in." But one subfreezing morning when a blunt-nosed truck backed up and dumped twelve bales of wastepaper, it was a little more than he could take. He called Jim and wanted to know if the driver hadn't delivered his cargo to the wrong place.

"Somewhere in that paper," Jim explained, "there's an eight-thousand-dollar diamond ring."

Shipped from Washington, D. C., the ring had disappeared a few hours after it arrived at one of New York's 47th Street dealers. The insurance company soon had Jim hot on the trail. He learned that the express company had delivered the diamond in the midst of the morning rush, and the clerk who checked the ring dropped it back into the box and continued with his dozen other jobs. The next time he thought of the Washington shipment, both the ring and the box had vanished.

The only solution, Jim decided, was that another clerk, thinking the box empty, had tossed it into a wastebasket. The janitors had crammed the waste into canvas bags, carted them to the basement and sold the contents to a scrap buyer. When Jim cornered the buyer, he would have given odds that he had the case licked. But to his sorrow he learned that the buyer was only a small trucker who sold each load to a wholesale merchant, who, in turn, baled the loose scraps and sold them to factories in various cities. He visited the wholesaler's paper heap, traced the contents of one wastebasket through the plant, and found it possibly included in a lot shipped that very day to a factory some three hundred miles away.

Even before the consignment arrived, Jim waited in the office of the paper company. Realizing the excitement an eight-thousand-dollar diamond ring would arouse, he explained that he had reason to believe some valuable papers were included in the shipment about to arrive and asked permission to check. The blustery weather made checking outside impossible, and as no shed was available, Jim bought the lot for two hundred and seventy-five dollars and hired a truck to transport it back to his own warehouse.

The bill for twelve bales of wastepaper brought a torrent of protest from the manager of the insurance company, but Jim soothed his ruffled nerves by explaining the security measure he had undertaken, and assuring him that as soon as the check was completed, he'd resell the paper for the same price.

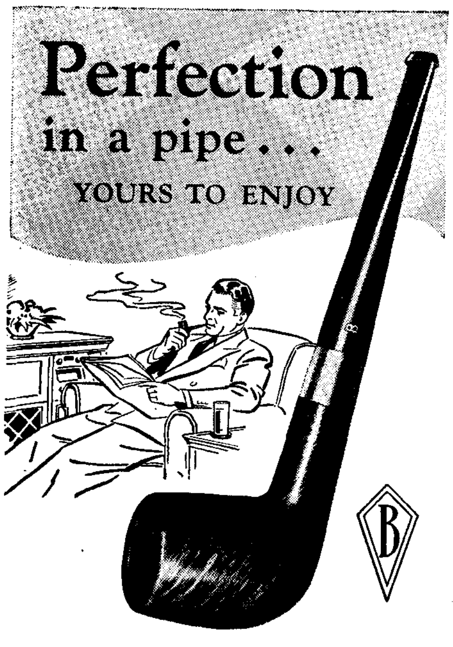
The big question, now that he had the paper, was: How was he going to find the ring? Each bale weighed several hundred pounds, and if untied, the tightly compressed paper was enough to stuff an ordinary-sized gymnasium.

After much deliberation, he decided to X-ray each bale, and to untie nothing until he saw the outline of the ring. He hired a technician who hauled his equipment to the warehouse, and within a couple of days he was all set to commence shooting. He turned on the juice, and saw not a diamond, but a vast assortment of paper clips, ink bottles, ash trays, fountain pens, and almost every other piece of office equipment but the swivel chair. Immediately, Jim saw the fallacy of his experiment. Even if in the paper, the ring might hide behind an ash tray and not appear in the picture. He paid off the technician, submitted the bill, and waited for the protest from the manager which he knew would soon follow.

The only foolproof method, Jim now decided, was to sift through the paper, one sheet at a time. So he hired a

Jim noticed a spaniel pup chewing vigorously at everything that struck his fancy

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR



We know that for sheer smoking enjoyment *you're going to like a Sterling Hall. It's cool,* sweet and has a full, free draught – thanks to thoroughly aged IMPORTED briar, superior design and perfect workmanship. Its handsome lines, beautiful grain and its inlaid sterling silver band add a note of distinction any pipe smoker will appreciate. That band, moreover, adds strength to the shank and maintains a perfect fit for the stem.

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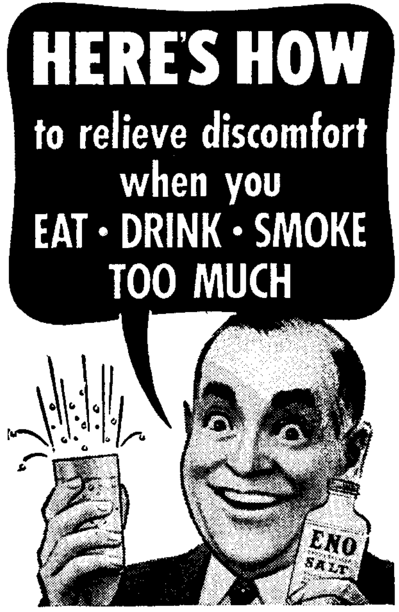
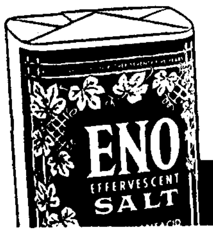


Be Bright! Feel Right!
TAKE ENO

From now on, forget those "morning-after" blues! Simply take sparkling Eno *at bedtime* and you'll quickly help neutralize excess stomach acid . . . ease nausea overnight! *When you wake*—take Eno as a speedy, gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed. Used successfully by millions. Buy at druggists!



EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION
1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—relieves temporary sluggishness quickly. When needed, take before breakfast.

TASTES GOOD!

group of women, agreeing to pay a flat rate per hour, and to give a bonus of a hundred dollars to the finder of the ring. He set up sorting tables and, at a turtle-crawling pace, the search for a diamond in a paper stack was under way. Before the first bale was completed the fire marshal dropped in to check the warehouse. When he spied the mountain of loose paper, he growled and snarled, threatening to stop the work and to arrest Jim for creating a fire hazard. With a promise to cart away the paper as fast as he checked it, Jim continued with the work. Every few hours the marshal blew in just to make sure that Jim was carrying out his promise.

A week passed and still all Jim had to show were two writable fountain pens and a shoe box full of paper clips. Expenses piled up and each day the protest from the insurance company gained momentum. Then one day the branch manager emphatically refused to gamble away any more of the insurance company's money, and told Jim to stop the work. Jim begged for a chance to finish the remaining five bales, but the manager refused. Jim hated to admit defeat and discharge the women who had worked so faithfully, so postponed his visit to the warehouse until later in the afternoon.

A few hours later, an excited feminine voice urged him to hurry to the sorting tables. Struggling with his coat as he ran, Jim's first stop was at the paper pile. The women, all chattering at the same time, tried to explain something about a diamond. They pointed to one wrinkled little woman, seated on an unopened bale apart from the other workers. She sobbed and her tears washed little streaks down her smudgy cheeks. Jim walked over, and without looking up she handed him the lost diamond ring. "One hundred dollars," she blubbered. "Now I can buy that coat with all the fur down the front."

$10,000 Emerald Disappears

Once a bewildered lady reported the strange disappearance of an emerald ring insured for ten thousand dollars. She was positive it was somewhere in the room, because she distinctly remembered placing it on her dressing table when she returned from the theater the night before. Jim quickly ran over his list of routine questions, tore the bed to pieces, and shook out all the silk undergarments in the dresser drawers, but the ring wasn't there.

He noticed a cocker spaniel pup bounding around the room, chewing everything to bits he could sink his teeth in. As a last resort, he asked the matron if he might borrow the dog. She was positive "Flopsie" wouldn't eat her emerald, but finally gave Jim the dog, and Flopsie, on the end of a leash, pulled Jim down the sidewalks of New York to a veterinarian.

The doctor held the squirming dog up in front of the fluoroscope screen, twisted a few gadgets, and there was the ring, right where Jim's hunch had told him it was.

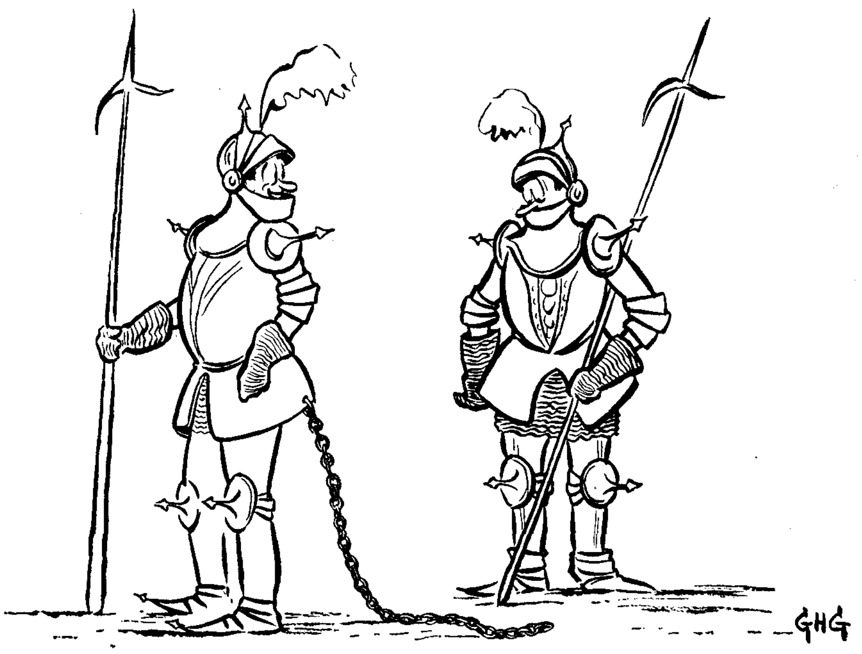
From that day on, a stock question for every interview became, "Have you a dog in the house?"

It is far from uncommon that an honest citizen, in all good faith, files claim and argues until he's mad enough to bite up diamonds that a family brooch has been stolen, then suffers no end of embarrassment when Jim picks up the same sparkling brooch from the bottom of the jewel box or perhaps finds it stored in a bank box. Jim, like a doctor, has certain chronic clients he can count on for a half-dozen useless calls every year. Each visit the customer is positive the jewel was stolen, and each time Jim uncovers it in a different hiding place.

Twenty years of jewel hunting have convinced Jim that no human, not even a reputable jeweler, is beyond the realm of committing errors. A prominent matron of New York's Four Hundred once lost at a charity affair a piece of jewelry insured as a "six-emerald link bracelet" for eight thousand dollars. After everything else failed, Jim pulled out a hot-air register, along with several sections of connecting pipe, and lodged down at the first crook he found a small portion of the bracelet containing one of the six stones. Although he all but demolished the remaining portion of the building he found no more.

He had taken far too much time on the case, and the claimant had employed a lawyer to expedite a settlement. The lawyer hounded the insurance company, and the insurance company prodded Jim to close the case, but he kept stalling. One morning he walked the floor, twirling the recovered bit of the bracelet, racking his brain for some new angle. As he walked past a window, entirely by accident, the natural sunlight penetrated the stone. "I'll be damned!" he yelled. "It's artificial."

In all the weeks he'd worked on the case, the thought of examining the stone had never occurred to him. He again checked the policy, and found the eight-thousand-dollar appraisal had been made by one of the city's largest, most reliable jewelers. Thinking that maybe the case had driven him a little batty, he wagged the stone down to a disinterested dealer, paid the appraisal fee, and received a certificate showing the stone was artificial.



"That's my 'ground' in case I'm struck by lightning"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Unable to figure out the eight-thousand-dollar valuation, he returned to the clerk who had signed the certificate. In great embarrassment, the clerk told how on Christmas Eve the customer had demanded an immediate appraisal.

Appraisal Based on Reputation

The store was packed, the clerks were up to their necks in orders; he had no time to make the proper inspection. The lady was one of the store's best customers, she bought none but the finest jewels, so the clerk had made a hurried appraisal, on her reputation rather than on the merit of the stones.

Fortified with this new evidence, Jim was ready for the indignant woman. She again refused, as she had done since the case opened, to disclose the name of the person who sold her the bracelet. Jim informed her the emeralds were imitation, and offered to settle on the true valuation, with a refund of premiums paid in excess of the rate for artificial stones. In language a lady ordinarily does not use, she branded Jim and his company a sizable variety of gyps, and with a promise that he'd soon hear from her lawyer, she ordered him out of her house.

A few hours later, the same claimant, in almost cooing tones, asked Jim to meet her in the lobby of a downtown hotel. The sudden calmness baffled Jim, so he picked up the branch manager of the insurance company, and together they stormed the hotel. With a wordy apology for her temper, the lorgnette juggler accepted Jim's offer to settle. She was positive the stones were real, she explained, because several years before in Paris, the most genteel count had presented her with this bracelet. She had trusted him implicitly and had not once doubted him when he assured her they were the finest emeralds in all France.

"Yes," her dapper husband added, "I hear of the count often. He's the stiff she would have married instead of me."

Tony and the Diamond Ring

Jim argues that the surest way to recover a lost jewel is to offer a liberal reward for its return. Usually he runs an ad offering ten per cent of the insured value, but the trouble is, the finder of a jewel won't take trouble to check the lost and found ads. One frosty morning two trainmen from New York's Pennsylvania Station rode to work on an early train from Newark. The younger, hiding behind his paper, rambled on about various news items, and read aloud certain passages to Tony, his companion, who stared sleepily out the window. "It says here," he read, "they're offering a twenty-five-hundred-dollar reward for a diamond ring lost between Penn Station and Newark."

Suddenly Tony woke up. Instead of going to work, he caught the next train home, collected the ring he'd found the week before and claimed the reward. Newspapers picked up the story and flashed pictures of Tony's broad grin across the nation. Jim called the railroad detective, also working on the case, and said the search was ended.

"We read about it in the paper," the detective said. "Didn't you know a railroad employee can't accept a reward?"

Jim admitted he didn't know about the ruling but refused to be an Indian giver and take back the reward. The railroad detective insisted that it was Tony's duty to return the ring without a reward, and the railroad would not make an exception. Jim went to bat for Tony, but after consulting top officials, the answer still came out the same.

If Tony had found the ring on railroad property, he had his choice between the

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NEW REYNOLDS ROCKET BALL PEN

Writes and Writes for 15 YEARS* WITHOUT REFILLING for the average user—

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Now I can write my way all thru school and college without ever worrying about ink bottles, refills or blotters! The Reynolds Rocket makes writing so easy and such fun!

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What a pleasure to take notes with the smooth-writing Rocket! No more finger fatigue . . . and I have the *extra* legibility of notes in ink, without ink bottles, refills or blotters!

THE SALESMAN SAYS

It's terrific! Always ready for the order. No cap to fumble with or come loose. No shaking or running dry. And it makes *swell* carbons!

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It never tires my hand—needs very little pressure to make carbon copies. The Rocket does everything a pen or pencil will do—and does it better!

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At last—a "he-man" pen I can use anywhere without coddling. It even writes on wet paper, on cloth sacks, wood crates! I've never seen a pen as sturdy and foolproof as the Rocket.

THE NURSE SAYS

It's wonderful for keeping records—always easy writing, easy reading. And so handy—clips on pocket, book cover, blouse, belt, anywhere!

Get a Rocket! . . . Give a Rocket!

**Tests show that the Reynolds Rocket will write for 15 years without refilling for the average user.*

† SERVICE AGREEMENT

If your Reynolds Rocket runs dry at any time within six years from date of purchase, it will be refilled without charge. Thereafter, refilling will cost 50c. If the Reynolds Rocket fails to write for any reason other than exhaustion of ink supply, return it to the factory with 50c, and it will be repaired or replaced at our option.

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$3.99 NO LUXURY TAX

SPECIAL
ALSO IN 14 KT. GOLD PLATE
in Regular or "Rockette" size
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The Reynolds "400,"	$12.50
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For Christmas
A Kirsten* CIGARETTE HOLDER

Here's the smartest thing under the Christmas tree! There's nothing finer . . . nothing more appropriate for the man or woman who smokes than a gleaming, jewel-like Kirsten Cigarette Holder. Available in two lengths at all leading stores, $2.50 each.

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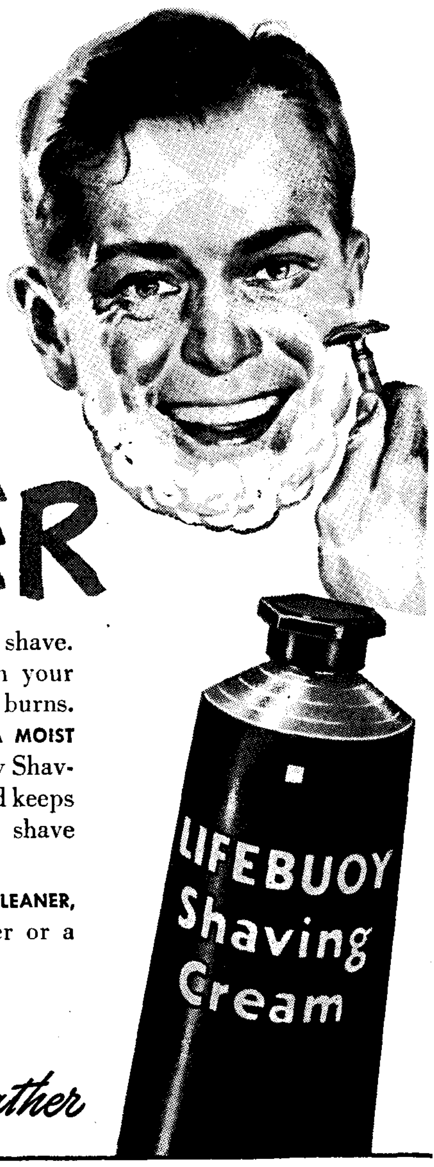
THE SHAVE IS BETTER WHEN THE LATHER STAYS WETTER



Yes, the **WETTER** the lather the **BETTER** the shave. A quick-drying lather will dry out on your face—give you a shave that stings and burns. What you want is a rich creamy **EXTRA MOIST** lather...the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream...a lather that **STAYS MOIST** and keeps your beard soft and wet the whole shave through.

Get Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for **CLEANER, SMOOTHER** shaves—even with cold water or a used blade.

Try Lifebuoy's Stay-Moist Lather

reward and his job. Jim decided that after all maybe Tony hadn't found the diamond on railroad land, and drove him over to Newark to make sure. He found the exact spot where Tony had picked up the diamond was too near the dividing line for certainty, so drove a peg in the questionable situs and hired a surveyor to run the boundary. Tony, his family, and a few hundred interested spectators stood by while the surveyor measured, sighted, and waved to an assistant holding a striped pole. Finally he reached a verdict. "Go back to work, Tony," he shouted. "You win by two inches!"

In many cases of reported thefts, the claimant himself turns out to be the thief. To solicit co-operation of a forgetful jewel-owner fully convinced he's been robbed requires the tact and skill of a trial lawyer. Jim makes no claims of wielding any hypnotic powers; he does maintain that often the subconscious mind uncovers a mislaid jewel when the conscious mind fails. In a repetition of the same acts that mislaid an emerald or a star sapphire, the subconsciousness sometimes wins out and leads the loser back to where she hid the jewel.

A petite, white-haired lady, living alone in a New York apartment hotel, reported the loss of a diamond brooch. When Jim arrived to make his routine investigation, she said in a hushed, yet determined voice, "It's been stolen. It's that waiter who carried up my breakfast."

She explained how the night before she had returned from the opera and distinctly remembered placing the brooch in a small box on her dressing table. It was gone, and except for that waiter not a soul had been in the room. She became insulting when Jim insisted on checking the room instead of nabbing the waiter. Reluctantly, she agreed to leave the room and re-enact her previous night's entrance. But instead of picking up the brooch in some secret hiding place as Jim hoped, she walked straight to her dressing table. Jim asked if someone had knocked at her door, if the phone had rung, or if anything had happened to distract her attention while she undressed.

"Come to think of it," she admitted, "a fire engine roared past and I ran to the window."

Jim asked her to return to the window. She gazed down on the street a moment, then reaching behind the curtain, she put her pride in her pocket and unpinned the brooch.

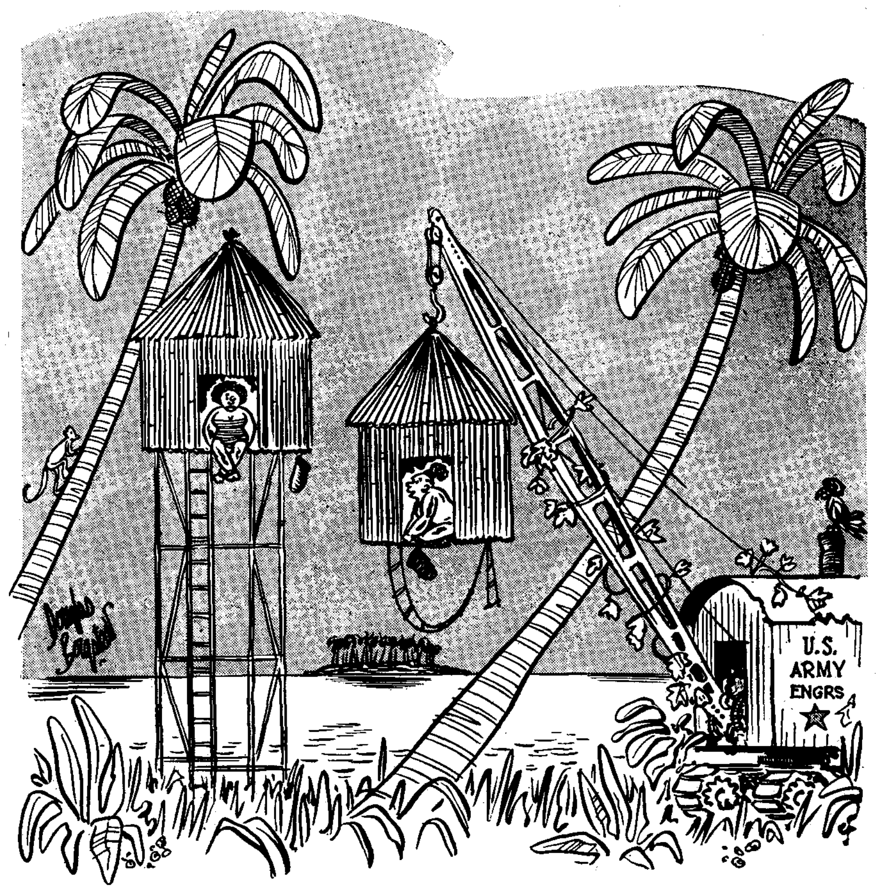
It was entirely by accident that Jim Larson became a jewel sleuth. It all started when Jim found himself entangled in a prep-school fracas, and the principal, who would have given odds that Jim would never amount to two whoops in business, informed him that the school could run very nicely without his presence. When Jim's insurance-business father decreed, "No school —more work," Jim pulled a surprise by landing a job as an adjuster for a rival firm.

The salary was small and the company entrusted to him only the minor claims, but Jim knew he traveled a back road that would some day lead to success. He found the business packed with experts on fire losses and auto smashups, but few men knew a smithereen about diamonds and jewels. He waded through every book on jewels in the library, talked shop with the experts behind the jewel counters and gradually began taking over claims for lost jewels. At the age of twenty-eight, he formed a partnership and began business for himself. Today, he wouldn't trade jobs with any man he knows.

The Case of the Missing Radium

Although his chief work is with jewels, he has an occasional case involving expensive furs, Oriental rugs, twenty-thousand-dollar violins, paintings, or Greek vases. Often he has a call from a hospital to locate a lost vial of radium. Once a city hospital's entire supply disappeared, and the hospital superintendent confidentially told Jim he suspected a certain doctor whose reputation was not without blemish. Jim took the case and agreed to investigate the doctor without making him aware of the fact that the finger of suspicion pointed in his direction.

This was before the invention of the modern Geiger-Muller Counter for detecting radium. Jim's crude gadget was a box affair, which he charged by vigorously rubbing a metal tube against his



"Personally, I hope they leave all this equipment here forever"

COLLIER'S DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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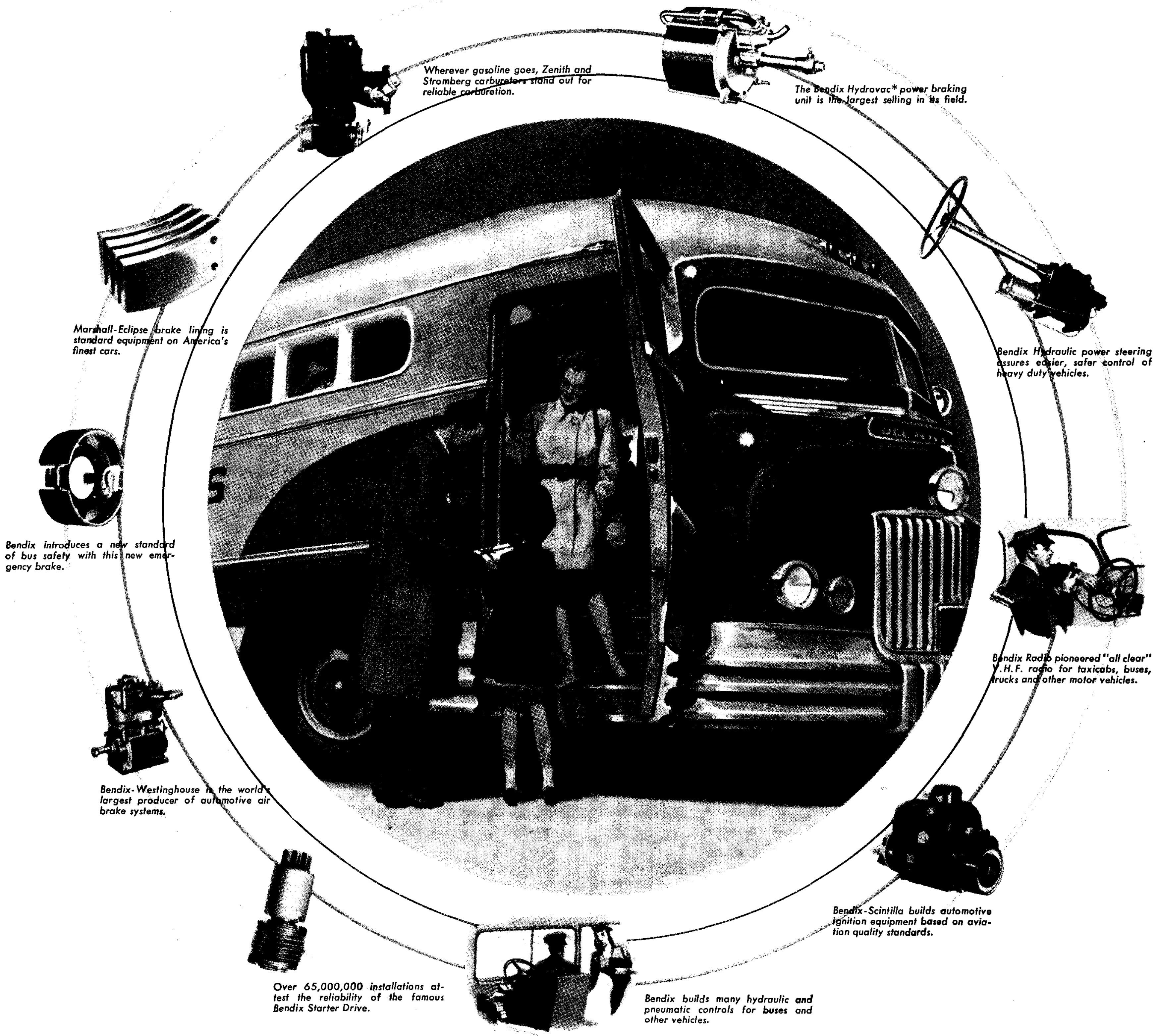

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trouser leg. He camouflaged the contraption as an ordinary shopper's parcel and took his place in the waiting line to consult the doctor. Hiding behind a newspaper, he set up his machine and began work. He rubbed and shook until he was out of breath, but got no reaction from radium.

He could only reach a distance of ten feet with the detector, so as the doctor summoned his sufferers one by one into his chamber, Jim gradually worked his way closer to the treatment room. By the time he had reached the door he had almost worn a hole in his pants but had convinced himself the radium was not in the office. He quickly gathered up his equipment, and before the pill roller could usher him into the inner office, he escaped.

As he dashed through the door, he overheard one sympathetic soul whisper, "Poor man, he's got St. Vitus's dance."

Spotting Fake Insurance Claims

Though a small percentage of jewel losses are fraudulent, unscrupulous jewel owners have attempted every known ruse to defraud insurance companies. Jim has as many tricks to detect a faked claim as the swindler has schemes. He checks character references, credit reports, court records, financial conditions and a hundred other facts that fit together to form the completed picture. If there's foul play, a disgruntled servant or a discharged nurse may come through with an invaluable lead. A spiteful neighbor may hold a bit of information he thinks the insurance company would like to hear. Yet when Jim knows a claim is false, it is tricky business to gather evidence that will hold water in court.

One New Year's Eve in New York, a sharpie and his conniving spouse made the rounds of all the downtown hot spots. As they paid the check at one plush night-lifery, they pulled their well-rehearsed faked robbery routine. With her husband tenderly caressing her, the gyp moll sobbed that the family's prize heirloom, a twenty-five-thousand-dollar diamond-studded brooch, had vanished. After the manager and a number of waiters made an unsuccessful search, the couple retreated with much putrid palaver.

The brooch was fully insured and the next day Jim spread his dragnet. In checking their character, Jim found the couple rated as a poor credit risk and with a reputation for honesty far from perfect.

Among other sins, he uncovered a similar suit brought a few years before. They had gone to trial with a seemingly airtight case, yet near the end of the trial, after producing an unbroken chain of evidence, they suddenly dropped the suit. Jim knew if he could discover the reason for the strange ending, he might close his own case with the same finale.

After much bickering and the payment of a substantial fee, he learned from the opposing attorney that he had employed a stooge named Betty to pal around with them, and it was her evidence that broke the case. Attractive, clever, and with enough personality to worm herself into the confidence of any crook, Betty was a private detective Jim had employed in a few of his own cases.

Jim sent for the female Sherlock and explained his case. Betty, still friendly with the unsuspecting couple, was dining and dancing with them at the insurance company's expense. She could not abruptly demand a showing of the missing jewel, but had to wait until the claimant of her own free will chose to bring the brooch out of retirement. The swindlers continually prodded the insurance company for a settlement, and all Jim could produce was Betty's night-club bills.

Jim's better judgment told him that because of the failure in the former attempt, the pair would be a trifle more cautious this time. He decided the only way to smoke the brooch out was to decoy the woman off to some distant city where she would not chance bumping into familiar faces. He arranged for the wife to desert her husband for a week and visit Miami Beach as Betty's guest.

No sooner had the girls checked in their hotel than Betty stumbled into an old friend, also planted in Florida at the expense of the insurance company. He had a friend with a little dark mustache, and soon the foursome were making plans to paint the town. Later that evening, Betty, already poured into a slinky gown, relaxed on a chaise longue and waited for her friend to finish dressing.

For some strange reason, she asked Betty's advice on the proper jewels for the evening. Together they picked through the jewel box, and although Betty admired several pieces, she quickly saw the insured brooch was not included. Maybe it's an honest loss after all, she thought, feeling a little ashamed for the double cross she was pulling. But she soon forgot her shame when the woman opened another bag and, pulling out the missing brooch, asked, "What about this?"

Betty covered her excitement by drooling over the sparkling pin. Instead of snatching the brooch and hopping the next plane home, she finished the evening in her devil-may-care form. Her escort suddenly turned camera fiend, and throughout the evening flashed unflattering pictures. Each shot was well focused on the dazzling brooch.

Supplied with Betty's irrefutable evidence, the insurance company was ready for trial. They rejected the claim on the grounds of fraud, and the couple immediately started suit.

When the trial day rolled around, Betty, with her two Miami acquaintances and a set of blown-up pictures, waited in a near-by office. In the courtroom, while waiting for the clerk to call the case, Jim's lawyer warned the opposition counsel that he was about to receive the greatest shock of his career. He hated to embarrass his opponent in court, so, explaining that his proof was a professional secret and not for the ears of the plaintiffs, he broke the news of the Miami vacation.

The lawyer hurried back to his clients, conversed in worried tones a few minutes, then returning to Jim said, "My clients are willing to drop the suit. If you'll pay my fee, we'll call the whole thing off."

When the Company Pays Off

Although Jim has brought to light millions of dollars' worth of missing jewels, there are still bucketfuls more he hasn't found. As soon as he convinces himself a claim is legitimate and he isn't going to dig up a lost diamond or a strand of pearls, he recommends that the insurance company ante up the value of the policy. In a few cases, though he doubts the authenticity of the claim, he's forced to pay off because he fails to collect sufficient evidence to prove fraud.

Once he had a tip in advance that a small-time jeweler was planning to suffer a loss the next week in Washington. His insurance had expired and he had applied for a new policy for an increased amount. Jim passed the tip on to the manager of the insurance company, warning him to accept no part of the new policy.

Some days later, Jim, still feeling puffed up about stopping a loss before it occurred, arrived at the office, stretched his long legs across his desk, and glanced over the paper. A big-type heading almost knocked him over. There was the robbery: A local man was held up in a Washington hotel, just as his tipster had warned. But instead of gloating, Jim felt sorry for the victim. Certainly the loss was real, because no man would fake a stick-up when he didn't have insurance.

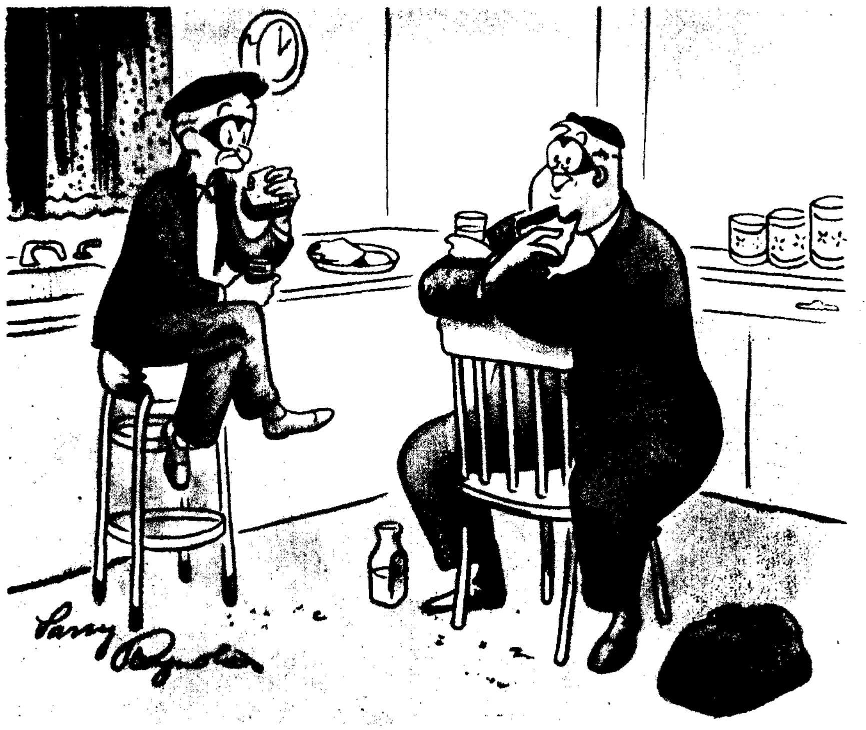
Jim had made a grave mistake. Instead of warning the old fellow that some gangster was lurking in Washington to relieve him of his jewels, he'd stopped his insurance. Just then the insurance company manager called Jim on the phone. "Remember that tip you gave us last week?" he asked.

"Yeah," Jim shamefully admitted. "He's lost everything and hasn't a nickel's worth of insurance."

"The devil he hasn't," the manager corrected. "After your tip, we sent an eager, young salesman out to interview him. We're stuck with a new policy just twice the size of the last one!"

THE END

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



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Winter is extra tough on the cooling system of your car. And radiator trouble *at any time* can mean serious, costly engine damage. Don't take chances . . . see that your car is *fully* prepared for winter driving. It's easy and it's sure—just ask your service man for *complete* Warner Cooling System Service—the standard of protection for 25 years.

Here's what Warner Service does for the cooling system of your car:

Warner Radiator Cleaner *cleans it thoroughly*—stops overheating and "hot-spots." Warner Cooling System Protector *keeps it clean*—prevents rust and scale accumulations. Warner Liquid Solder (non-metallic)—deposits tiny fibers to *repair leaks* anywhere in cooling system.

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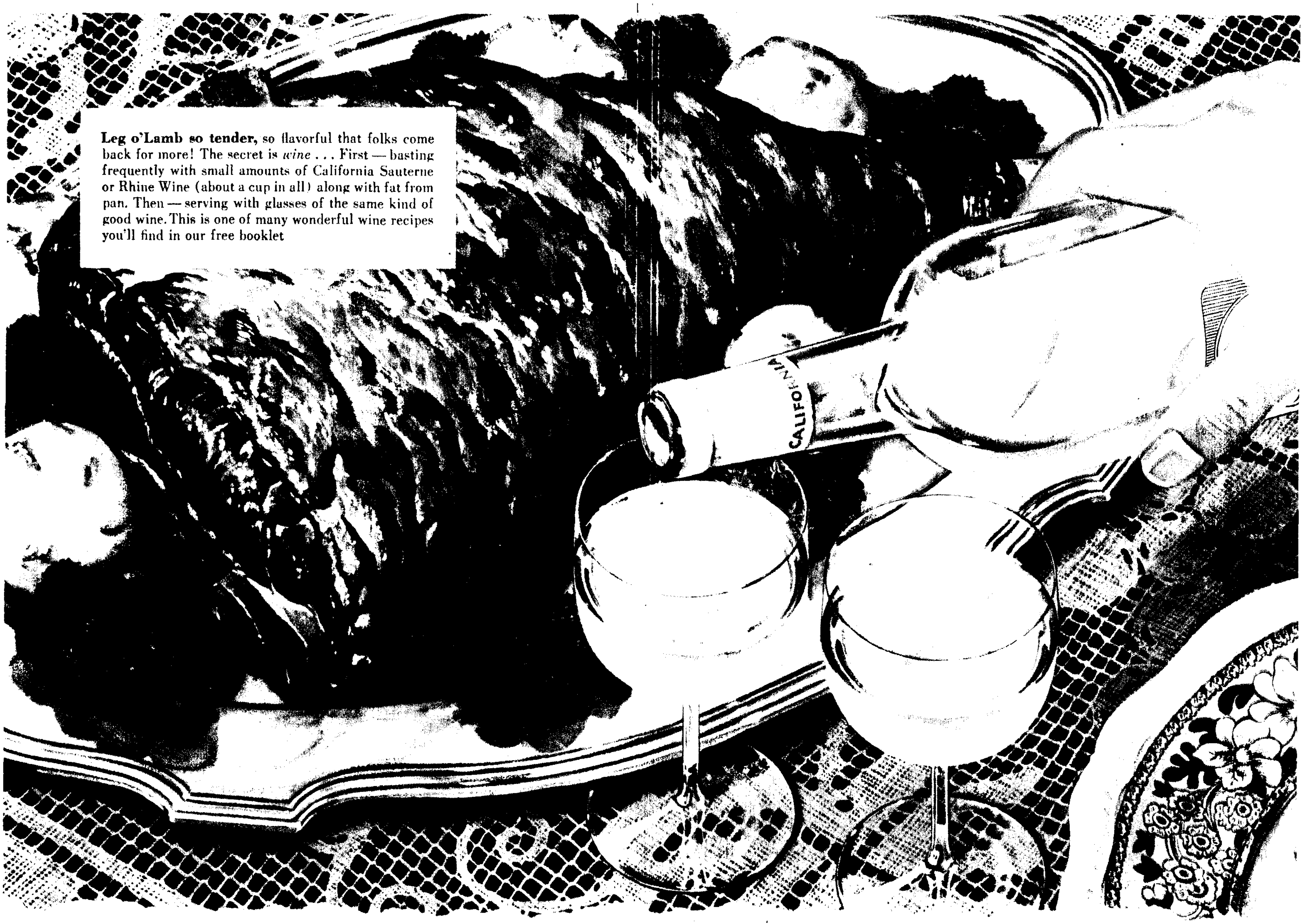


Leg o'Lamb so tender, so flavorful that folks come back for more! The secret is *wine* . . . First — basting frequently with small amounts of California Sauterne or Rhine Wine (about a cup in all) along with fat from pan. Then — serving with glasses of the same kind of good wine. This is one of many wonderful wine recipes you'll find in our free booklet

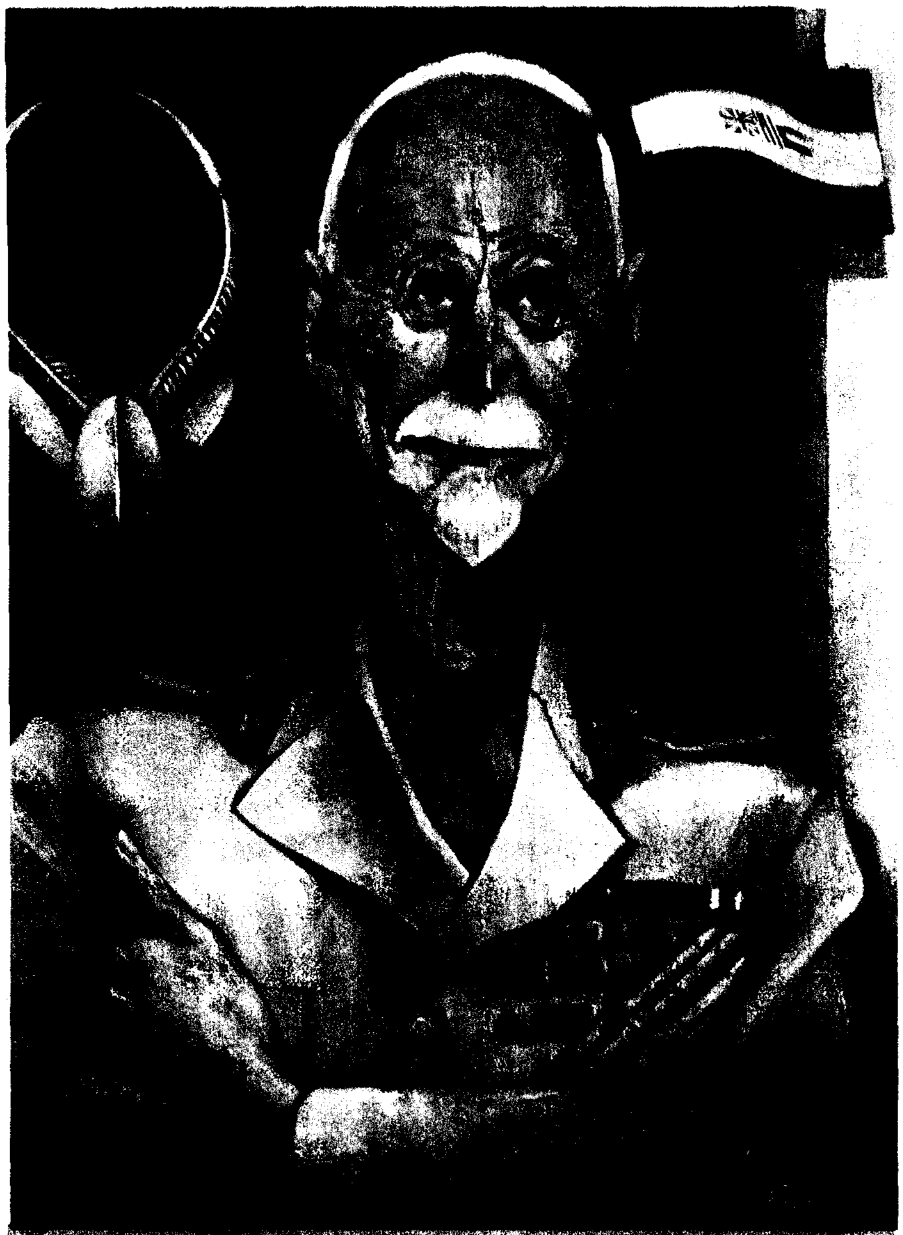
To do right by dinner Wine *is what you need*

Is that your hand pouring Sauterne wine to go with that leg o'lamb? You're setting up something pretty tempting in the taste department. Get the roast carved and begin enjoying things.

A tempting wisp of wine fragrance starts you off. But something even better follows. Take a bite of the lamb, then a sip of the wine. That's when taste buds really cheer. If eating can be perfect, this is it! And you'll want some more, so try rich red California Port with fruit at dessert time. Or with coffee and your favorite cheese.

We wine growers think perhaps you'd enjoy some of the other ideas in our wine and food book. We'll send it to you, completely *free*, if you write Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3.

Port 'n Pears—just place pear (or peach) halves in dessert dishes, cover with California Port wine and chill until ready to serve. A luscious dessert to set out with small glasses of Port. Try it some evening soon



UNITED NEIGHBORS

XII. JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS OF SOUTH AFRICA

JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS believes in doing things himself if they're to be done properly. That's why he appointed himself South Africa's delegate to the United Nations although he's already its Prime Minister as well as its Minister for Defense and Minister for Foreign Affairs. But few men, historians agree, have more right to such self-reliance in matters of state than he.

South Africans love him and hate him with almost equal cordiality. But all concede his greatness as a statesman, his skill as a soldier and his scholarship as a philosopher and a scientist. They call him Slim Jannie but not because he is, at seventy-six, as lean as he ever was. It's their way of saying that he is shrewd, resourceful and, if necessary, ruthless.

He demonstrated those qualities and earned his nickname during the Boer War when he harried the British lines of communication with brilliantly executed raids. He developed the fighting techniques which in World War II were used by our Rangers and Britain's Commandos. Smuts' raider groups were, in fact, called Commandos.

Smuts, in those days, lived in the saddle for days and nights without rest, often without food and water but always with a copy of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason in his saddlebag. He was a tallish, tough, single-minded man with a sharp nose and incredibly blue eyes. His hair has whitened and grown wispy now and his once rather fierce mustachios and beard are snowy and trimmed down to a neat Vandyke.

But he still possesses tremendous reserves of energy. When he's in Cape Town he climbs 3,500 feet up Table Mountain on Sunday mornings and walks down. Friends sometimes climb with him. But they return by cable car. On his walks he searches for new South African plants, for he is an indefatigable botanist and can identify every weed, flower, tree or shrub that grows in his country.

His famous book, Holism and Evolution, is a study of the unifying creative forces of nature and demonstrates his conviction that all men, of all races and beliefs, were intended to live together in one great whole. He has been a confirmed internationalist all his life and if anyone can give the U.N. that spiritual shot in the arm it so badly needs Smuts can.

His view of world affairs, however, is refracted through British eyeglasses. He hasn't a drop of British blood in his veins. He likes, in fact, to brag that he's a Boer of the Boers. But Britain has never had a more loyal friend and advocate. The bonds between him and Britain were forged in the heat of the Boer War and tempered in the charity with which Whitehall showered the defeated Afrikanders.

Smuts was the Jefferson of the Boer rebellion against British oppression in 1899-1902 as Oom Paul Kruger was its Washington. Smuts went to London three years after the British had beaten the Boers. He returned with a charter granting full independence to the defeated Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Until then no man had fought the British more skillfully or more bitterly.

"Has such a miracle of trust and magnanimity ever happened before?" he exulted on his return from his mission. "Only people like the British could do it. They may make mistakes, but they are a big people."

By 1910 he had obtained from Britain its sanction of a Union of South Africa joining the Transvaal and Orange Free State with the British provinces of Natal and Cape. He became the new Union's first Minister of Defense and he's been out of office for only nine years since.

Throughout World War I he was one of Britain's most trusted advisers and formulators of high policy affecting Empire interests. As a lieutenant general in the British army he was commander in chief of the British and South African forces which broke the German hold in Africa with difficult campaigns in the worst possible kind of tropical warfare. Invited to London in 1917 to attend an Imperial War Cabinet meeting, he so impressed David Lloyd George that he remained as a member of the British War Cabinet.

He was one of the earliest advocates of a League of Nations and it is said that his treatise on world organization, published as a pamphlet in 1918, greatly influenced Woodrow Wilson. It was Smuts who drafted the punitive clauses of the League of Nations Covenant contained in Article XVI, the one invoked against Italy when it invaded Ethiopia.

Smuts became Prime Minister of South Africa in 1919, upon the death of old General Botha. He took command of the South African party which was pro-British and antinationalist in character. His government was defeated by General Hertzog's Nationalist party in 1924 and for nine bitter years thereafter Smuts was leader of the Opposition. It was during this period that Smuts found time to write his weighty thesis on Holism.

In 1933 Smuts returned to power as Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Justice. German propaganda worked well among the anti-British Boers and there was a real danger, by September 3, 1939, that South Africa would remain neutral. Almost singlehanded, Smuts swept the opposition out of office and put South Africa beside Britain in the war. Throughout the war Smuts was Winston Churchill's closest collaborator in the formation of Mediterranean policy and Empire defense strategy.

Churchill and Smuts, although diametrically different personalities, are intimate friends. Smuts also struck up a warm friendship with the late President Roosevelt when they met in Cairo, in 1943. Smuts put out his hand, grasped Roosevelt's and said: "We Dutchmen must stick together."

Talking to reporters later, Smuts said that his world lay "dead in the sands of the Western Desert of Egypt" and that the time had come to "build a new one." He'll have his chance to help at the United Nations assembly. . . .

FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURES BY SAM BERMAN

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Your wardrobe isn't complete if you don't own a "travelo". Indoors or out, under a coat or without a coat . . . you'll find this old favorite comforting as your pipe, warm as a log fire, smart and casual as British tweeds.

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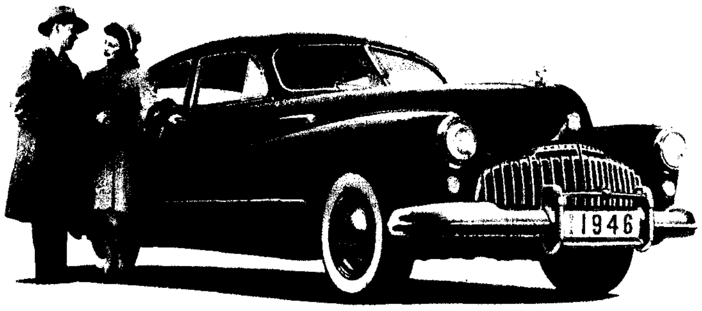


You know right from the beginning: *This is one for the book.*

It starts with the way the seats fit, and the wheel suits your hand, and controls seem to anticipate your every wish.

It's in the way sweeping fenders and gleaming grille pull all eyes in your direction—and hold them there by the stylish manner of your going.

It's in the levelness of your travels. The steadiness of two stout tons, and the light-footed ease of all-coil springing when the road gets rough.

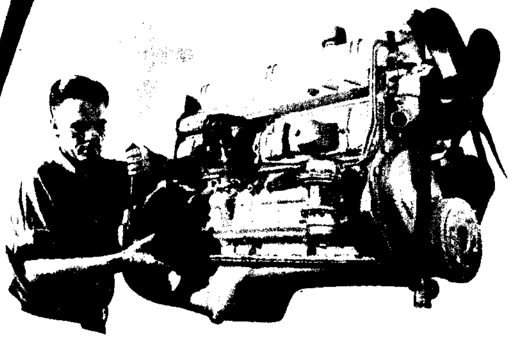
It's in the quiet murmur of a great-hearted Fireball straight-eight power plant, which drifts you along like a ghost through the night or steps you smartly away when the road's clear and free.

HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR WEATHER? *Summer or winter, Buick's venti-heater means springlike comfort inside your car. Ask your dealer about this temperature conditioner.*

For here in truth is a "milestone" car—a standout in your history as in ours.

A car that puts in the shade anything you've had before—and one certainly not to be challenged by anything now on the automotive horizon.

FIREBALL AT ITS FINEST. *In a fistful of vital dimensions, this big Fireball straight-eight is made to closer tolerances than an aircraft engine. And Accurite cylinder boring gives a piston-fit from the beginning that never has been equaled before.*



What Other Car Has So Much That Clicks For Forty-Six!

SMARTNESS — that sets the style pattern with car-length Airfoil fenders and bolt-on rear wheel shields.

POWER — from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine.

OIL SAVINGS — from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.

FLASHING ACTION — of Fliteweight pistons.

STEADINESS — from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

GLIDING RIDE — from Panthergait all-coil springing.

COMFORT—of soft Foamtex* cushions in roomy Body by Fisher.

SURE FOOTING — of Broadrim wheels.

CONTROL — through Permi-firm steering.

CONVENIENCE—of high-leverage StepOn parking brake.

PROTECTION — of Buick-originated fender-shielding front and rear bumpers.

**Foamtex seat cushions standard on Super and Roadmaster models, available on Special Series at extra cost.*

— and the Pace!

White sidewall tires, as illustrated, will be supplied at extra cost as soon as available.

It's a car to be remembered as a pacemaker for style, life, handling, steadiness, for its all-round balance of everything good.

So don't think you're buying a car just for now when you get your name on a Buick list.

You're buying the pattern-setting high spot of a motoring lifetime—and that, most definitely, is worth holding out for.

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU! *Plenty of room for all your bags—and the high-lifting lid makes every one get-at-able.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

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WILL BUILD THEM

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BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

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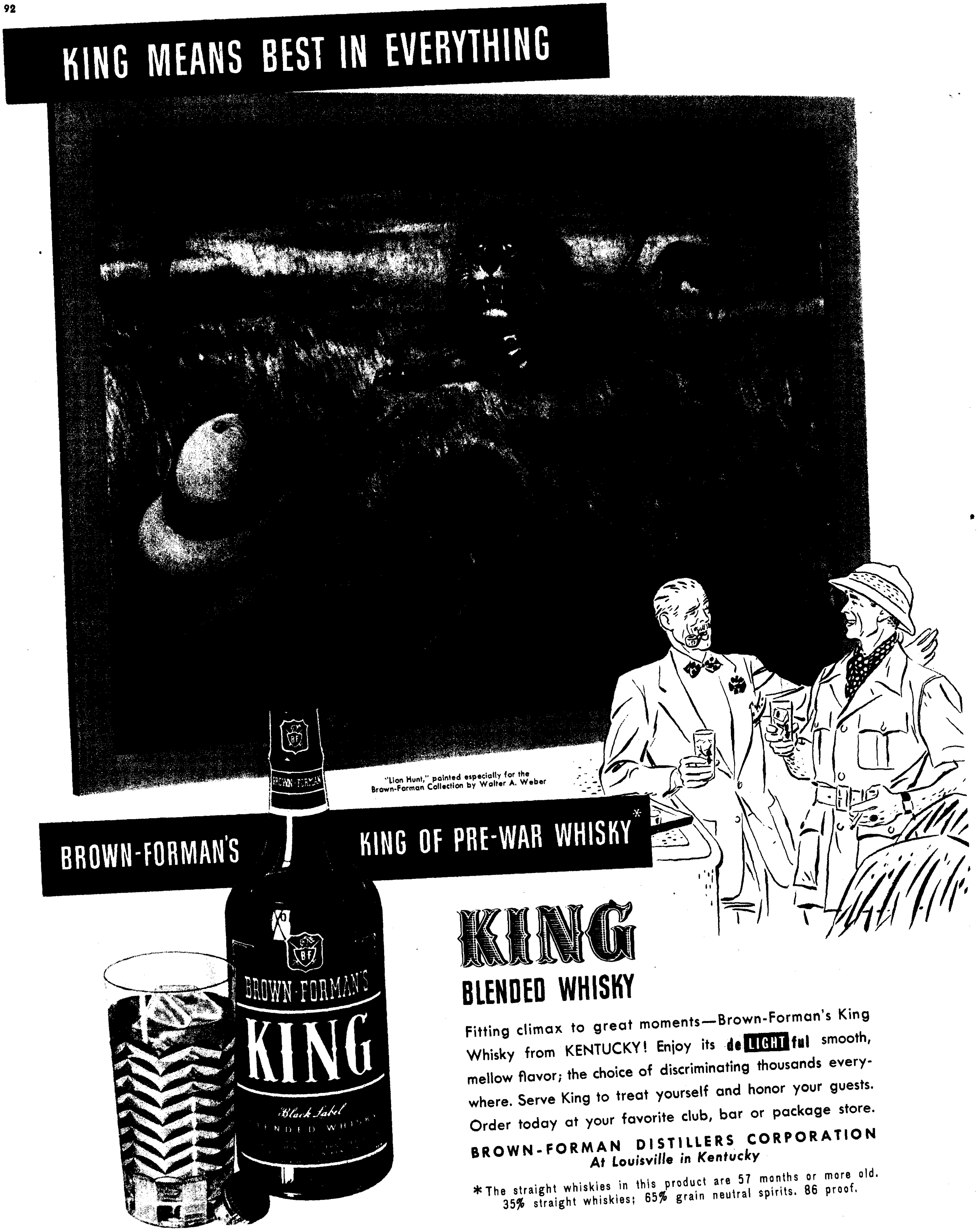

"Lion Hunt," painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Walter A. Weber

BROWN-FORMAN'S KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*

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Fitting climax to great moments—Brown-Forman's King Whisky from KENTUCKY! Enjoy its de**LIGHT**ful smooth, mellow flavor; the choice of discriminating thousands everywhere. Serve King to treat yourself and honor your guests. Order today at your favorite club, bar or package store.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
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*The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 35% straight whiskies; 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

RING OUT

ART EDITOR: While studying the Oct. 12th cover, I noticed the player carrying the ball in the picture is wearing a ring. According to both professional and collegiate rules, a player is not allowed to wear any type of jewelry.
JOHN M. CULLEN, New York City

Oklahoma A & M's Bob Fenimore is violating no rule—he was photographed in a pre-game practice scrimmage.

EDITORS ARE CRAZY

DEAR SIRS, ONE AND ALL: Who in thunder ever gave your cameraman and writer the idea that cowboys are crazy? (Cowboys Are Crazy, Oct. 5th.) Cowboys are one of the sanest working groups today. Tell your writer that he was watching rodeo riders, showmen:—*ex*-cowboys. Long hours in the saddle, working out their own labor troubles without any interference of any organized union, learning cattle as only contact can teach—sweating, swearing cowboys they are, but not one of them is crazy.
SANDHILL SUE, Prairie Home Ranch, Ellsworth, Neb.

EDITOR OF COLLIER'S, DEAR COWBOY: Cowboys Are Crazy and so is Ulrich Calvosa if he thinks his list of rodeo states is complete without New Mexico. In fact, the only Nuevo Mejicano I know of that ain't a cowboy is ol' Kyle Crichton—and I do mean old!
S. OMAR BARKER, Sapello, N. M.

. . . In Cowboys Are Crazy, Oklahoma wasn't even mentioned and yet produces some of the best shows in the nation.
J. A. WHITE, Coffeyville, Kan.

Sorry, pardners. Only rodeo cowboys are crazy—and, we hear, the ones from New Mexico and Oklahoma are so crazy they even ride with a cactus under their saddles!

THE FRAIL MALE

DEAR EDITOR: What is becoming of the so-called weaker sex? If the girls in the Roller Derby (Lady Killers, Oct. 23d) are fair examples of women today, I would suggest that all men learn boxing and wrestling.
(MRS.) DORIS HOWARD, Oakland, Me.

HUNGRY PEOPLE

DEAR EDITOR: The writer is just about filled up to the nozzle with all this propaganda concerning "the poor refugees from Europe." This last blast by W. B. Courtney (UNRRA: First Gravestone of Peace, Oct. 12th) is the last straw. Did you damyankees ever hear of the War Between the States where for five years after, the people of the South lived on parched corn? Plenty of people down here starved. They did not have UNRRA coming around with a handout.
RANDOLPH MCPHERSON, Norfolk, Va.

SOCIAL AND HUMANISTIC

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I should like to commend you for the very fine article, They'll Never Run Away (Oct. 26th). Mr. Waldman very successfully presented a phase of Zionism overlooked by the majority of writers on the Palestine situation, who too often see it solely as a political movement, neglecting the social and humanistic aspects.
SUMNER ALPERT, National President, Intercollegiate Zionist Federation of America

LEGION

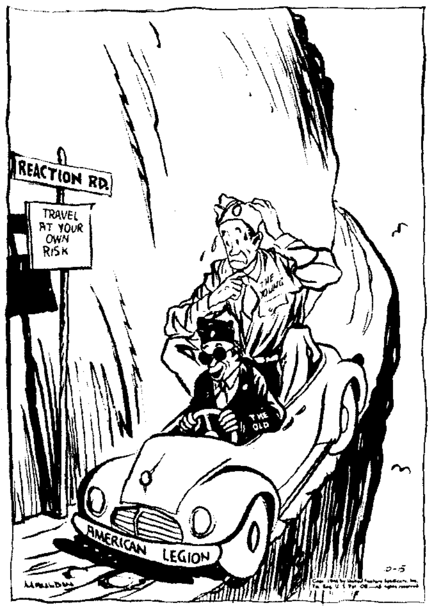
DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's and Amy Porter for The Legion Eats 'Em Alive (Oct. 5th). Riotous conventions, medals and uniforms, drum and bugle corps, beer and bonuses are a mighty poor substitute for responsible leadership that works for homes, decent jobs, a fair break for every veteran regardless of race, and the prevention of another World War. Your article may help younger veterans appreciate that as Legionnaires they are little more than small cogs in a smooth machine manipulated by machine politicians.
GILBERT HARRISON, National Vice-Chairman, American Veterans Committee, Inc.

. . . Under one of the illustrations of The Legion Eats 'Em Alive is the statement, "Most members are more concerned with making whoopee than shaping policy." The elected delegates to a Legion convention attend conferences, committee meetings and sessions. They have no time for making whoopee.
CHARLES P. MORSE, Post 41 (3,300 members) Syracuse, N. Y.

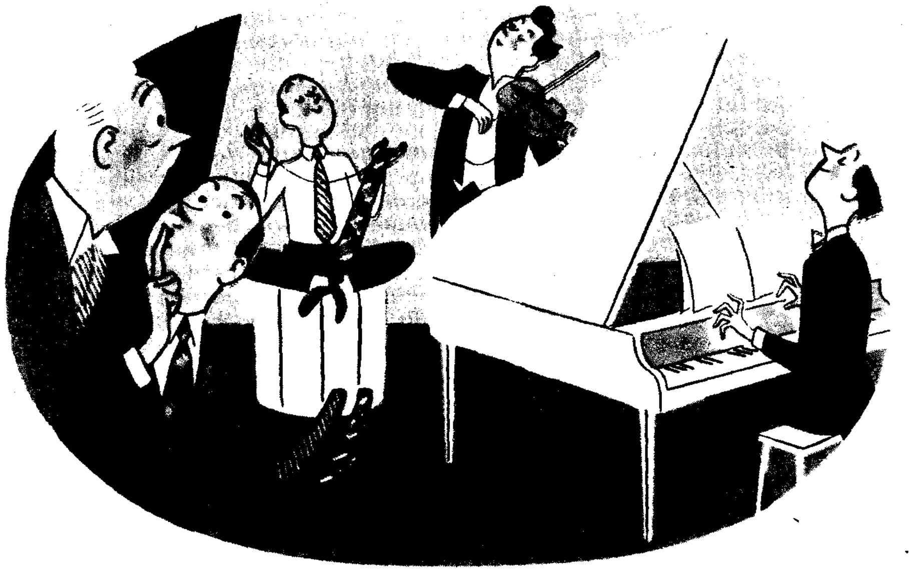
. . . In prewar Germany I saw a veterans' organization, "The Stahlhelm," put forth a program almost identical with the A. L. It was violently against the "reds" and the "pinks," which has applied to anyone not in complete agreement with the leadership.
GUNTER LIEPMANN, ex-Ph.M2c U.S.N.R., Pasadena, Cal.

. . . Bill Mauldin sums up my feelings about Amy Porter's article perfectly. Why not reprint his cartoon on the subject?
GEORGE P. REYNOLDS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Happy to oblige. Here it is, courtesy United Features Syndicate, who hold the 1946 copyright on it.



"Just think, kid—someday you'll be old enough to take the wheel"



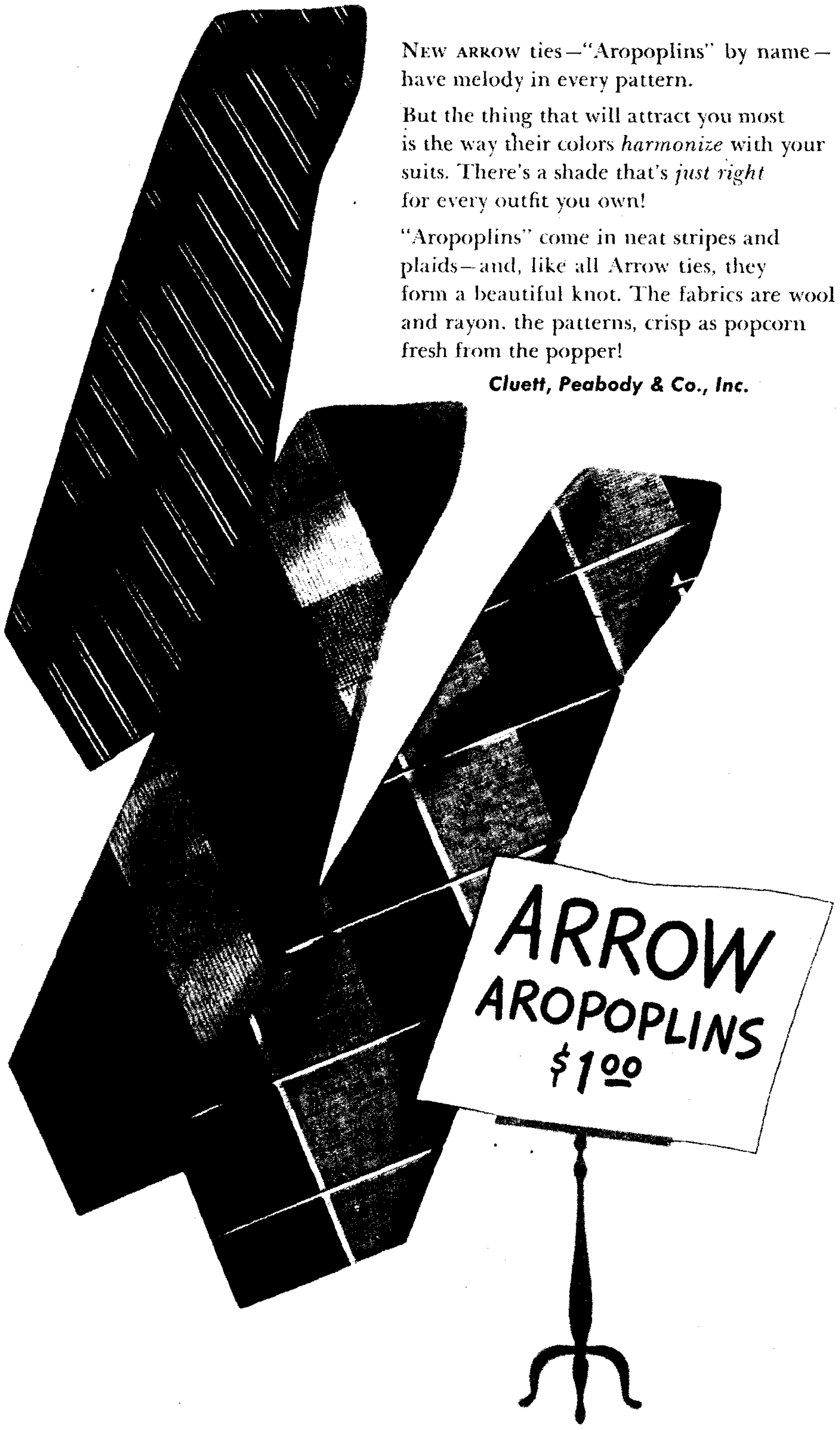
Why these ties should be set to music!

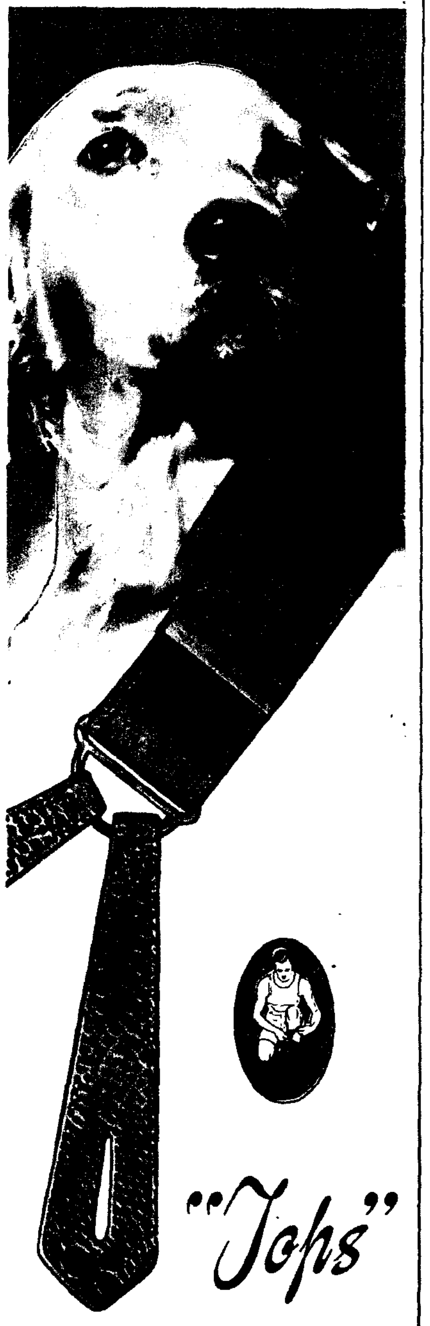
NEW ARROW ties—"Aropoplins" by name—have melody in every pattern.

But the thing that will attract you most is the way their colors *harmonize* with your suits. There's a shade that's *just right* for every outfit you own!

"Aropoplins" come in neat stripes and plaids—and, like all Arrow ties, they form a beautiful knot. The fabrics are wool and rayon, the patterns, crisp as popcorn fresh from the popper!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.





for town and country

Free as a breeze—smooth as silk—that's the comfort you get in "Paris* Free Swing" Suspenders. No other suspender has the exclusive rotary action back—can't skid off your shoulders. They're All Elastic, too—the right amount of stretch to feel right—smartly styled for your supreme comfort. Don't say "suspenders"—say "Paris Free Swing"—at all fine stores—most styles $1.50 to $5.00.

You'll enjoy wearing fine leather "Paris" Belts, and all Elastic "Paris" Garters, in new styles and colors.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago—New York

PARIS
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

HIGHER, WIDER AND HANDSOMER

Continued from page 19

Another answer is to find ways to land more planes per hour, which means landings with safety under lower ceilings and poorer visibility than either the airlines or the government feels free to authorize now. Such landings, with safety, will become possible with the use of new navigational and instrument landing devices. The federal rules for flying will have to be modified, substantially, for present regulations do not take into account these improved devices and flying techniques. There will be substantial progress in 1947 in the development of these new landing systems, and 1947-48 will show great progress in maintaining dependable schedules.

One thing that would contribute substantially to the operation of on-time schedules would be more conservative scheduling of airplanes by the airlines. There has long been a tendency to advertise faster schedules than could be maintained on a year-round basis, perhaps in the belief that temporary competitive advantage could be gained. This has proved to be a fallacy and the trend in the industry is to establish schedules which can be operated with greater dependability for on-time arrivals.

One of the bright spots in the dependability picture is the development of long-range transports that will fly non-stop from coast to coast with reasonable loads. All of the new designs have pressure cabins, enabling them to fly around or over most of the bad-weather areas. These new transports will be proof against the weather. Edges of the wings will be heated to take care of the ice problem in icing weather on take-off and landing. Thermal deicing, as it is called, has been used extensively in large bombers, and shows great promise of contributing to safety and dependability on the airlines.

Courtesy. One of the things that the airlines need—and this must stand near the top of the list—is a revival of the old-time spirit of courtesy. During the war we seem to have become a discourteous nation. We should learn, again, that being courteous is the most enjoyable form of doing business. The slump in airline courtesy may be attributed partially to the national attitude, but that is not a good excuse. The people working for the airlines must do much better than the national average; they always have in the past.

The Fares-and-Costs Dilemma

Lower Fares. The airlines should continue to make lower fares a long-range objective, despite the fact that costs are rising all along the line. If costs continue to rise we shall have trouble holding the present front and certainly the possibility of putting in a three-cent fare is temporarily out the window.

We have been doing many things in expensive fashion, however, and we can do them better, and more economically, on an industry co-operative basis. In September, a joint terminal organization was incorporated and all of the U.S. airlines subscribed to it. That represents a new viewpoint of working together for the common and public good, and the success of this new company will offer great opportunity for better service and operating economies. The passengers will benefit, and the employees will have better working conditions.

Airports. The cities come to the air carriers for advice about how they should build their airports and their terminal buildings. In the past the airlines have not co-ordinated their requirements, and their advice, before going before the city fathers. There is an urgent need for a common airline agency to advise with cities on their airport construction problems. The joint terminal organization can become this single agency.

Tipping. The word "tips," we are told, came from abbreviating "*To Insure Prompt Service.*" It has become an abused institution. The airlines prided themselves for a long time on their ability to give good service without the customer having to pay for it twice—and they still give that service in the air. Tipping, on the ground, however, is somewhat out of hand, as it is with all forms of service and transportation. While the airlines themselves are not responsible, they should take the lead in correcting the abuses.

Reservations. The airlines must find ways of expediting reservations and must develop short flights to operate without reservations. The reservations system has been unsatisfactory in all of the airlines, due to shortage of seats, shortage of trained personnel to keep up with the growth of the business, and shortage of telephones and other communications equipment. But reservations service is getting much better. It is my opinion that some time during 1947 there *will be sufficient planes and services* available for a customer to call up and say, "I want to go to Chicago on the 4:02," and the cheerful voice of the reservation clerk will come back, "Okay, you're booked on the 4:02." At present it is taking up to ten telephone calls for each confirmed reservation. Under new procedure we will cut, before long, to three calls before we reach the ideal one-call system.

GREAT WHITE LIGHT

The reason older men delight
In giving youths advice is this:
They've no desire to set them right—
They merely love to reminisce!

—W. E. Farbstein

On the heavily traveled short routes, such as Boston-New York and New York-Washington, we are planning flights without reservations. All the passenger will have to do will be to go to the airport, buy his ticket and get aboard. This type of service also will be suitable for such routes as Los Angeles-San Francisco and, as volume increases, between New York-Chicago. We plan to put such a system into effect between Boston-New York and New York-Washington when we have sufficient airplanes, probably next August.

On routes with a large number of schedules, such as New York-Washington or New York-Chicago, airline tickets should be interchangeable between all scheduled carriers.

The reservations system now in use should benefit from a double-barreled attack on the no-shows, the people who fail to show up for the seats they've reserved and do not cancel in time for the space to be sold to others.

One barrel has been aimed at the traveler who made a reservation for his return home at the same time as he got one for his outward journey and neither used it nor canceled it. Now, unless he confirms the return reservation in the city from which the flight is to be made, it cancels itself in time to give someone else a chance to use that seat.

The other barrel has been aimed at the traveler who makes multiple reservations, sometimes at various times of the day or week and on various airlines, and uses the one which turns out to be the most convenient, forgetting or neglecting to cancel the others. I have seen 21-passenger airplanes ready to depart from the airport with 14 of the 21 passengers who had booked seats not there *for the take-off.* Last month a system of penalties went into effect that will cost the non-canceling non-user of a ticket 25 per cent of its value, with a minimum charge of $2.50. The net over-all effect will be to make more seats available to the people who require air transportation and who will use it when reservations are provided for them.

Shortage of Autos a Handicap

Ground Transportation. You have had difficulty purchasing a new automobile; the companies providing ground transportation service between town and airport have had the same trouble getting new equipment. Improvements in ground transportation service should keep pace with the availability of new automotive equipment.

Do not expect the ground transportation charge to be added to the air ticket. This has been tried but found inequitable because a large number of people who used their own automobiles or taxis to reach the airport objected.

The charges for ground transportation, in most locations, should go down with increasing volume, some of them substantially. To accomplish what we should, there will have to be an end, in most cities, to providing limousines for each flight. Eventually, a passenger should be able to go to a downtown station and take a limousine for the airport on a regular schedule.

In the case of New York, there should soon be sixty schedules an hour, one a minute.

Restaurants. Increasing speed of airplanes will decrease the number of meals served in the air. There should be bigger and better airport restaurants so that any passenger can have a quick and wholesome meal before departure or after arrival.

On the run between New York and Washington it is difficult now to serve fifty or more meals in less than an hour. Shorten that time and you intensify the problem.

Future Services. The increasing variety and capabilities of airplanes will offer the public several types of services for different prices. Within the next three years there will be at least four different types of services available to the air traveler within the United States, varying from the present day-seat arrangements to the super de luxe superspeed club car on wings.

Each service, however, will have to pay its own way. On the sleeper service, for example, the passenger will pay the equivalent of two seats to entitle him to a nighttime berth. Each service should maintain itself.

Let's not make this story too rosy. There are still many problems which we shall not be able to solve with the *promptness that we should like.* We need many more buildings on the ground—terminal buildings, restaurants, hotels, hangars and club rooms. We need more airports. All these take material and skilled labor, both of which are in short supply these days. We are making excellent progress on getting our larger fleets into the air; we are making much slower progress in building what we need on the ground.

Over-all, you can see improvement almost every day—but there are not going to be any miracles.

THE END

You would have thought that, in a peculiar way, she was proud of the curse upon her family and herself

MAGNOLIA

BY DONALD HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

●

AT THE age of sixteen, Alison Fletcher jibbed her Comet racing sloop in a squall on Poquamo Sound. We picked her up from the swamped boat three hours later, but the other girl wasn't found until she came ashore below Gull Point the following day. It was very distressing and we were all very sorry about it, as sorry as sixteen-year-olds are about things like that. Stuart Monroe stayed away from the Yacht Club dance that Saturday out of respect for the memory of the girl who was to have gone with him; and Alison was home with a bad cold.

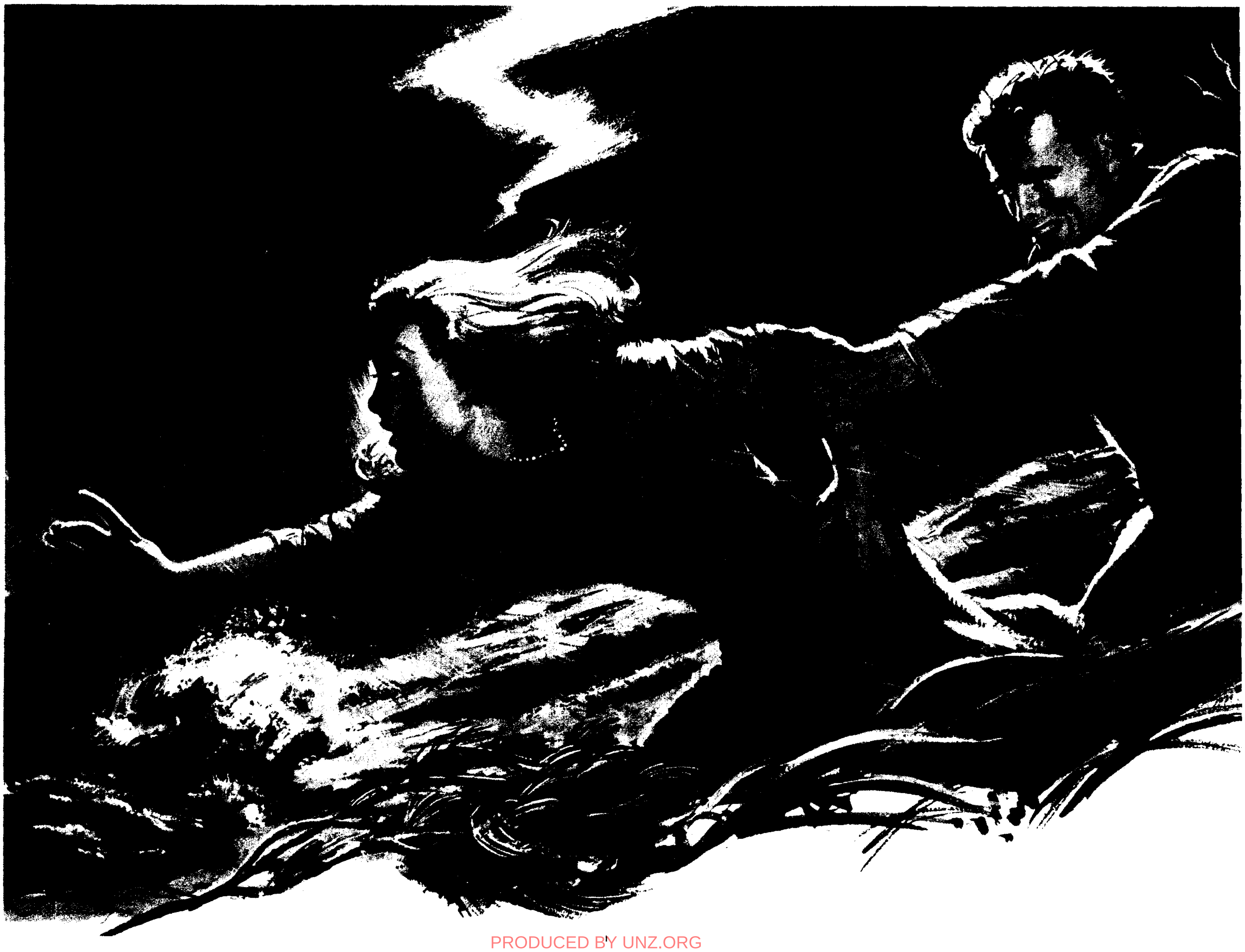
Perhaps nobody would have thought any more about it if Alison had not from then on flatly refused to go out in a boat of any description; or perhaps somebody would. Being a damn' Yankee myself, I never venture to predict what people are going to think in Lawrenceville. At any rate the Fletcher legend was disinterred and my sister and I heard, for the first time, about Alison's Greataunt Isabelle. Isabelle, some years before the event that Lawrenceville refers to as the War Between the States, had put her horse over a jump and landed it accurately and lethally on top of another girl; and subsequently had married the dead girl's husband. "Wasn't it dreadful," people said, "the accidents that kept happening to the Fletchers?"

Nobody came right out and suggested that Alison had killed Connie France for the sake of Stuart Monroe, because that would have sounded too damn' silly. They just talked around the possibility, and Alison helped them with the finest impersonation of Lady Macbeth you would care to see. Living alone in that big house on Harlan Street with the Major and the heirlooms and the family portraits had given Alison a lot of funny ideas and they all came out after the accident. You would have thought nobody ever capsized a boat before; you would have thought that in a gruesome sort of way she was even a little proud of it. I mean, she was a swell kid and it was a tough thing, all right, but there were times when you wanted to shake her.

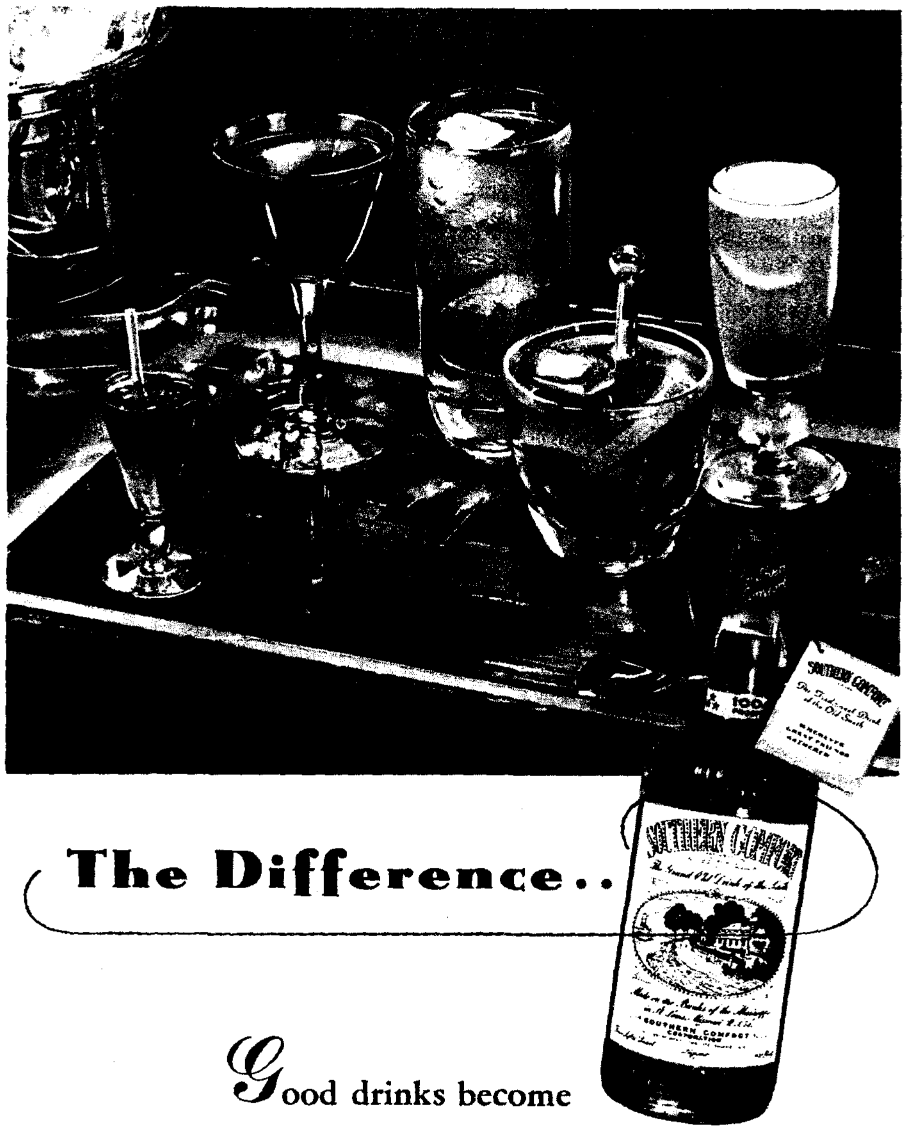
I mean, she got so bad that even my folks noticed it, although generally the finer points of Lawrenceville life just went by them. They had never understood Lawrenceville in the seven years we had lived there. They thought it was nice and a little peculiar. Mother loved the magnolias in the spring and the mountain laurel that grew along the roads where we used to drive Sundays before the war; and she liked the colored people. Jim Crow bothered her, but she had become reconciled to it, as you become reconciled to impetigo on a friend's face: you hope he'll be cured soon and maybe you recommend a doctor, meanwhile you pretend it isn't there.

And Dad sometimes said the whole town was a little screwy, but he did not know how right he was. And

(Continued on page 102)



I caught Alison halfway down the hill. "Don't be silly, kid. He's all right," I yelled. "Honey, you don't understand," she gasped



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SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION • ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT MARY

Continued from page 13

game of follow-the-leader, a misleading picture sometimes is presented to parents and the public.

"College students hate to be different. They dress the same way, wear their hair the same way, talk the same jargon. If it is fashionable to be 'radical,' they are inclined to follow the pattern, at least on the surface.

"But if you follow the careers of so-called college radicals you will find that, ten years hence, most of them are busy raising families, solid and conservative, and lucky if they're even liberal."

Talk Leftist; Vote Conservative

Many students who shine as daring "radicals" are likely to talk one way and vote another, Miss Blanding believes. In support of her theory she cites the record of campus polls taken at Vassar during the last three Presidential campaigns. They are as follows:

1936	
Roosevelt	254
Landon	554
Thomas	59
Browder	38
1940	
Roosevelt	199
Willkie	510
Thomas	49
Browder	18
1944	
Roosevelt	341
Dewey	454
Thomas	14
Browder	0

"Despite charges of campus radicalism, these figures show that the Vassar campus, which probably is representative of college thought, actually has been overwhelmingly conservative," says Miss Blanding. "It is surprising to note that the ratio of conservatives on the campus was far greater than that in the nation as a whole.

"So don't worry too much about Mary. The conflicting ideologies she meets at college probably only serve to strengthen her own convictions. She must sharpen her wits to defend her own beliefs—and this is good preparation for the problems she will meet in adult life."

Miss Blanding recognizes, however, that alien propaganda is being planted on American college campuses. She also concedes that the job is being done with brilliance and canny direction. But she has an answer for this, too:

"We've got to take this thing by the scruff of the neck, those of us who believe in the democratic system, and make that system as exciting and as dramatic as the Communist line."

In order to accomplish this, Miss Blanding believes, there will have to be a complete about-face in both our educational system and in the tactics and appeal of American democrats of all parties. Educators and statesmen must combine forces to present the American way of life and government as something as exciting and dynamic as any foreign ideology.

The first and most important step in this program of dramatizing democracy, believes Miss Blanding, is to combat the present weaknesses of "mass education" in our public schools by a higher quality of teaching. This, she says, is the most important single need of the American school system.

When she wades into this red-hot subject, you can see Sarah Blanding mentally rolling up her sleeves and spitting on her hands, as the glint of battle comes into her fine hazel eyes. For this new president of Vassar is a zealot for many causes.

"We've just got to back up and start all over again," she says. "We've got to change our whole idea about teachers, if we're going to get the kind of teaching we need to develop the individual capacities of students—to overcome this whole mass-education thing which develops radicals and malcontents.

"Teachers' salaries must be revised. There's something wrong in a nation where we pay our cooks a higher wage than we do many of the teachers to whom we entrust the education of our children.

"But that alone won't lick this thing. Even higher salaries and better school facilities won't attract the kind of talent we need and must have, unless the whole status of teaching is changed.

"At present there are many careers open to women, whereas a generation ago teaching was about the only thing a woman could do. Now there is practically no profession closed to a woman. If she has ability and gumption she can make a success in almost any field.

"That's why so many young women who might become great teachers are choosing other fields. That's why the whole country has got to shake itself out of its lethargy and do something to make the profession of teaching more attractive."

When a young teacher moves into a community to take her first job, Miss Blanding points out, she is often set apart from ordinary community life. She is expected to be a model of propriety, a martyr to her job, a sort of selfless saint devoted only to the cramming of the essentials of reading and writing and 'rithmetic into the heads of her pupils.

Rarely is any thought given to the social life of the teacher, a stranger in a new community. And if she finds one of her own, she often is open to criticism.

"It's time we changed a system under which a young teacher is afraid to smoke a cigarette in public, because some member of the school board disapproves," says Sarah Blanding. "This thing is squarely up to the individual communities. They must encourage their teachers to lead normal lives and to become part of the community. They must accord to the profession of teaching the dignity and prestige it deserves. If they don't, pretty soon there won't be any teachers."

Drawbacks of Specialization

Seventy-five years ago only a few individuals attained even a high-school education. Today we approach almost universal high-school education, Miss Blanding points out, with enrollments in both high schools and colleges running into the millions instead of the thousands. This has produced an age of specialization, concentration on vocational training, a system under which the average student acquires his knowledge "in segments, with little interrelation."

The age of specialization has brought about another development of which Miss Blanding does not wholly approve—the teacher training schools. She explains:

"I feel that teachers all along the way are too much set apart. A teacher, to be a well-rounded human being, capable of and interested in developing the individual talents of students, needs broad training and contacts. She needs to come in contact with the stream of life and the exchange of ideas to be found in a great university. She cannot be walled off from the rest of the world. She must have a broad conception of the world as a whole, and its changing problems."

Here, believes Sarah Blanding, lies the crux of the problem of mass education and its resulting mass psychology. The answer, says she, lies in better teachers, better trained, equipped with the vision and the ability to make the study of our democratic system exciting and vital, and to prepare students to take their places as well-adjusted individuals in adult society.

Knowing each student as an individual is a particular fetish of Sarah Gibson Blanding. Being an alert human being herself, alive to her finger tips, she is interested in her students as people, not as units on a chart or grades on a report card. She likes to talk to the girls individually, listen to their gripes or their enthusiasms, encourage them to follow their individual bents.

She says confidently that she intends to know every one of Vassar's 1,340 women students and 90 veterans personally before the year is over. Already she has made a good start, making it a practice to invite small groups in for a discussion of some campus problem or merely for a cup of tea and a session of good talk.

Miss Blanding likes to entertain. She enjoys inviting 20 or 30 people home to dinner on the spur of the moment and whipping up a meal with her own hands.

At Cornell, where she was Dean of the College of Home Economics, this was a frequent occurrence, for she had no household help. At Vassar, the president's house is run by a hostess-housekeeper, an old friend of Miss Blanding's, a cook and a general maid.

Farewell to Victorian Dignity

Prexy's house itself, traditionally dignified and somewhat gloomy, set in the middle of the Vassar campus near Poughkeepsie, New York, and surrounded by ivy-clad halls of learning, has undergone some startling changes since the advent of the lady from Kentucky.

The dark, Victorian woodwork, the stained glass windows, the ponderous *décor* have given way to light painted walls, cheerful wallpapers and windows which let in the sun. The president's living room now has a brilliant scarlet divan and modern green chairs against a background of light gray walls, and a vast modern mirror over the fireplace.

The students are amazed and delighted by the new informality of the president's house. Encouraged to be natural, smoke if they want to, discuss any problem they choose with the new prexy, they have voted her "tops."

Sarah Blanding also takes a keen interest in politics and international affairs. During the war she was the only woman member of the Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation. She served on Governor Dewey's Emergency Food Commission, as director of its Human Nutrition Division. Recently she was appointed to the President's National Commission on Higher Education.

Miss Blanding has achieved all her successes the hard way. She was born during a thunderstorm in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1898, and learned to weather many storms thereafter. After her father's death, while she was still in high school, she changed her plans to become a doctor. She decided that the surest and quickest way to become self-supporting was to study physical education. She set off for the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics, was graduated in 1919, and went back to study for her A.B. at the University of Kentucky, earning her way by teaching physical education in the afternoons.

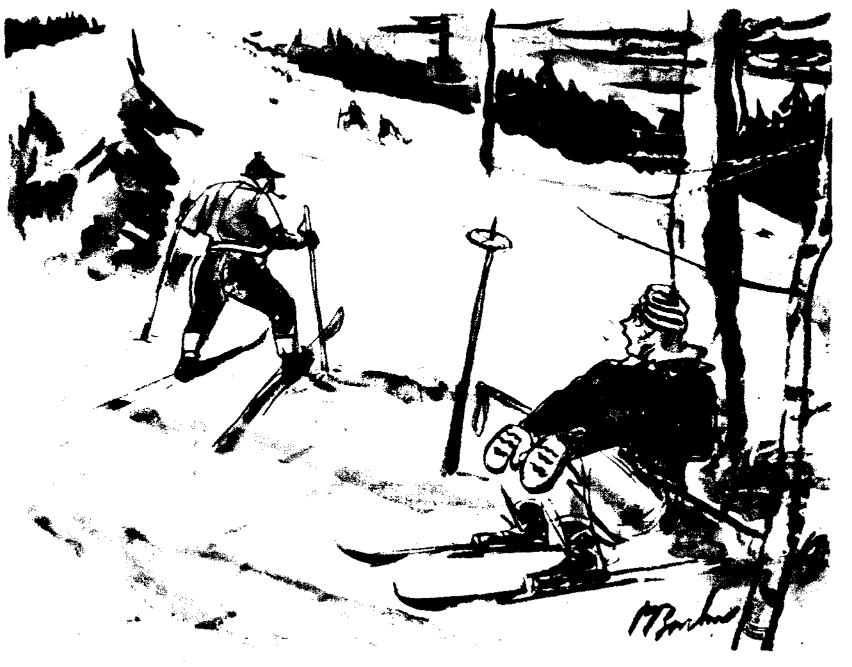
She became a close friend of Frances Jewell, a Vassar graduate who was at that time dean of women at the university. When Miss Jewell married Dr. Frank L. McVey, president of the university, Sarah Blanding was named dean of women, while she was still a student. To her surprise she enjoyed the job, served for a year, and after winning her A.B. degree from Kentucky, got her A.M. from Columbia in 1926. She then spent a year at the London School of Economics and returned to the University of Kentucky in 1928 as dean of women and associate professor of political science.

There was a great deal of head-shaking on the Cornell campus when, in 1941, Sarah Blanding was appointed head of the College of Home Economics. She never had been a home economist. But she had a genius for administration, and had achieved high standing as a political scientist. Her success was instant and great. Before the year was over she was named Dean of the College, the only woman ever so honored by Cornell.

She was chosen president of Vassar last spring. Her election was by unanimous vote of the board of trustees, after consideration of more than 200 men and women.

The offer was one of the most flattering that could come to an educator but Sarah Blanding did not jump at it. She was not certain that she should leave Cornell after only five years. She went into executive session with herself, emerged after several days with the decision to accept. Her reason: It was the biggest challenge to date, and Sarah Gibson Blanding has never turned down a challenge.

THE END



"Since you brought it up, I would rather be in a stuffy old movie house watching a double feature!"

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Deer hunters like processed jackets. Red is for protection from others

Pheasant shooters must prepare for any kind of weather. So they wear cotton outside to protect them from wind and rain, and wool inside to provide warmth. It is no longer necessary for them to resemble a pregnant feather bed

SHOOT IF YOU MUST

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

But look your best, and by all means be comfortable while hunting. Here's how to do it

NO ONE knows why the best shooting takes place in the worst weather, except perhaps the birds. Before the Army got around to investigating, it was taken for granted that the more clothing one piled on, the warmer one would be. Today the test of good outdoor clothing is its lightness of weight, its imperviousness to weather and its warmth.

Cotton is far superior to wool for outer outdoor wear. It is practically weightless, and it takes to various methods of processing like ducks to water. Its tight weave renders it almost snagproof, a quality that all hunters and shooters appreciate. The newest of processes even renders cottons mildewproof, in addition to being windproof and water-repellent.

Undergarments, however, should be of wool for adequate protection from inclement weather. They should be loosely woven, to permit air to circulate and keep the body at an even temperature. Shooting jackets are often made with a tie waistband. In cold weather the belt is fastened to keep warm air in. When the weather is mild it is loosened.

Hunting jackets carry large pockets for shells, cartridges, small birds, smoking materials, etc. Best color is O.D. No. 7, borrowed from the Army. Its greenish-brown cast provides camouflage against fall foliage.

For dirty weather, alpaca-lined garments are perfect. They are warm but light in weight. Donitherm, an imported Java kapok, used for years in life preservers, is now being used to line cotton outer jackets. Other types of insulation offer weightless warmth to render garments practical and cosy.

You don't have to shoot or hunt to enjoy warm outer garments. They are fine for such active sports as golf, skating, frostbite sailing, skiing and just plain country week ends. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Above, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Svane of Woodcroft Kennels, Long Island, N. Y., retriever trainers, wear processed shooting jackets. Below, garb for a duck blind: waistband jacket, alpaca-lined trousers, shooting hats

It's Revolutionary! It Shaves*

$1[illegible]mplete

[illegible] both

[illegible]C.

Cleaner, faster, easier!

You don't have to wait any longer. The Collman "58" Electric Shaver that *really shaves* is here at last!

No pull, no half-cut stubble. The *exclusive* features of the Collman "58" take care of all that!

Backed by years of laboratory research, plus 7 years' practical test-shaving by 3,000 men all over the country. *You'll* say it's the one you've been waiting for when you try the Collman "58".

Only the Collman "58" has these exclusive features:

58 double combing teeth, 58 combing slots, 58 cutting slots, 58 double cutting teeth, all synchronized

A double cutting action for every cutting slot, each slot always open to admit whiskers

Precision-ground cutting head of finest surgical steel

Positive button starter, no exposed rotating parts

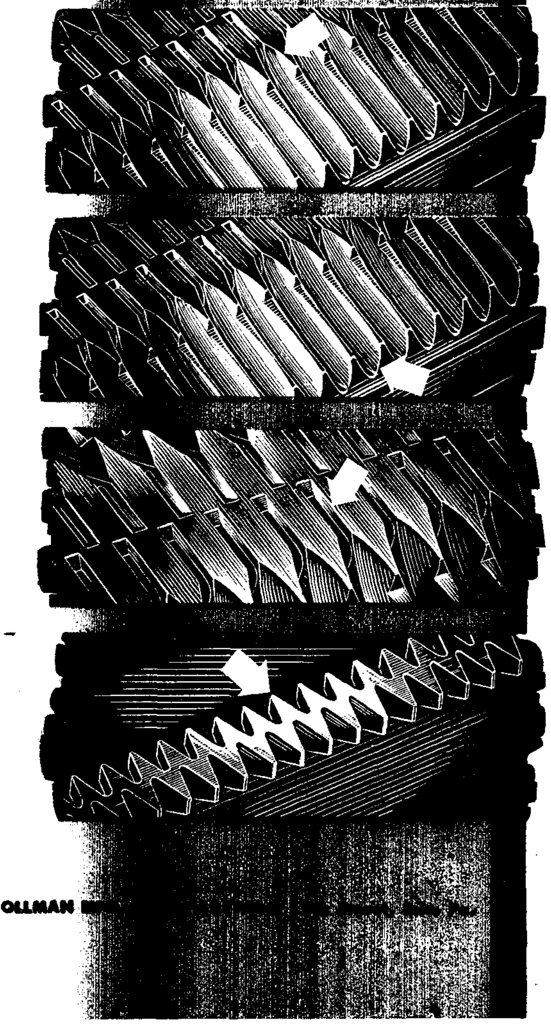
Four-pole motor, easy-starting, smooth-running

Weighs only 6¾ ounces—lightest electric shaver made

Offset body design for better shaving vision

Designed by J. B. Federico, noted commercial designer

* Her[illegible]'s why:



58 DOUBLE COMBING TEETH—

Most whiskers lie flat—the double set of combing teeth comb whiskers "up" for cleaner shaving. *Exclusive with the COLLMAN "58"*

58 COMBING SLOTS—

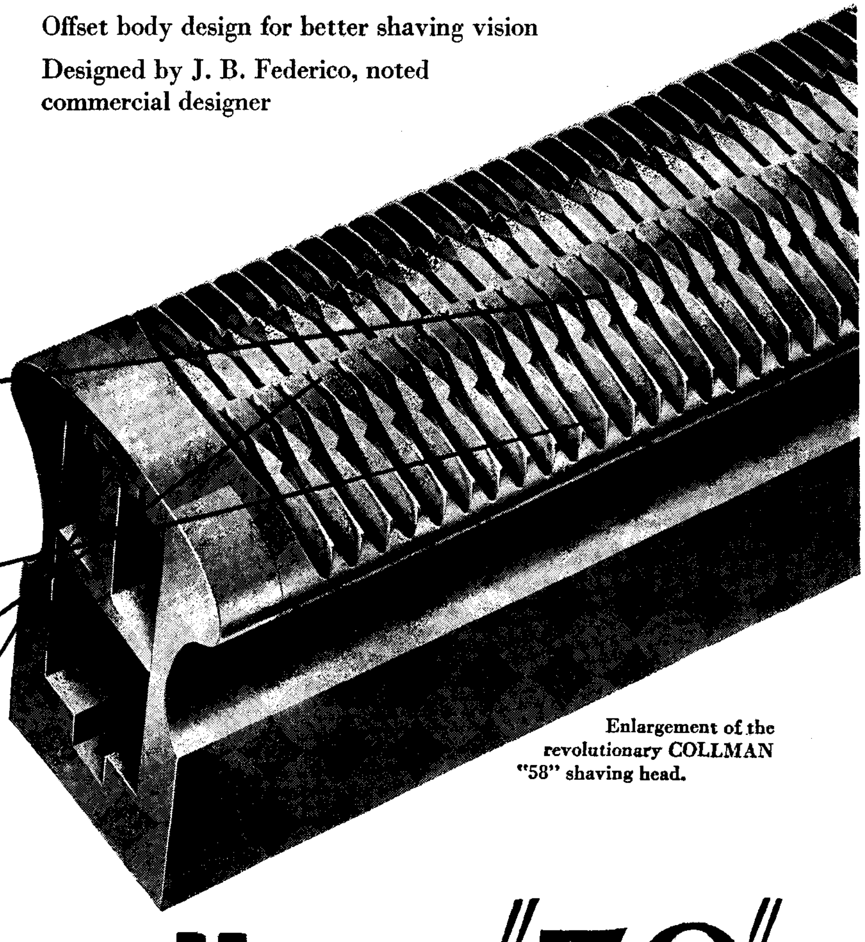
The combing slots keep whiskers "up"—and guide even the stubborn ones directly into the cutting slots. *Exclusive with the COLLMAN "58"*

58 CUTTING SLOTS—

No escape for whiskers at this point! The staggered cutting slots prevent whiskers from sliding through and being missed by the cutter. *Exclusive with the COLLMAN "58"*

58 DOUBLE CUTTING TEETH—

Two rows of surgical steel double cutting teeth provide a dual cutting action for every cutting slot. Whiskers are sheared off cleaner, faster and easier! *Exclusive with the COLLMAN "58"*



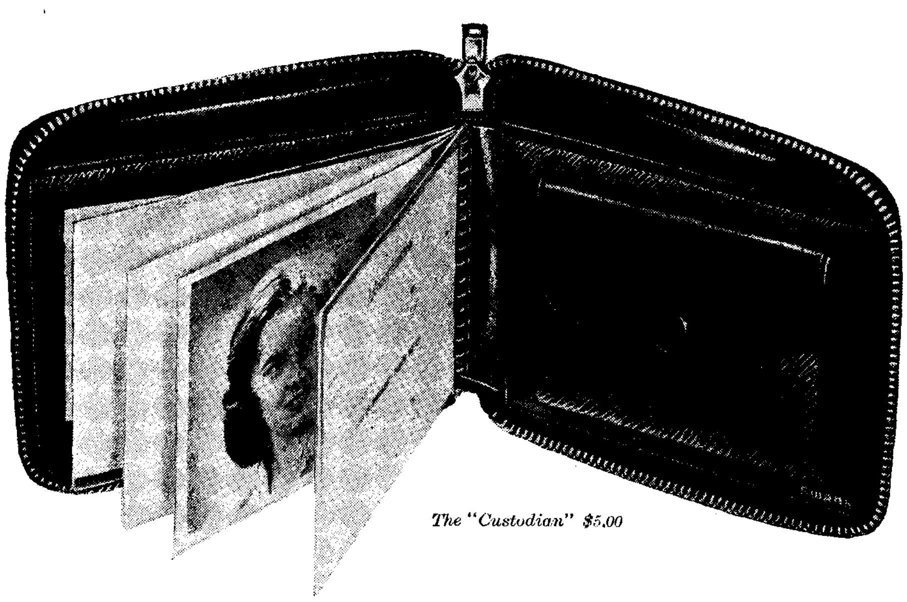
Enlargement of the revolutionary COLLMAN "58" shaving head.

collman "58"

ELECTRIC SHAVER

"It combs as it shaves"

COLLMAN [illegible]



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Men prefer SWANK

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass

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The ARGYLE Combination Model $12.50

FEE AND STEMWEDEL, INC., CHICAGO 47

MAGNOLIA

Continued from page 97

neither of them knew about Geiger Street or what went on there or who went there, but I suppose there are Geiger Streets in the North also. They refused to see that Lawrenceville was a town that thought it was something it was not. Alison Fletcher typified the town in a way—the girl she thought she was did not exist.

I mean Lawrenceville was a small, hot, dirty town, half a mile up the river from Poquamo Sound; and Alison was a nice-looking tall kid, who played a mean game of tennis but would never crash the movies. But to hear people talk you would think Lawrenceville was the fairy city of the Old South, and Alison a dead ringer for Scarlett O'Hara. What the people didn't understand was that this way they had of kidding themselves was harmful. They started out by thinking, perhaps, that it would be romantic if Alison Fletcher had done what the legend claimed Isabelle Fletcher had done a hundred years ago; and by the time they got through they not only believed the idea themselves, but they had Alison believing it.

"I don't know, honey," she said to me once. "I swear I just don't know, sugar. All that rain and everything. . . . And I *didn't* like her. . . ."

"My God, kid," I said. "That's nuts. For Stu?"

"Earl, you can't understand," she said.

ONE day when we were leaving our house I went back to get Alison's coat and heard Mother say to Dad that it was about time for the child to be getting over it and if she were Major Fletcher she would be getting a little worried. I think they were actually relieved when Alison started going with Stu and didn't come around any more. Dad said something about our being too young to be going steady; and they were very nice to the other girls I brought around.

By the time we had been two years in college, Alison and Stu were engaged. Everybody in Lawrenceville said it would be a beautiful match and I had to admit they were right. Whatever you thought of Stuart Monroe you had to admit that appearances were for him. Watching Alison and Stu at the Christmas dances that last winter was like a page from Gone With the Wind. Then Stu went overseas and married an English girl. Like that. So of course we began to hear all about the Mad Monroes. Traditions grow on trees around Lawrenceville.

"I declare you must think I'm a fool, Earl," Alison said to me one day "It wouldn't surprise me a bit, honey, if you picked me up and spanked me."

"You or me neither," I said in my crude Yankee dialect.

She did not write to me very often while I was away, but it did not worry me because the girl was practically illiterate. At least it did not worry me very much. Then Mother wrote that Stu's wife had been killed by a whizbang somewhere in London, and Alison stopped writing. It was spring by the time I got back to Lawrenceville, and she was waiting for me at the station.

The folks could never understand why Alison Fletcher was considered beautiful. They did not understand that in Lawrenceville the Fletcher women were always beautiful, as the Monroe men were always handsome. They did not realize that when Dad said that if Alison were his daughter he would fatten her up a bit he was committing blasphemy, because Alison was a Southern belle. She was one of the Fletcher girls whose portraits hung in the large red brick house on Harlan Street as they had once hung in the larger white house at Exeter. There might no longer be a plantation at Exeter, but the Fletcher girls went on forever, always beautiful.

"It's swell to be back," I said.

"I've missed you, sugar," Alison said. "I loved your letters."

"Yeah, I write a mean letter," I agreed. "I should carry on all my romances by correspondence."

I did not try to kiss her, because of what I could see in her face, but threw my gear into the car, and got behind the wheel, and felt her get in beside me, and heard the door close; and we drove away. I stopped the car just beyond the bridge where we could see the river fan out into the Sound in the sunshine. There were a couple of sail boats in sight, but all they did was remind me of Connie France. I don't suppose it was fair to blame Connie for letting herself drown; but you couldn't help thinking that things would have been a lot better if she hadn't. When I looked at Alison she was crying.

"I'm sorry. . . ." she gasped. "We shouldn't ever have. . . . Don't look at me like that, honey."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like you hated me."

"Don't be silly," I said.

She found a handkerchief and touched her eyes with it and pushed at her hair, and looked at me quickly; then I was kissing her and feeling her come to me almost as if seeking shelter with me from the thing that had haunted her since that afternoon on the Sound. It was a good feeling. Neither of us was caring that we were parked on the public highway in bright sunshine. It had been a long time. But suddenly she pushed me away, turning her face away from me.

"We mustn't, Earl!"

After a moment I pushed my hand across my mouth to get the lipstick off and grabbed for the gearshift. Hell, you can't keep turning it on and off forever. You love the girl and you want to help and be noble and all that. But there's a limit to what a man can stand.

"I can't let you, too. . . ." Alison whispered. "Stuart is coming back, honey. His wife was killed. Don't you see . . . ?"

"All right," I said. "So it's Stu. Swell." You've got to draw the line somewhere; and I was getting off that merry-go-round for good.

"Don't you see, Earl?" Alison pleaded. "Don't you see? It just seems kind of like . . ." She hesitated, ". . . like fate."

THE following week Stu called. I stood holding the phone listening to his soft cold drawl that sounded about as effeminate as a scythe going through tall grass, telling me that he would like me to come over and help him take his fiancée sailing. It seemed he had met a girl in Boston.

"Who is it, dear?" Mother asked in a slightly worried tone, puzzled, I guess by my expression.

"It's Stu," I said. "He wants me to go sailing."

"How nice of him," Mother said. "You haven't been sailing since you came back."

The folks were always very careful to be pleasant about Stuart Monroe. I guess they thought I liked him. They did not understand that Stu and I, because of Alison, had to be the best of friends no matter what we might think of each other. The only way we could keep from being set to slaughtering each other, the way the talk went around that town, was to love each other like brothers.

"We'll have Petrel rigged by the time you get here," Stu said, and hung up.

The Monroe house was a rambling brown overgrown summer cottage on the bluff overlooking the mouth of Parsons Creek. When I got there Stu and a girl were already out on the boat. They raised the sails and then cast off the mooring as I started down the hill. Stu had on flannels and a light waterproof jacket and even at a distance his yellow hair looked very curly. He was a bright-eyed lad, Stuart Monroe, one of the smiling, reckless, Mad Monroes. You should see him ride a horse sometime. As a sailor he was a fine horseman.

The girl with him was small and dark with a neat, compact figure dressed in yellow slacks. I could not see her face at that distance. I stopped halfway down the hill and Stu waved at me and yelled something: to wait for them, probably. There was a thunderstorm coming up; they wouldn't be out long. I stood, a little annoyed at being left behind, and watched the boat gliding down the creek on a light uneven breeze. There is something very tempting about a sailboat under way, particularly when you haven't been out in one for a long time.

I climbed back to the house, and Alison came around the corner as I reached the top of the bluff. I had not seen her since the day I got back. She was wearing a coral sweater and her hair was wind-blown from the ride in the open convertible. She gave me a little breathless smile and looked quickly past me, watching the white sail below us lean to the breeze in the open river.

"I thought you were going along, honey," she said. Her voice was a little ragged, as if she had been running.

"I got left," I said. "Why, did he call you?"

It occurred to me that if she had not told him, Stu was probably under the impression that we were still engaged; and it was just like him to want to shove his new girl at the two of us and have a fine time watching everybody trying to be natural.

"He wanted us to meet his fiancée," Alison said without looking at me. "Honey, that sky looks downright vicious. I wish they'd turn around."

"Oh, he's all right. The worst they can get is wet." After I had said it I remembered Connie France. "All they have to do is pull down the sails and sit it out in the cabin," I said without looking at Alison.

"I thought you were going with them," she said stiffly. Her voice seemed to say that Stu couldn't take care of himself and I should have hurried a little faster to go along and see that he didn't get hurt.

It began to rain gently. Alison backed up the steps to the porch and brushed absently at her skirt. Then the white line of the squall moved in across the river, and the rain came down like a curtain, so that in a moment we could barely see the end of the pier at the foot of the hill. Mrs. Monroe came out on the porch behind us and looked serenely at the storm.

"Stuart sure does pick the damnedest times to go sailing," she said pleasantly, and went back inside to close the windows.

A gust of wind went through the trees along the bluff, and lightning flashed over the river. I reached for Alison too late. She pushed the screen door open and darted out into the downpour. I caught her halfway down the hill when her high heels slipped in the muddy path and she almost fell.

"Don't be silly," I yelled. "He's all right. My God, it's just a little thunderstorm, kid!"

Her wet face was so pale that the little freckles that I had almost forgotten stood out clearly against the white skin.

"Honey, you don't *understand!*" she gasped.

THE thunder crashed right over us. I jumped, slipped in the wet clay, and Alison twisted free. I ran down the hill after her. I could see the gusts come in waves up the creek, batting the dinghy around where it bobbed at the deserted mooring off the end of the pier.

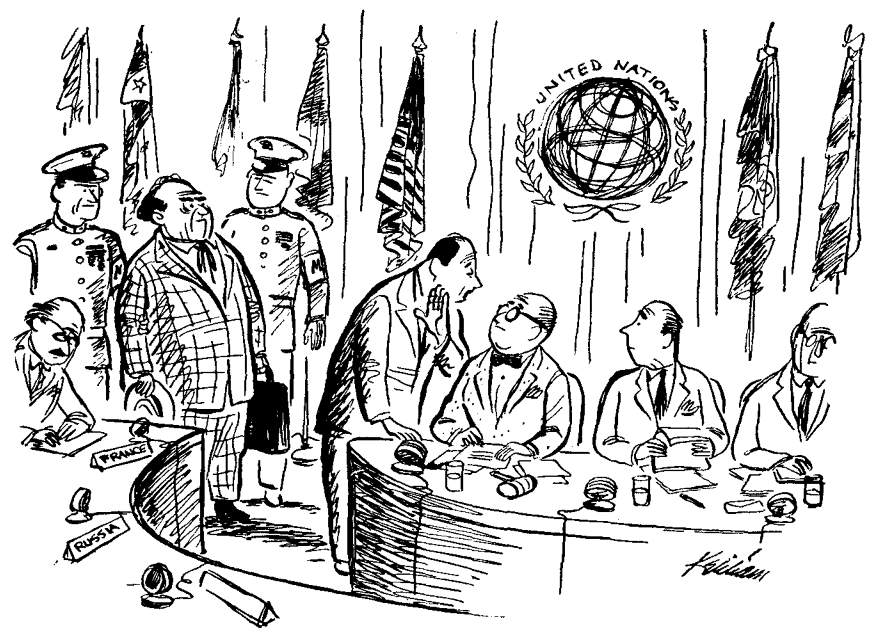
Alison stopped on the streaming boards and I caught up with her. Petrel was coming in through the worst of it; and she was a mess. You know the kind of guy to whom it makes sense to go barging through all kinds of weather with full sail up. The carry-it-until-it-blows-away boy. Stu had got the mainsail fouled in the mast spreaders and the jib wound around the headstay like a window blind on its roller. He was steering with his knees and trying to clear this rat's nest by hauling at any lines he could get his hands on. The girl had presumably retired to the cabin, since she wasn't in sight.

Alison turned blindly toward me and put her face on my shoulder and began to cry. I held her, and the rain sluiced over both of us, and Monroe made his landing at six knots. He always had all kinds of luck: Everything blew clear as he came on the wind and he picked up the mooring as neat as you please. The girl stuck her head out of the cabin to watch him get the slatting sails down.

I felt Alison shudder a little and straighten up beside me.

"Earl, I think I'm going crazy," she whispered. "I keep thinking such dreadful things."

The rain went down my neck and



COLLIER'S "He represents Texas and wants to know why he hasn't been informed of these meetings" HANK KETCHAM

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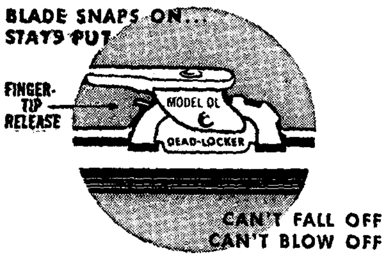

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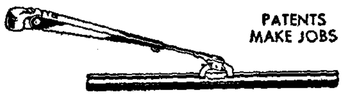

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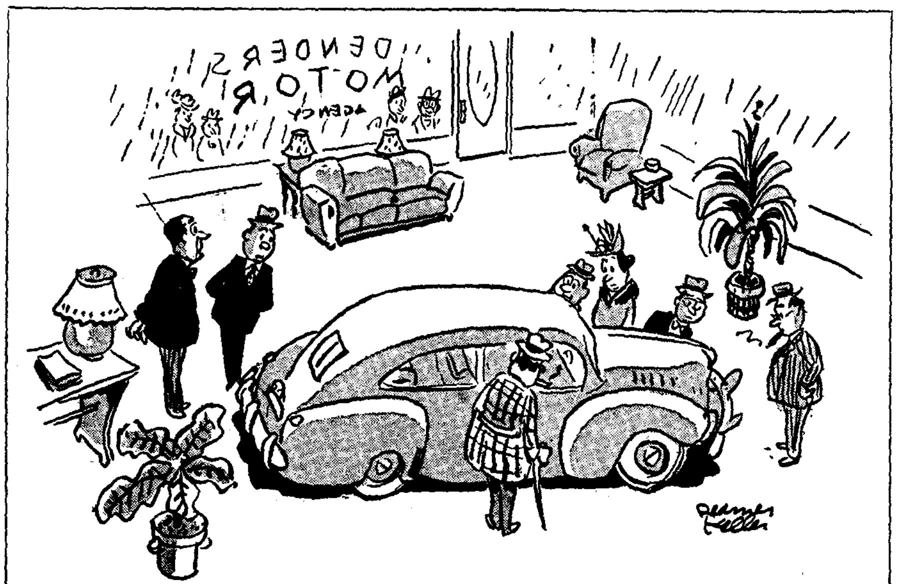

"It's not really ours. We borrowed it from a man who won it in a raffle"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

chest as I said, "He's all right." She looked up at me quickly and laughed as if I had said something funny. Then she looked down at her sodden skirt blowing heavily against her and at her soaked muddy pumps. I caught her as she started to flee. "Stick it out, sweetheart," I said grimly. "They've seen you."

The rain slackened and died away as Stu and the girl came in. Alison drew a long breath and ran forward to meet them. "I just had to watch you all," she cried gaily. "It was just too exciting. I declare I must look like I was drowned."

You could have cut her accent with a knife. Stu helped the girl in the yellow slacks ashore. She had a smooth, rounded, competently pretty face and felt quite superior to the rest of us because she was relatively dry.

"You must be Penny," Alison said happily. "I'm Alison Fletcher."

The other girl smiled politely. I mean, it was all pretty grim.

I DID not hear from Alison for three days and then, on Friday, she called up and told me to try my tux on for size as she was giving a small dinner for Stu and Penny. I wanted to remind her that I was no longer riding on her merry-go-round, but the words wouldn't come.

"How small?" I asked.

"Just the four of us, sugar."

"I reckon that'll be real cozy, sho nuff," I said.

I always had been glad that the Fletcher plantation at Exeter had gone before my time, because the house on Harlan Street was bad enough. I always wanted to stick out my tongue at it to show I wasn't impressed, but the house would have known I was kidding myself. It was a great rectangular brick house set back among the trees overlooking Parsons Creek. The slate roof was truncated, as if the short ridge had been planed down, leaving a space corresponding to what on Cape Cod we used to call the Widows' Walk, surrounded by a white wooden railing, so that the house seemed to wear a coronet. From up there you could look across the sound to the far shore on clear days. The white porch pillars shone through the pale green trees in the twilight, and I walked up the graveled drive toward them and felt like Oliver Twist—or is it David Copperfield?

I saw Alison waiting on the porch in an ice-blue evening dress, tulle, I guess. I suppose when you lose a girl, there is something about the situation that makes her look like everything you ever dreamed about.

"Sorry, if I'm late," I said.

"It was sweet of you to come, honey."

There was a kind of tightness about her face; but I didn't ask her if she had a headache. Asking Alison Fletcher if she had a headache was sort of like, on the George Davis, asking the old man if his feet hurt. They did and maybe she had, but you didn't ask. Sometimes you only wondered a little if maybe she wouldn't like you to.

I stood looking at her and smelling honeysuckle. I could have kissed her, and she would have let me. But even if Stuart Monroe had another girl there was nothing in it for me. I mean, I'm not buying half of any woman, even Alison Fletcher. I want my girl to have hysterics about me, not about Stuart Monroe.

After a moment she smiled and shrugged her bare shoulders minutely, turning away from me. We went into the library where the others were talking to the Major.

"But that's not the point!" Stuart's fiancée was saying sharply to the Major. "You Southerners always argue like that. I keep telling Stu . . ."

Stuart was smiling his nasty little smile and watching the Major turn pale with anger. Then he saw us, and rose. The Major got up a little unsteadily; he was seventy-five years old and there was really no sense in arguing with him. I mean, when a man is seventy-five there isn't much you can do about his prejudices except agree with them politely.

"Will you help me upstairs, please, Earl," the Major said stiffly

When I came back downstairs they were waiting for me, and we went into the dining room. There were candles on the table and a great deal of old crystal. I have never liked eating by candlelight; it's a jumpy sort of illumination, but Alison was in a candlelight mood that night, and there were candles in the living room too when we went in for our coffee. Alison sat erect and gracious at the end of the shining table to pour for us. She was a million miles away and Gettysburg was still just a little town where they made shoes.

"I love your house, Alison," Stuart's fiancée said sweetly. "That's a beautiful portrait behind you. Can you tell me who painted it?" You could see that Stu had told her all about it.

I said quickly, "That's Isabelle Fletcher, Miss Shaw. Painted by Allston, I think"

"Yes, Washington Allston, honey," Alison said.

"It must be very valuable," Miss Shaw said.

Alison smiled, and from the wall behind her Isabelle Fletcher looked down at us, also smiling, wearing an ice-blue gown that left her shoulders bare, very much like the dress that Alison was wearing. I had never noticed a great deal of resemblance between Alison and the portrait before. I put it down to the accidental similarity of the dresses.

"I think it is worth quite a bit of

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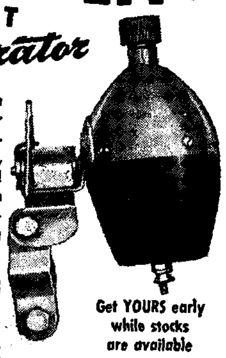

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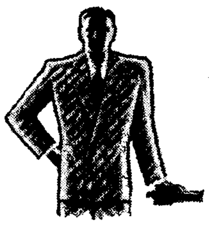

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"money," Alison said pleasantly, smiling at Miss Shaw. After a moment she pushed her chair back and stood up. "I reckon you'd like to see the view from the roof, honey. The moon ought to be coming up just any minute now."

We went up through the house, four stories of it, most of it closed off and uninhabited since Alison's older half brothers and sisters had married and moved away from Lawrenceville. Her mother had been the Major's third wife and had died shortly after Alison's birth. I went ahead to open the trap and then helped Miss Shaw out to the roof. Alison and Stu came up behind her.

"Oh, there's Petrel," Miss Shaw said, walking along next to the railing to get a better view. Alison, beside her, seemed to trip over the full skirt of the blue dress. There was a sudden gasping sound, worse than a scream, from Miss Shaw, and the whole section of railing on that side fell away with a crash. You could hear it skate down the slate roof, smash over the gutter, and, seconds later, splinter on the flagstone walk.

I SAW Miss Shaw crouching with the horrible graceless awkwardness of panic at the edge of the steep roof, her white heavy dress bunched awry about her in the moonlight. Only Alison's grip on her arm prevented her from following the railing to the flagstones four stories down. You felt completely naked up there with the railing gone; you felt as if one by one the other sides would also fall away and then the sides of the steep slate roof would come together until, after balancing on the knife-edged ridge, you would eventually fall, as in a nightmare, forever.

Miss Shaw kicked minutely with the leg that had no grip on the platform, got her knee up, and rose. Her white dress was crumpled and torn, with a pattern of dust and roofing tar on the front of the heavy skirt where she had kneeled on it. She stared at Alison, who still held her arm. Miss Shaw freed herself warily and, backing and moving sideways, slid away from Alison without ever turning away from or even taking her eyes off the taller girl. She groped for Stu, found him, and at last felt safe enough to bury her face in his shoulder, still too shocked to cry.

Presently Alison moved, walked past us, and turned to descend the stairs. "See that she gets home all right, honey," she said to me. She managed a trace of a smile. "No, don't come with me. I reckon I'm sure enough going to be ill."

Then she was gone and I looked away from the stairs to see Stu watching me; and everything was suddenly very clear, because Stuart Monroe was afraid. Stuart Monroe. Massa Stuart, of the Mad Monroes. He was afraid of her and he hated her.

"Why, she's crazy," he whispered. "She tried to kill Penny." He sounded like a surprised kid. "I never thought when I . . ."

"When you *what?*"

He stepped back a bit, pulling the girl with him. "Earl, I swear to God I never. . . . It was just a joke. I recalled about the legend and it seemed. . . . I swear I never thought anybody'd believe it. It was just a joke. . . ."

I had sometimes wondered how the story got started, but around Lawrenceville you did not wonder seriously how stories got started; they seemed to come like mist off the river. I stood looking at him and toyed with some idea like killing him. Not seriously. I mean, it wouldn't have done any good, the harm was done, but it would have been pleasant.

All this because Stuart Monroe had thought it would be nice to suggest playfully that maybe one girl had killed another on account of him. But it was not necessary to kill him or even beat him up, because the gag had gone sour a long time ago. It turned into a trap for him as well as for Alison. Everything was clear now: The English girl he had married the first chance he had to be away from Lawrenceville and, this failing, his last chance of escape, Miss Shaw, in Boston.

Miss Shaw lifted her head. There was a streak of dirt down the side of her face.

"She tried to kill me! Stuart, that girl tried to kill me!"

"Don't be silly," I said. "Don't start any more stories going. There are enough already."

"She tried to kill me! I felt her . . ."

"Listen," I said. "If she hadn't caught you we'd be sweeping you up in a dustpan."

"Take me home, Stuart. Take me home. I hate this place." She was crying.

I turned and went down through that great deserted barn of a house, and all the empty rooms were peopled with ghosts behind the closed doors. I was running by the time I reached the second floor. I did not know why I was running, but there seemed to be a need for haste. The Major, in a dressing gown, stopped me in the hall. He seemed quite unperturbed.

"Did she . . . ?"

"No," I said savagely. "And five gets you twenty that Isabelle was just a nice girl who couldn't handle her horse."

"My daughter is in her room, sir," the Major said. "When you have seen to her perhaps you'll have the kindness to come back and inform me what took place up there."

He was old and he had no emotion, only a desiccated curiosity. I turned away from him and ran down the hall. When I pulled the door open Alison was standing in front of the dresser; and in her hand was the pistol her grandfather had brought home with a game leg from Shiloh—or was it Petersburg? The gun was at least a foot long, and it was loaded, with the percussion caps in place. She had not had time to get it from its niche downstairs; she must have had it in her room; and God only knew how many days it had been there or how often she had looked at it. I closed the door behind me.

"It's just no good, honey," Alison said quietly. "I . . . don't want to be locked up or whatever they do to people who go crazy. I don't want to get anybody else killed, sugar. When I thought you were going out in that boat I was so afraid. . . ."

SHE was Alison Fletcher, the greatniece of Isabelle Fletcher, and she was going to blow her brains out with her grandfather's horse pistol because she had killed three people and was secretly a little proud of it. Connie France. The English girl. Penelope Shaw. The fact that Connie had been an accident, that she, Alison, had never been to England, and that her fundamental sanity had made her grab Miss Shaw in good time made no difference. In her mind she had killed them. I mean, there was a curse on her, and she was afraid that I would be involved, and it was very sweet of her and it was a lot of boloney just the same.

"Please, Earl," she whispered. "Don't try to . . . You might be . . . *I can't bear it any longer."*

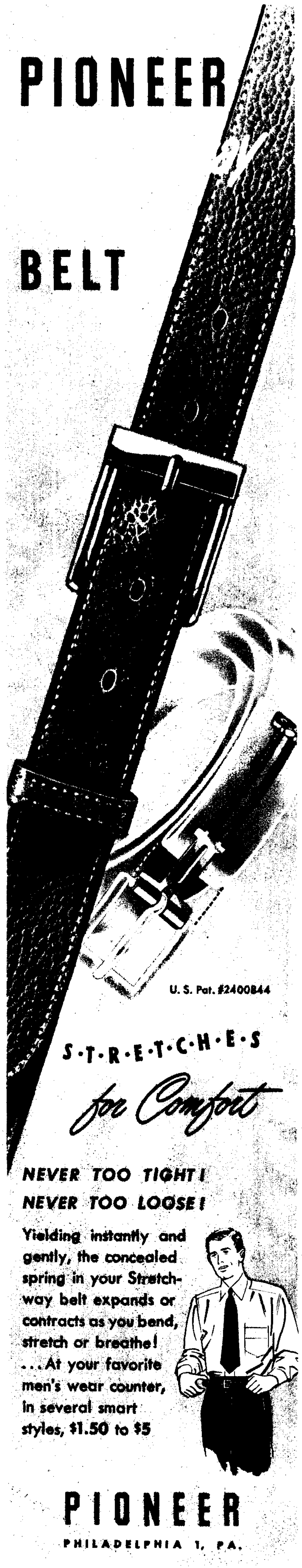
I said, "Oh, put that damn' thing down," and the back of the chair I was holding came apart in my hands. I looked down at it, surprised, then looked up. Alison, startled, had backed away from me, her face frightened and indignant instead of tragic.

"Earl Baker, if you touch me I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

The gun dropped to the floor as she tried to slip away from me. We tusseled across the room; then I had her in the correct position. I had a stick from the chair in my hands and I laid on, but hard. I mean, there had to be an end to this nonsense and I needed to beat on somebody.

She was crying when I became aware that sometime during the action she had

COLLIER'S "Harold! I thought you were on the moon" NED HILTON



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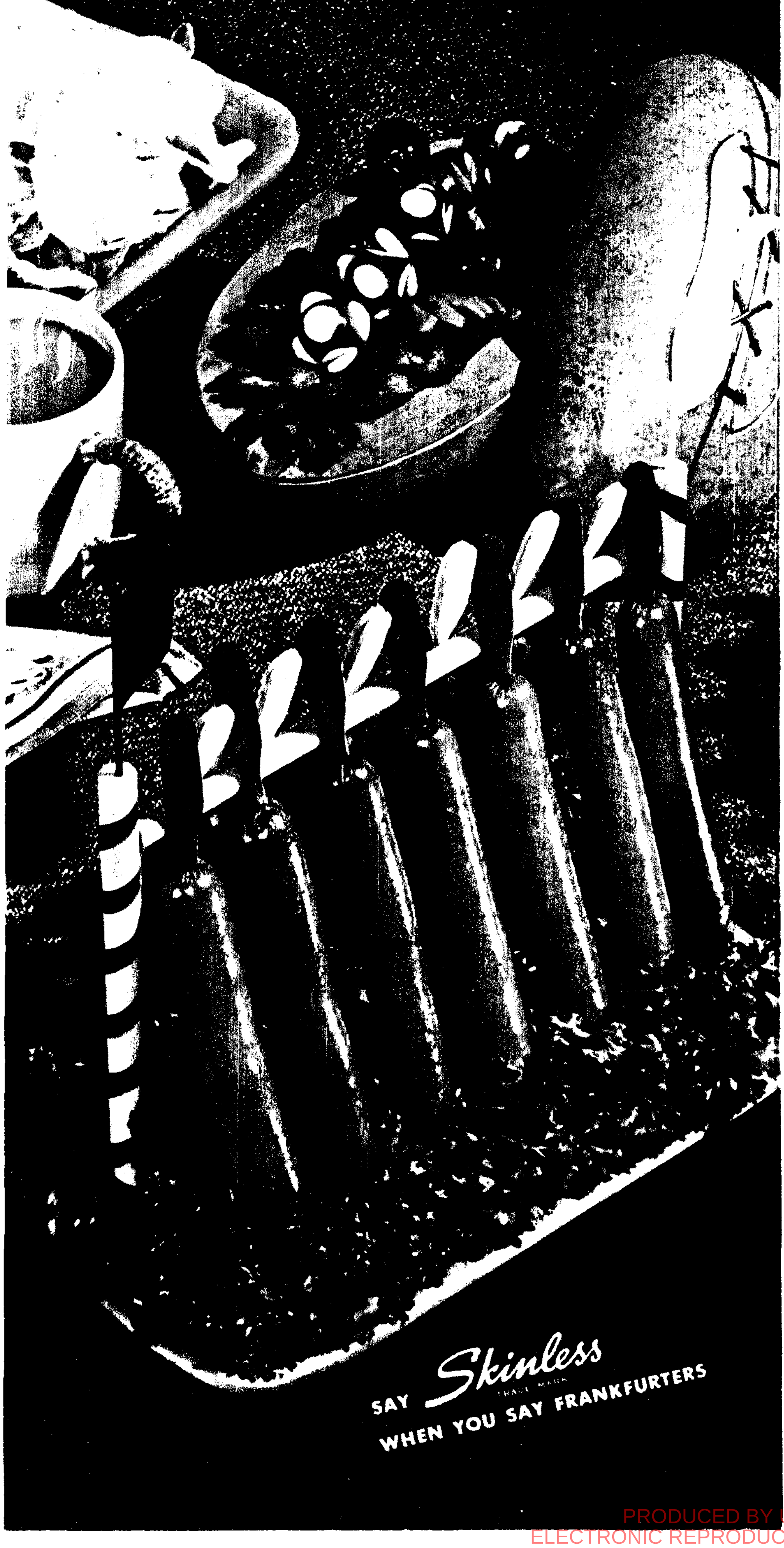


slipped right out of the bodice of her dress. I stood up so quickly that she slid to the floor: I could no more have hit her again than I could have shot her. I mean, she was the most beautiful thing in the world and I stood there red as a beet and waited for her to laugh at me. She pushed back her hair and looked up at me angrily and warily, as if wondering why I had stopped.

Slowly a funny little startled look of awareness came to her face, and she blushed furiously. After a moment I turned stiffly away and picked up the gun. I heard her get up and grab for something in the closet and take refuge in the bathroom.

There was no way of getting the powder and ball out of the gun without shooting them out; but removing the percussion caps made it harmless unless you wanted to build a fire under it.

At last I heard her come into the room behind me. She did not speak, but went to the window and lifted the shade. She had replaced the torn dress with a wine-colored house coat that reached to her ankles.

"You didn't have to hit so hard, Earl," she said when I came to stand beside her. "I declare I'm quite bruised, honey."

"Do you love him?" I asked.

She shook her head minutely. "I hate him. You wouldn't understand . . . and then his wife died, and it seemed like . . ."

". . . like fate," I said.

"As if it were just meant to be that way. I was sure that something was going to happen to that girl when I heard they were going sailing and I was afraid that you . . . and then she wasn't on deck when they came in. When I saw that she was all right it seemed as if it were meant that I . . ." She turned and let me hold her and I could feel her trembling. "I did push her, honey."

"You *thought* you pushed her. You tripped, Alison. You caught her, didn't you?"

"Honey, for a moment I thought she'd fall anyway." I felt her shudder; then she looked up at me abruptly, her eyes very wide. "Why, honey, I reckon I . . . I never felt that way about Connie. When Penny sort of slipped and I didn't know if I was strong enough to hold her I knew that if she fell it was all my fault. . . . But I never felt like that about Connie. It just sort of happened. It wasn't until I heard what they were saying and started thinking about it and it started going round and round in my head and people said how I looked just like Isabelle. . . ." She was silent for a long time and at last she laughed happily. "Poor Isabelle. I wonder if *she* really . . ."

WHEN I kissed her it was like it had been in the car by the bridge, but she did not push me away. Then we stood looking at Parsons Creek, glowing silver in the moonlight, and at the lights of the town. There were voices in the hall outside.

I heard the Major say, ". . . negligence on my part. It fell down a year back and I never had it repaired properly. You'll forgive me if I don't come down the stairs with you. . . ."

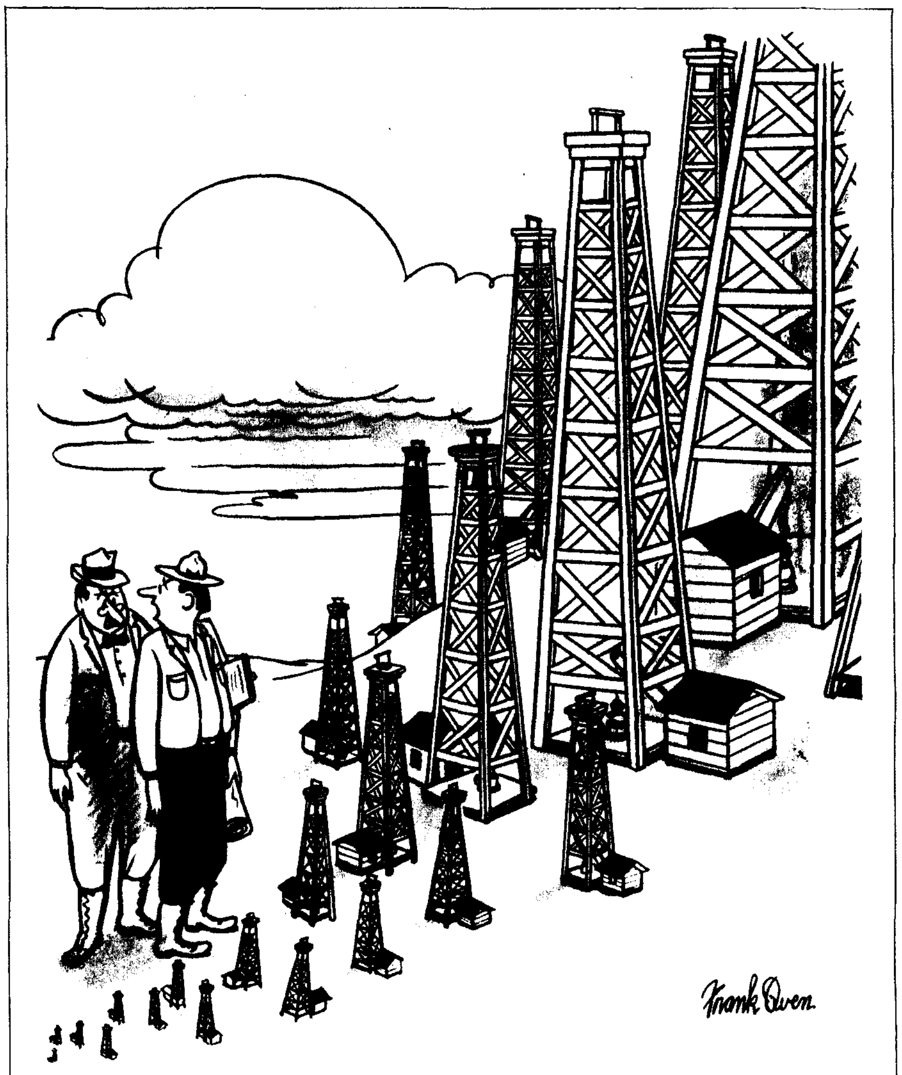
Then they were gone.

"In the squall," I said, "I thought you were worried about him."

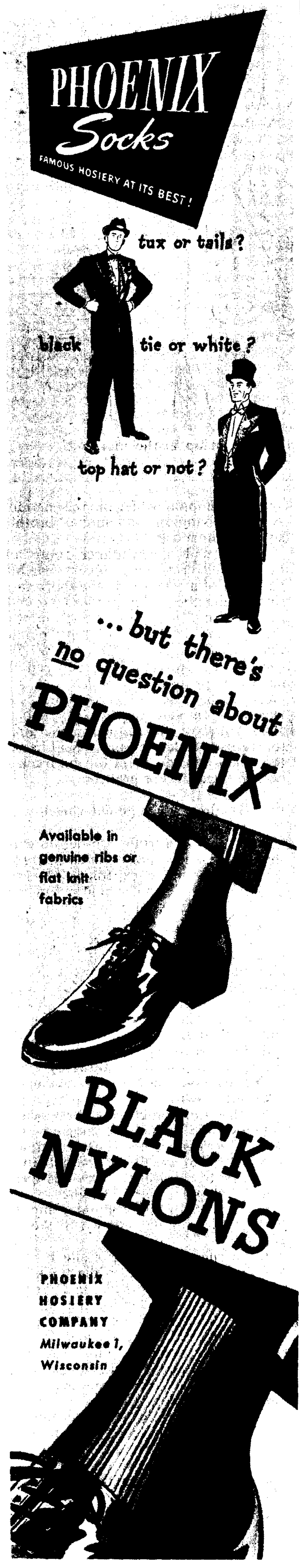
Alison laughed. "I know, sugar. You're just about the densest man I've known, I reckon. Honest to goodness, Earl, I swear you don't know a thing that goes on in this town. It must be because you were born up North."

But if you think the Fletcher legend died that easy you don't know Lawrenceville. When we came back from our honeymoon I learned in a roundabout way that Stuart Monroe and I were thought to have fought it out on the roof of the house on Harlan Street and I was supposed to have exacted a promise from him never to come back to Lawrenceville. He never did, either.

THE END



"The oil starts petering out along about here!"



BUDDY TOTES THE BALL

Continued from page 21

the height of campus fashion, like an urchin who jigs for pennies on street corners. Then you notice his tremendous sprinter's thighs, as thick as Joe Louis', and his pouter-pigeon chest. He is built in perfect proportion and there is so much of solid same that it is no mystery why he never has been hurt trying contusions with hulking hooligans.

Young is strictly a football player from 'way back despite a good deal of romantic fiction. Some historians would have you believe the Illinois rocket is the first track champion converted to football. This is triple-distilled moonshine. Young was playing football in major-league parks before he won his first track medal, and he left home, as we shall see presently, to find a school that would let him risk his precious legs in the rough, body-contact game.

It is true that Young officially is the fastest man ever to play football. His best time for 100 yards is 9.5 seconds; Paddock, Owens, Tolan, Metcalfe, Wykoff, Jeffrey and Simpson, who equaled that performance, never had any truck with football. Every halfback who picks up his feet with reasonable celerity is described as a ten-second man, an amiable bit of foolishness kept alive by press agents and naïve fans.

Such popular delusions amuse Young. "Even with a strong tail wind, I couldn't run a hundred yards in ten flat, with cleats and a ball restricting my arm motion," he grins. We trust this will be the final, authoritative word on ten-second football players, but we doubt it.

Buddy is so daffy about football that he is playing it against the strenuous objections of his idol, Jesse Owens, who drove Hitler out of the Olympic Stadium in 1936 by winning the 100- and 200-meter championships as well as the broad jump. Every young Negro athlete worshiped Owens, of course, and Buddy heard celestial music when he was introduced to him a few years ago. Owens tabbed Young as the sprinter who could break the world record for 100 yards and told him he was a potential Olympic winner if he would give up football. Buddy listened attentively while Owens explained such things as injury hazards and the tendency of football to tie up a runner's leg muscles, then politely ignored the advice.

Ambitious for Olympic Honors

"Winning in the Olympics is my chief ambition," he says, carefully watching, as usual, his choice of words and enunciation. "An Olympic title is more of a personal achievement, I guess, than playing on a championship football team, but I like the game too much to give it up for something that may never even come off. If I'm supposed to get hurt, I'll get it, one way or another. As far as that goes, the only time I ever was laid up was the result of a track meet."

That was four years ago in a high-school race, when he pulled a muscle in his right thigh so severely that it chipped a piece of bone in his hip, requiring an operation that had him flat on his back for a month.

"Best thing that ever happened to me," he chirps. "The operation left my right leg an eighth of an inch shorter than the left. Sometimes I think it makes me more elusive in football."

If Young were a synthetic football player he would not have gone 82 yards the first time he carried the ball in college, tied the hallowed Grange's all-time record with thirteen touchdowns—five on runs longer than 60 yards—and averaged 8.9 yards every time he laid hand to the ball in 1944. Only Army's Davis had a better yards-per-try average in the nation (11.5), and he was given vigorous assistance by the formidable Blanchard and an undefeated team. Illinois in '44 won only half its games and had so few other bedevilments to confound the opposition that defenses were deployed for the express purpose of stopping Young.

In spite of it all, Young covered more distance than a professional picket. Among his more lustrous feats were dash of 93 yards against Great Lakes, 92 against Pitt, 74 through Notre Dame and a 63-yarder in the Iowa game. Skeptics, refusing to believe an undersized freshman could tear up the book with such aplomb, ascribed his brilliant hoofing to the low state of wartime football.

The pay-off came last season when Young was stationed at Shoemaker, Calif., the Fleet City Navy base. Coast service teams unquestionably played the toughest football extant during the war. The personnel of the league was 30 per cent All-America, 30 per cent professional and 40 per cent better than the average college squad. Fleet City had such stalwarts as O'Rourke, Juzwik, Hopp, Kinard, Jones, Coleman and Forte, all established pros. El Toro Marines had Crazy Legs Hirsch, Governali, Franck, Wilkin, Dove and Gallernau, and St. Mary's Preflight, the only club able to get away with a tie on Fleet City's 13-game schedule, lined up with Eshmont, Hall and Albert in the backfield.

War's End Made No Difference

The shooting war was over last autumn and large lumps of magnificent muscles were back in one whole piece, bucking football lines for early discharges. The manner in which the sawed-off Negro cut them down to his size with fifteen touchdowns—seven from 40 yards out—was the subject for much comment in wardrooms and barracks. Even more astonishing was the attitude of the West Coast clientele.

As everyone well knows who frequents saloons, university clubs and other establishments where old grads are wont to congregate, Californians firmly believe Ernie Nevers invented the game of football and Frankie Albert brought it to the highest peak of expression. Eastern football reputations hold no more water out yonder than the shoes ladies of fashion are wearing currently, but Young gave natives the revival-meeting jumps. Crowds of 60,000 turned out to watch him and it was a breach of etiquette, as well as a dopey trick, to sit down while he was in the game. When he was stopped, the common reaction was that of utter disbelief, first cousin to the incredulity that greeted Babe Ruth when he fanned with the bases loaded.

Newspapers in the region reported his pronouncements as though he were a Hollywood producer, or even a banker. Like the time, before a game with the Pacific Fleet All-Stars, Commander Bill Reinhart, Fleet City coach, told him: "These boys say they're going to bottle you up, Buddy."

Buddy gave his officer the respectful attention expected of an enlisted man, then went out and traveled 85 yards with an intercepted pass and later carried a punt 83 yards goalward through a delirious reversed field—his favorite stunt—on a run that actually measured 140 yards.

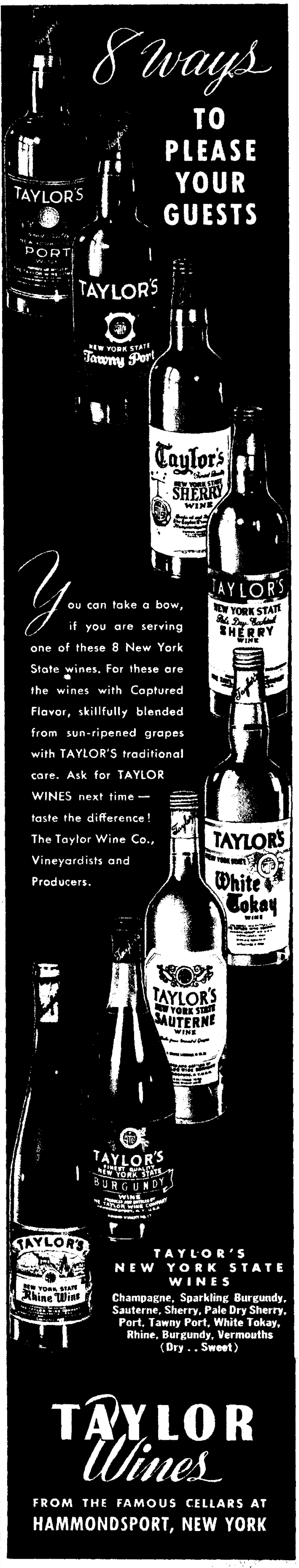
"You had a great day," Reinhart said when Young came off the field.

"Guess I got unbottled," the kid commented laconically.

"The finest running back since George Gipp," Slip Madigan babbled.

"The greatest runner I ever have seen—bar none," Dick Hanley raved.

"The little guy will be the greatest in-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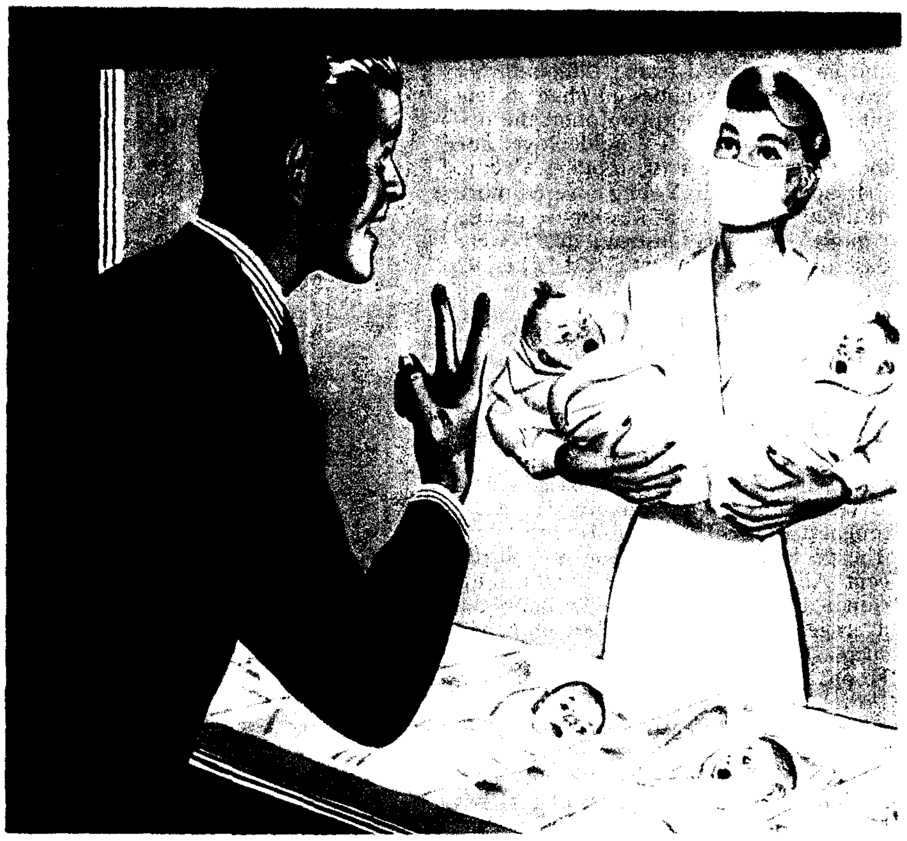

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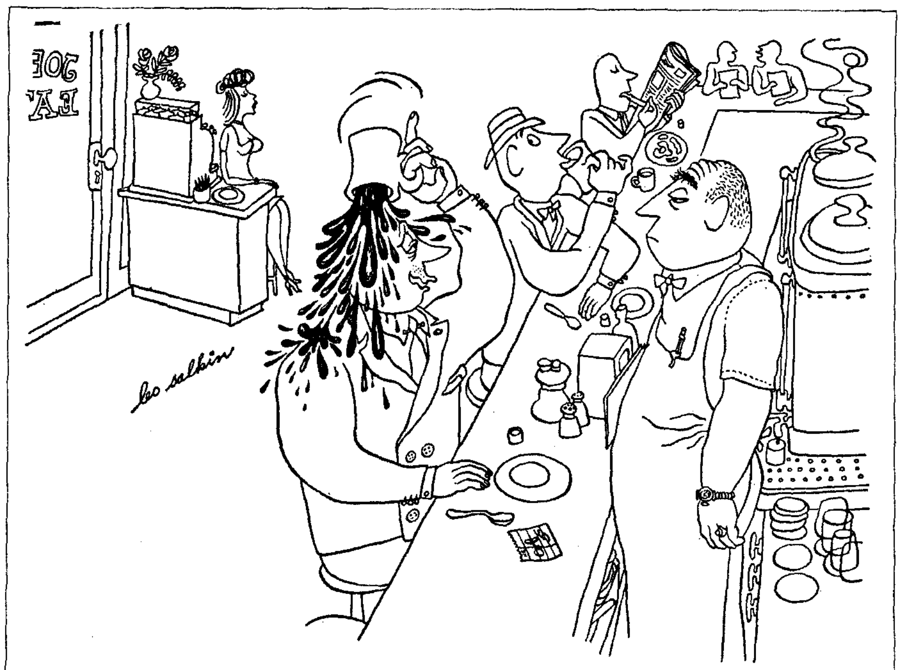


"Nothing like a cup of coffee to wake you up in the morning"

COLLIER'S LEO SALKIN

dividual attraction college football ever saw," Paul Schissler bellowed.

Schissler's mention of college football struck clamorous gongs on the Coast; people suddenly remembered Young would not be in the Navy forever. A spontaneous and remarkable mass movement was launched to interest Young in California's matchless educational opportunities and lure him away from Illinois. By common consent, it was agreed that Young should be inherited by UCLA, a school that had gone to the Rose Bowl with Negro stars—Kenny Washington, Jackie Robinson and Woody Strode—prominent in its line-up. The uproar was so loud that Will Connolly wrote in the San Francisco Chronicle on December 16, 1945, as follows:

"We trust the entire Pacific slope, including conference and nonconference schools, will get together on a common plan to induce Buddy Young away from Illinois and register him at UCLA. Let's not be small about this, gentlemen. It doesn't matter which Coast school Young enters, so don't fight among yourselves. The idea is to get him out here and away from the Middle West. His presence would benefit the whole area, just as Babe Ruth's in the Yankee line-up benefited baseball from top to bottom."

The whole thing gave splendid promise of a *cause célèbre* culminating in a pitched battle with blunt instruments on the eastern slope of the Rockies. Illinois people screamed skulduggery; the Coast charged that cruel pressure was being put on the boy to force him to return against his will. Although Young now says he never considered transferring from Illinois, it is clear that UCLA made a strenuous pitch for him. His mother and stepfather were brought to Los Angeles to be lionized by Central Avenue society and it is reported that alumni offered him a $12,000 home, $100 in cash for every football and track contest in which he participated and the usual free tuition and books.

An athletic career without too many precedents began in Chicago, where Buddy was born on January 5, 1926, and given the formal handle of Claude. His father, a Pullman porter, made pretty good money by South Side standards, but the family never was well fixed, with nine kids in the house. The one noteworthy feature of the Youngs was a general talent for track which seems to have been inherited from the mother, who was a sprinter in grammar school.

According to neighborhood legend, the Youngs were barred from competition in church picnics because they won all the prizes. Claudine, Claude's twin sister, was the Central A.A.U. women's sprint champion when he was national A.A.U. champion, a unique brother-sister act in sports.

Buddy had a newspaper route and hustled deliveries for a grocery. He also was a bit of a celebrity in the short-pants set as a member of the Junior Cardinals, a kid football team with an age limit of thirteen and a weight top of 105 pounds that played the Junior Bears at Wrigley Field and Comiskey Park between the halves of pro games. Buddy was prepared to be a school hero, junior size, when he entered Englewood High in 1940, but Roy Quant, the athletic director, refused to let him play. Said he was too small and too good on the track to be unhinged on the gridiron.

Finding a Congenial Coach

Ambition, like truth, crushed to earth shall rise again. Buddy solved his problem by the simple expedient of shopping for a school that would permit him to play football. Discreet inquiries revealed that the late Lenny Sachs of Wendell Phillips High would be very happy indeed to have him run, with or without a football, to his heart's content. To get into the Phillips district, Buddy moved in with an aunt. Phillips, with C. Young scoring 25 large touchdowns in ten games, won the Public School title in 1943 but lost to St. George, the Catholic champion, in the Kelly Bowl by 19-12. C. Young made it close by racking up two touchdowns.

By that time practically every school in the Middle West was casting covetous glances at Young, but Illinois had seen him first. That was during the state interscholastic track meet the previous spring when Young and Ranis Thomas, a two-man team, won the championship for Phillips by running one-two in the 100 and 220.

Appropriately, Young made his first loud noise for Illinois on the track. He matriculated at Champaign in February, 1944, a few days before the Millrose Games, the blue-ribbon indoor meet. Young went to New York and upended the experts, as well as the form chart, by licking Eddie Conwell, Barney Ewell and Eulace Peacock, all ruling or former national champions, in the 60-yard invitation, then tore off a quarter-mile leg on a winning relay team. Unfamiliarity with board track technique later cost him three races in twelve starts, but once he got outdoors he was invincible.

No sprinter ever matched Young's consistency in the spring and summer of '44. He won every flat race he entered, from dual meets to the nationals, and was within a fraction of an inch of duplicating Owens' greatest performance. In 1935, Owens, competing for Ohio State, won the Western Conference 100, 220, broad jump and low hurdles events on the same afternoon, an oh-my-gosh achievement of greater magnitude than his well-spaced triumphs in the Olympics.

On May 27, 1944, Young took a deep breath and made a pass at history. He won the 100, 220 and broad jump. He went down the line to the last event, the 220-yard low hurdles. And he went into the last hurdle leading the field by fourteen long yards, with only twenty to go, when his rear foot ticked the barrier and sent him sprawling on the rain-soaked track.

After such blatant advertisement of his speed, Young was a marked man in the football season that followed, but he managed to keep the opposition in a sweat, as has been noted. Unlike most sprinters, who follow the beeline that is the shortest distance between two points, Young can cut and shift direction at angles Euclid never envisioned. His value in football is not confined to ball carrying, either; the little guy is the best blocker on the team.

They still recall at Illinois the crusher he put on Paul Rickards, the Pitt safety man, in a game two years ago. Young went out as a floater in the T formation almost to the side lines, but the ball was snapped to Paul Patterson, who hit inside tackle and went 63 yards for the touchdown. Rickards had a chance to stop the play, but Young came from nowhere and took him out after running fully 20 yards more than Patterson.

Probably Without Inducements

We wouldn't know what "inducements" Illinois offered Young to spurn the UCLA blandishment, but at a guess—and we'd hate to be naïve on this—it was what he had received previously. Nothing. Each state senator in Illinois has two scholarships to the university each year, and in 1944, George Mills made his quota a Young benefit by awarding both to Claude and Claudine.

This year Claude is in school under the G.I. Bill of Rights, which covers his tuition and fees. The training table takes care of his meals, and he picks up $10 a week cleaning the basements of two student boardinghouses near the campus. He lives in one of the houses with 21 other colored boys and rooms with Patterson, Charley Starks and Don Johnson, all football backs who could make any coach happy. There is one All-America team Young is certain to make—the Married Men's. It isn't generally known that he wed Miss Elizabeth Young (no kin) of Chicago in July, 1944, six months before he went into the Navy.

Young chose to remain at Illinois for the very good reason that he likes the place and never has been subjected to discrimination. It is taken for granted that he will be the first Negro football captain in the university's history. Illinois has maintained a pretty sane, restrained attitude toward football. Alumni did not demand Bob Zuppke's gray noggin when he turned out only one top-drawer team between 1929 and '41, but Young's return in July, after 18 months in the service, provoked an unprecedented wave of enthusiasm in anticipation of a contender for the conference championship. The previous high sale of student A.A. books was 5,500; this year 14,000 were snapped up by noon on the second day of registration.

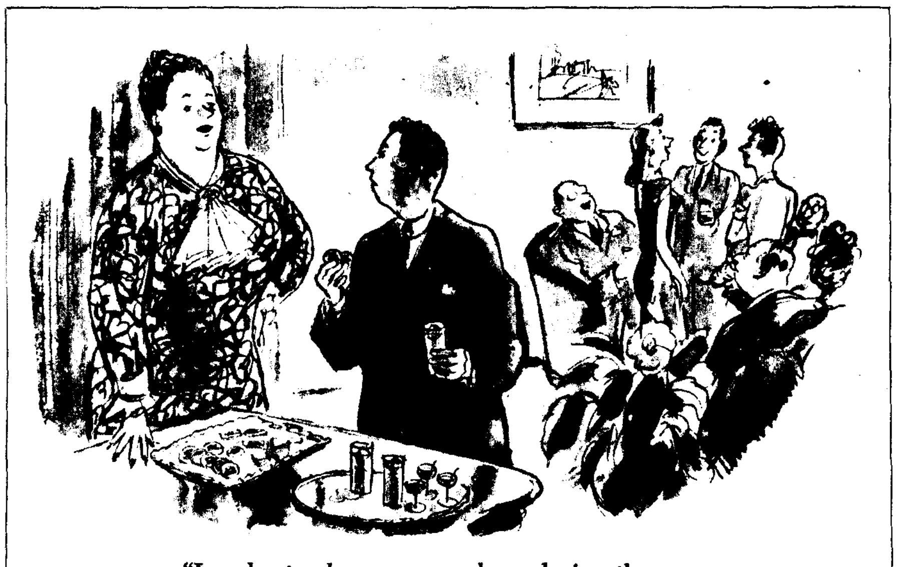
"We have a lot of good boys on the team," Coach Ray Eliot admits, "but we wouldn't have a look-in for the title without Young. He's the best running back I've ever seen but, better than that, he's the most coachable kid I've ever had. Know what the runt did after we beat Pitt, 33-7, in the opening game? He asked me to hold a Sunday morning practice because the team had played a lousy game. I thought it was another one of his gags, but sure enough, the squad reported the next day. It was the best workout we had all season."

There is one contentious issue marring the beautiful relationship between player and coach. That is Eliot's policy this season of keeping Young on the bench when Illinois is on the defense. Says his five-by-five star is a clay pigeon for enemy passes because of his height. Young protested bitterly but accepted the decision after Eliot proved the point in scrimmage—with loaded dice. Eliot sent six-two Dwight Eddleman, a six-foot seven-inch high jumper, into Young's territory. Eddleman, of course, caught passes all day against the little guy.

There would be much less unrest and insecurity if everyone could see the future with the clarity of Young. A major in physical education, he is set for the long haul as athletic director of the Old-Timers' Club, an organization that has done a notable job of fighting juvenile delinquency by keeping colored kids off the streets and out of South Side poolrooms. For a quick touch and money in the bank, he is certain to get offers to play pro football, and he says he'll listen if the price is right. It will be; every shrewd operator knows the customers will come from miles around to see Young run away from slew-footed hulks and hide the ball in the end zone. Particularly if he wins in the Olympics at London in 1948.

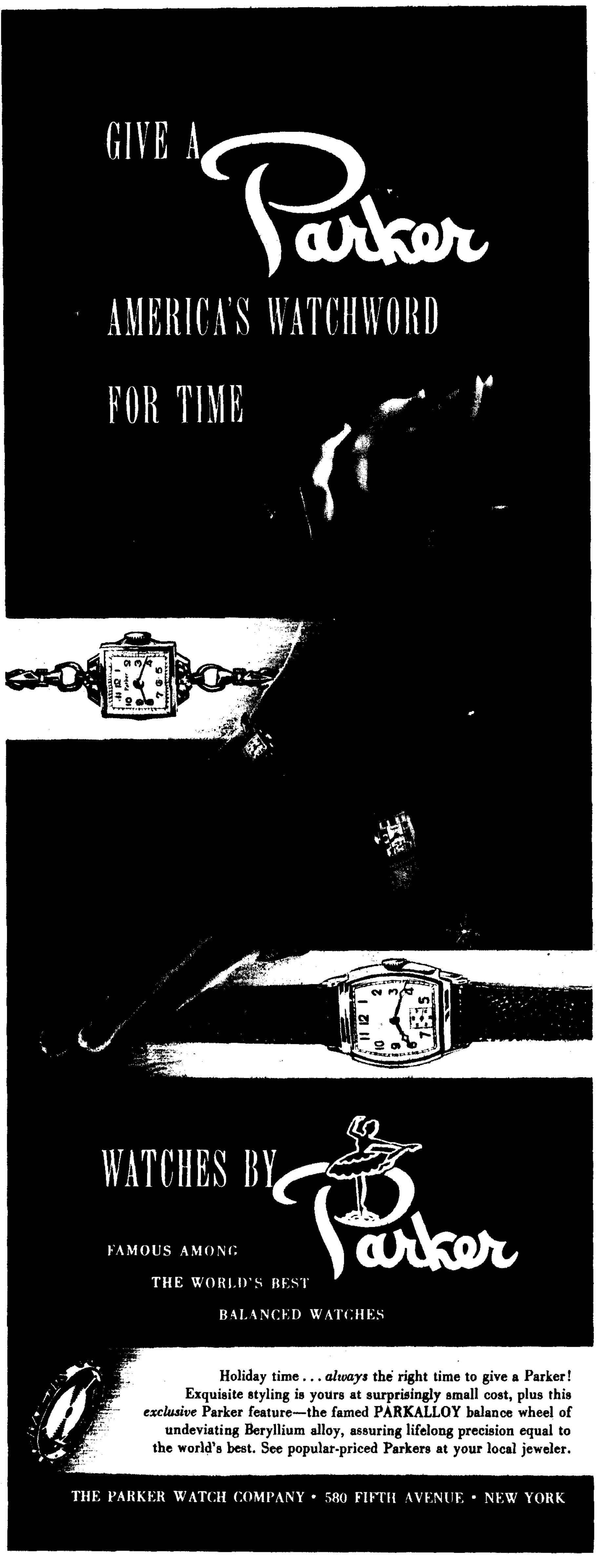
But there's a cloud on that horizon. "Sometimes I wonder," he muses wistfully, "whether the world will stay in one piece long enough to have the Olympics."

THE END



"I understand you were a hero during the war. That involved considerable risk, didn't it?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS



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A GIRL NAMED MYRNA

Continued from page 16

something hard, and the dull gleam of several clam shells lay exposed in the sand.

"Oh, look!" She bent to pick up the clams, and as she bent she felt his eyes upon her. "I'm having a wonderful time," she told him. "Come on, let's find some more."

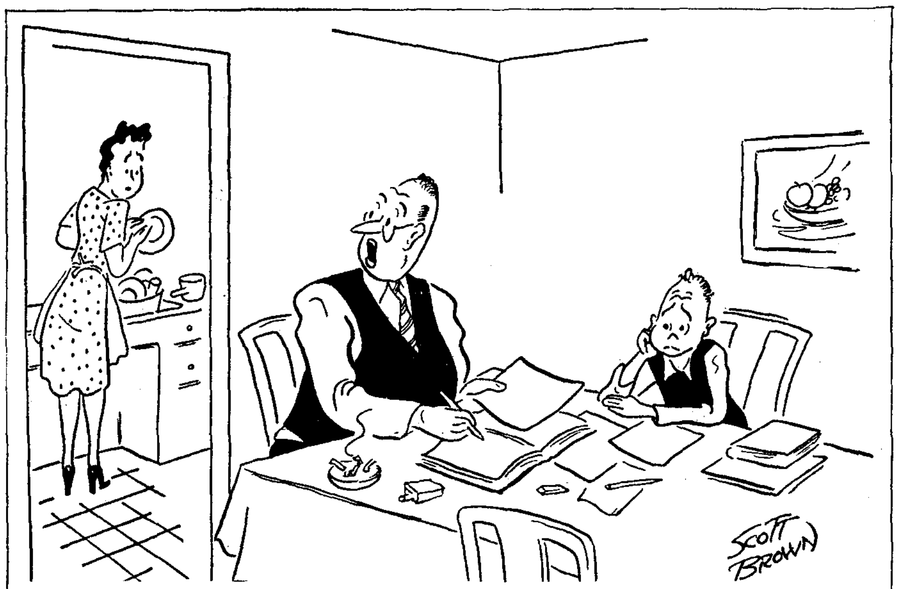
After a while, as she chatted on easily, he grew more talkative, too. He told her about high school. He had graduated with honors. And he told her about his father, who wanted him to be a fisherman. But he would never be a fisherman. He hated the ocean, the fishing boats, the oily smell of fish. He hated the dreariness of the flats, the empty loneliness of the sand dunes. "People like it for a vacation," he said, "because it's different. But me, I've known it all my life, and I hate it. I'm going away to college in the fall, and I'm never coming back here."

Suddenly, out of nowhere, she asked, "Peter, who was that girl you were talking to last night when I passed?"

He stopped short, surprised. "That was Agnes."

"She's a very pretty girl."

"Yes, miss. She's the daughter of Mr. Glasgow, the owner of the hotel. She works at the desk."



"She keeps giving the children the same arithmetic problem to do at home . . . 'A certain teacher receives twenty-three hundred dollars salary, her expenses are twenty-six . . .' "

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"Do you like her, Peter?" she asked.

He had been bending over, raking, and he straightened up. He looked at her and his eyes were sweet and serious. "I'm in love with her, miss."

She moved closer to him. "Why do you call me 'miss'? I told you my name is Myrna."

"Yes, miss, but—"

"But what, Peter?"

He looked at her. "Myrna." He said it slowly, like a child learning a new word, and the air between them seemed to vibrate. She was conscious of every tingling nerve in her body, and she knew he was no less aware of his. Suddenly he bent over the rake and began clawing the sand for clams.

As they walked back along the flats, carrying the full bucket, she said, "Now that you've helped me dig the clams, Peter, you'll have to help me eat them."

He didn't answer, so she went on. "I've always wanted to go on a clambake. It sounds so romantic. But I wouldn't know how to make the fire, or cook the clams, or—anything." He still said nothing. "Shall we go on a clambake tonight, Peter?"

"I have a date with Agnes tonight. We're going to the movies."

"Couldn't you tell her—oh, tell her anything."

He looked down at her, and she saw a look come into his eyes. It was a look she had seen in the eyes of many men. But she guessed that it had come into the eyes of Peter Williams for the first time in his young life. She had brought it there for the first time.

THEY sat together on the deserted dunes, staring into the fire. Myrna said, "A penny for your thoughts, Peter."

He didn't answer but poked at the embers with a piece of charred driftwood.

"Never mind," she said, "I know what you're thinking."

She laughed at his startled blush and ran lightly down the beach to gather some more driftwood.

When she came back she was limping. She had stepped on a jagged shell.

"Here," he said, "let me look at it."

She dropped the driftwood onto the dwindling pile and sat down next to him. He peered anxiously at her foot.

"It's nothing," he said, "just a little cut. The bleeding will disinfect it." But he kept holding her foot, feeling about the sore spot tenderly.

She ran her fingers through his hair, and he froze, held his breath. Then, suddenly she shifted her weight. She was in his arms. She put her hands upon his cheeks, held his face, and kissed him. She felt his body tense, surprised and shocked, but then slowly he relaxed, close to her.

"You've never been kissed like that before, have you?" She half whispered the words as she lay back in his arms.

He was breathing hard, and when he tried to answer, a queer-sounding croak came out. So he said nothing.

She wanted to laugh. "You've never kissed Agnes like that, have you?"

He shook his head.

"Why not?" She was teasing him, gaily, tauntingly.

"Didn't you like it, Peter?" She edged closer to him. The look was in her eyes. "Didn't you like it?" The look in her eyes was in her voice now, too.

For answer his arms went about her, frightened, hesitant, then firm. He kissed her.

When he let her go she lay in his arms. He stared down at her, seeming not to know her, amazed, confused.

"You learn fast, don't you?" she said softly. She felt warm and happy and pleased.

Then she scrambled to her feet and ran down toward the water, her words sifting back to him on the wind. "Come on, Peter, let's go for a last swim, before the sun goes down."

They lay staring into the dying fire as night crept onto the beach. Empty clam shells were scattered about on the sand. She had changed from her wet suit into a sweater and slacks. She was comfortable; pleasantly full, pleasantly happy.

She asked him more about his girl. Agnes and he had been going steady together for a year, he told her. Yes, he had been on clambakes with Agnes. Yes, he had walked with her over the dunes in the moonlight. Yes, holding hands. No, he had not kissed Agnes often. Only a couple of times. "Agnes is bashful," he said, in a slightly amused tone.

She smiled to herself, knowing that he had been bashful, too; and knowing that he could not be that way again.

A breeze sprang up from the dark ocean and swept along the sand. She shivered. "Peter, would you run up and get the blanket out of my car. It's getting cold."

He brought the blanket, and together they spread it out, carefully. She lay down. The wind whistled through the grasses high up on the dunes. The moon, unveiled now, cast a strange silver light upon him as he stood above her.

"Peter."

"Yes?" His voice was strained, strange.

She lay on her back, one hand in the sand letting it slip absently through her fingers. "Come here," she said, and her voice was as warm as the glowing embers. "You must be cold, too, Peter. You come and lie on the blanket, too."

THE next morning she was stretched in the sun on a beach chair. She smiled a little, thinking of Peter. She had been at the desk getting her mail, when he came in. He had winked at her in a secret sort of knowing way, which annoyed her. Agnes was behind the desk, and Agnes had said, "Hello, Peter." There was a hurt in her voice.

"Oh, hello, Agnes."

She smiled, remembering the disinterested way he had said, "Oh, hello, Agnes."

As she thought of him, she saw him coming toward her. He was in his bellhop's uniform, and he carried a blanket. When he reached her his eyes went briefly over her body. The look was in his eyes again. But she was not pleased.

"It's getting kind of chilly out here," he said. "I thought you might want this blanket." He didn't speak in the same straight way he had yesterday. There were double meanings in his voice.

"Thank you, Peter."

He stood above her while she tucked the blanket around her legs. "What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said absently.

"How about us going for a moonlight swim?" He spoke low, scarcely moving his lips. "We could have a marshmallow roast and then—" He went on telling her how she need not be afraid to swim in the night because he had done it many times, and he was an excellent swimmer, a junior lifesaver, in fact, so she would be quite safe.

She hardly heard him. She was looking at someone who sat in a beach chair across from her. One of the hotel guests. He had light blond hair, and wore flowered swimming trunks. His body was bronzed from the sun. He was reading a book. But, as Myrna stared at him he lowered the book and looked at her. She smiled at him, and then, shyly, he smiled back. He looked about sixteen.

THE END

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V. D. FOR SALE

Continued from page 23

demand action against the dives which infest that city, declared that the proceeds from gambling and prostitution in Duquesne amounted to almost $1,000,000 a year. Mayor Frank J. Kopriver indignantly said:

"There's nothing going on in Duquesne that isn't going on in every mill town in the valley."

And the chief of police said:

"There's nothing to check, but we'll check anyway."

Aside from the corruption which they create and foster, the red-light districts of Wheeling and other cities of the prostitution circuit are important because they help spread venereal disease. As the girls travel back and forth, they carry with them syphilis and gonorrhea. Many are unaware for months that they have these diseases, and few go to the trouble of taking treatments because they fear it might interfere with business. It is true that in some cities the health authorities require weekly examinations, but in the opinion of most medical authorities this does little or no good.

To be really effective, inspections should be made at least once a day, and preferably after each exposure. And since many professional prostitutes entertain as many as 50 or 60 men a night, this would require a great many doctors and cost a great deal of money.

During the war, by tracing infections reported by soldiers, the Army established that the major source of venereal disease was prostitution, and found that more than 90 per cent of the professional prostitutes apprehended by military and local police were infected. By working in co-operation with local agencies and closing the brothels in 715 cities, the Army reduced venereal disease rates to the lowest point in American military history, while there was a similar decline in civilian rates. For the first time, venereal disease was virtually under control.

But in a little more than a year this situation has been reversed to such an extent that the country faces an epidemic of venereal disease as widespread and as virulent as that which followed World War I. Even in New York, where there is proportionately less organized vice than in any other large American city, the venereal disease rates during the first six months of 1946 increased 29 per cent, as compared to a similar period in 1945. A statement issued recently by the American Social Hygiene Association said:

"In the rest of New York State a 100 per cent increase is indicated for 1946 over last year, and New York has always been one of the better states. Lesser but still shocking rates are reported from the Pacific Coast. The curve is definitely up throughout the country."

Canton—a City of Churches

In addition to Wheeling, the really "good towns" of the circuit are Pittsburgh and Canton, the latter an industrial city in Stark County, Ohio, about sixty miles southeast of Cleveland. Unlike the grimy manufacturing cities of the Ohio Valley, Canton is clean and pleasant. The people of Canton are proud of their many churches, and on Sundays they are well filled. One local minister said, "People are pretty religious here."

But in the underworld, Canton is known as a "racket town." Gambling houses have sprung up all over the city within the past year, and many of them operate under the guise of veterans' clubs. At Bingoville, on the edge of the city, the play is tremendous.

During the war Canton's brothels, most of which are within five minutes' walk of the city hall, were supposed to be closed. Many were, but others simply shut their front doors and otherwise carried on as usual. Since the end of the war Canton has opened up with a bang—there were 27 houses of prostitution in June of 1946, ten more in July, and forty by the end of August. Most of them are two- and three-girl places. Some have Negro girls and cater to white men only; one has both Negroes and whites and admits all comers.

As in Wheeling, all the rackets in Canton are under the protection of one man, who is a political power throughout northeastern Ohio. He operates the numbers game, gets a percentage of the take from the gambling houses and horse parlors, and collects from the madams and the inmates of the brothels. Most of the prostitutes work for him as numbers writers; that is, they take bets on the numbers from their customers. The girls used to get their books free; now the big shot charges them two cents each.

Statistics for Numbers Suckers

He cheats the deluded numbers players, too. In Pittsburgh the pay-off on winning numbers is 800 to one, and in other cities it runs from 500 to 700. But in Canton it's only 400. One of the city's religious leaders defended the racketeer and, by implication, the things the racketeer does:

"He's not as bad as he's painted. He does many things for the poor. He gives a great deal to charity."

It was pointed out that this paragon of virtue had once shot a man in front of a Canton hotel, in full view of a policeman, and had never been arrested, nor had the incident been reported in the local newspapers.

"But," said the religious leader, "did you know he paid the man's hospital bills?"

A year or so ago a group of businessmen and ministers organized to break up the rackets and rid Canton of prostitution. They accumulated a great deal of information about bribery of police and corruption in the city government and courts, and engaged a nationally known detective agency to send detectives into Canton to get conclusive evidence. The operatives worked for a week, then left in a hurry; they said they'd be killed if they stayed in Canton any longer. Before leaving, they made several affidavits which were turned over to the police, but the latter refused to act unless the detectives returned to Canton. This the detectives flatly refused to do.

Conditions in Pittsburgh are much the same as in Canton, but Pittsburgh is a much larger city, and organized vice has spilled over into the suburbs along the Ohio, Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. In Pittsburgh proper, vice is organized on a territory basis, the principal areas being East Liberty, the Northside, the Triangle and the Hill. Each district is ruled by a headman, usually a big gambler or a numbers king, who handles the protection and collects from everybody. Prostitutes and madams, however, are also required to make arrangements with their local cops, as sometimes the money paid out by the big shot fails to seep down into the lower ranks, and if the coppers got nothing they'd feel neglected and cause trouble.

The worst of the Pittsburgh "territories" is the Northside. In this area there are solid rows of gin mills, clip joints, and dives of nearly every description, all crowded with hoodlums and streetwalkers and their hangers-on, brawling and drinking and looking for suckers. Fifteen years ago, in the days of the notorious Nettie Gordon, who was Pittsburgh's vice queen for nearly three decades, several blocks of brothels operated openly on the Northside.

Theoretically, these places are closed now: actually, many of them are still operating as "rooming houses," where rooms can be rented for fifteen minutes or a week. A few run wide open, admitting any man who comes to the door and without question renting him a room, in which, oddly enough, he always finds a prostitute waiting. To get into most of these places, however, it is necessary to pick up a girl on the street, or be recommended by a bartender or one of those creatures whose business it is to promote such resorts.

Until less than a year ago Youngstown, Ohio, in Mahoning County about halfway between Cleveland and Pittsburgh, was an important station on the brothel circuit. Before the war it was a major stop—twenty brothels were operating in Youngstown, and thirty-two more in Campbell, a suburb, while rackets of all kinds flourished without hindrance. But today the racketeers are getting jittery, and there isn't a house of prostitution in Mahoning County, although a three-story dive with five girls is running just across the line in Trumbull County.

Behind this improvement, which any city in the country could easily imitate, is Sheriff Ralph Elser, a big, lumbering man who insists that he's not a reformer, but simply an honest official who believes in enforcing the law.

Plain Talk from a Sheriff

"If prostitution reduced crime, disease and corruption," he says, "I'd be for it. But it doesn't. Every Army report, every Public Health Service report, and every report of the American Social Hygiene Association show that it increases venereal disease. It increases crime. I have proof of how it corrupts government. Some people say that prostitution helps prevent rape. It doesn't. We've had four rape cases in Youngstown, and in one of them we found that the rapist passed right through the red-light district on the way to his crime. In fact, I think you could prove that prostitution increases such crimes."

Elser has been sheriff of Mahoning County since 1935, when he was elected by a majority of some 3,000 votes. Incidentally, in the last election he was victorious by 30,000 votes. For almost ten years the sheriff took care of policing the county, and of the other multitudinous duties of his office, and left the cities to their own police departments. But when the war began, and the police of Youngstown and Campbell failed to close the houses of prostitution as the Army had requested, Elser moved in with 23 deputies. He didn't do much investigating; he simply raided the joints, one after another, naïvely believing that all he had to do to get rid of them was to bring them into court.

But this method didn't prove very successful, because both madams and inmates were always released on payment of small fines, and within a day or two were back in business at the old stands. So the sheriff tried the grand jury, and managed to get a few indictments. But bringing the cases to trial proved difficult; they were postponed, witnesses disappeared, and there were other hindrances. Moreover, on the rare occasions when a conviction was obtained, the judge was as apt as not to suspend sentence.

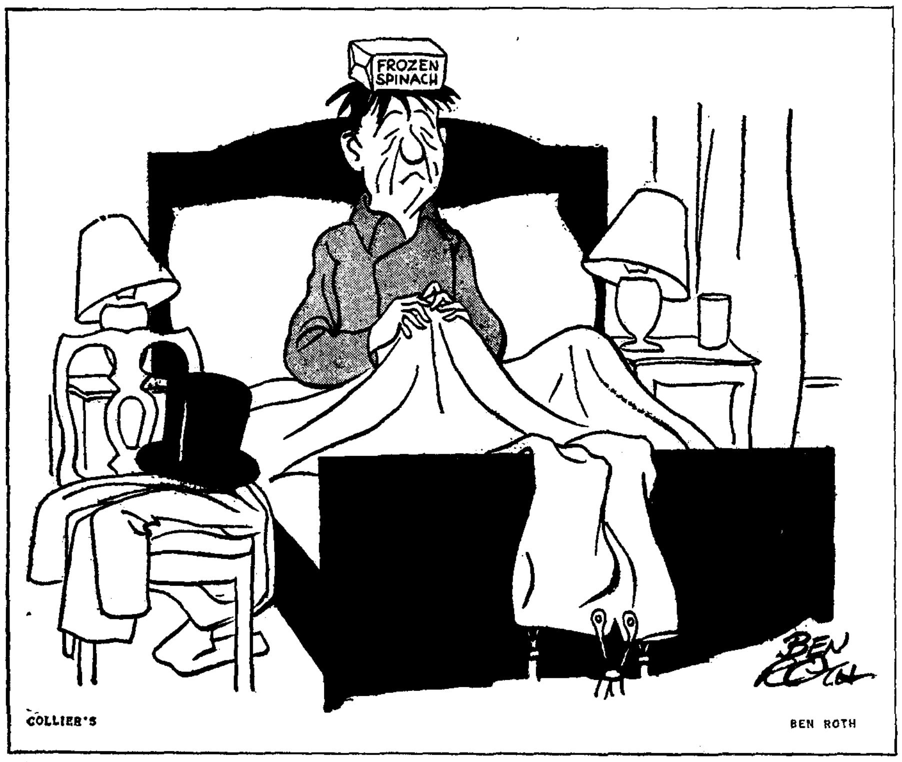
Finally, the sheriff tried taking his cases before justices of the peace in the county, and found that they took great pleasure in imposing jail sentences and heavy fines. By this time the public, led by the Youngstown Vindicator and several ministers, was supporting his campaign, and from then on the task was easier. Early in 1946 Sheriff Elser made a cleanup raid on five houses, the inmates and madams of which all received stiff fines or jail sentences, and organized prostitution in Youngstown collapsed. Now he's going after the rackets, and has already begun to get results.

"When I got started on this business," the sheriff said, "I made a mistake. I didn't have the sense to try to do more than just close the dives. What I should have done was get the men involved in the protection of this business, the grafters and political higher-ups. When I did realize my mistake I didn't have the men to do the necessary investigating and undercover work."

Elser, of course, is right. Meanwhile, the purveyors of commercial vice in other cities, facing no such determined opposition, feel that the lid is off. They're ready to take the battle of venereal disease right back where it started from.

Indicative of their confidence, now that the war is over, is the attitude of a Youngstown madam, right in Sheriff Elser's own bailiwick. She has, she said, got a house and protection all lined up. "The trouble is," she told us, "you can't get any girls."

THE END



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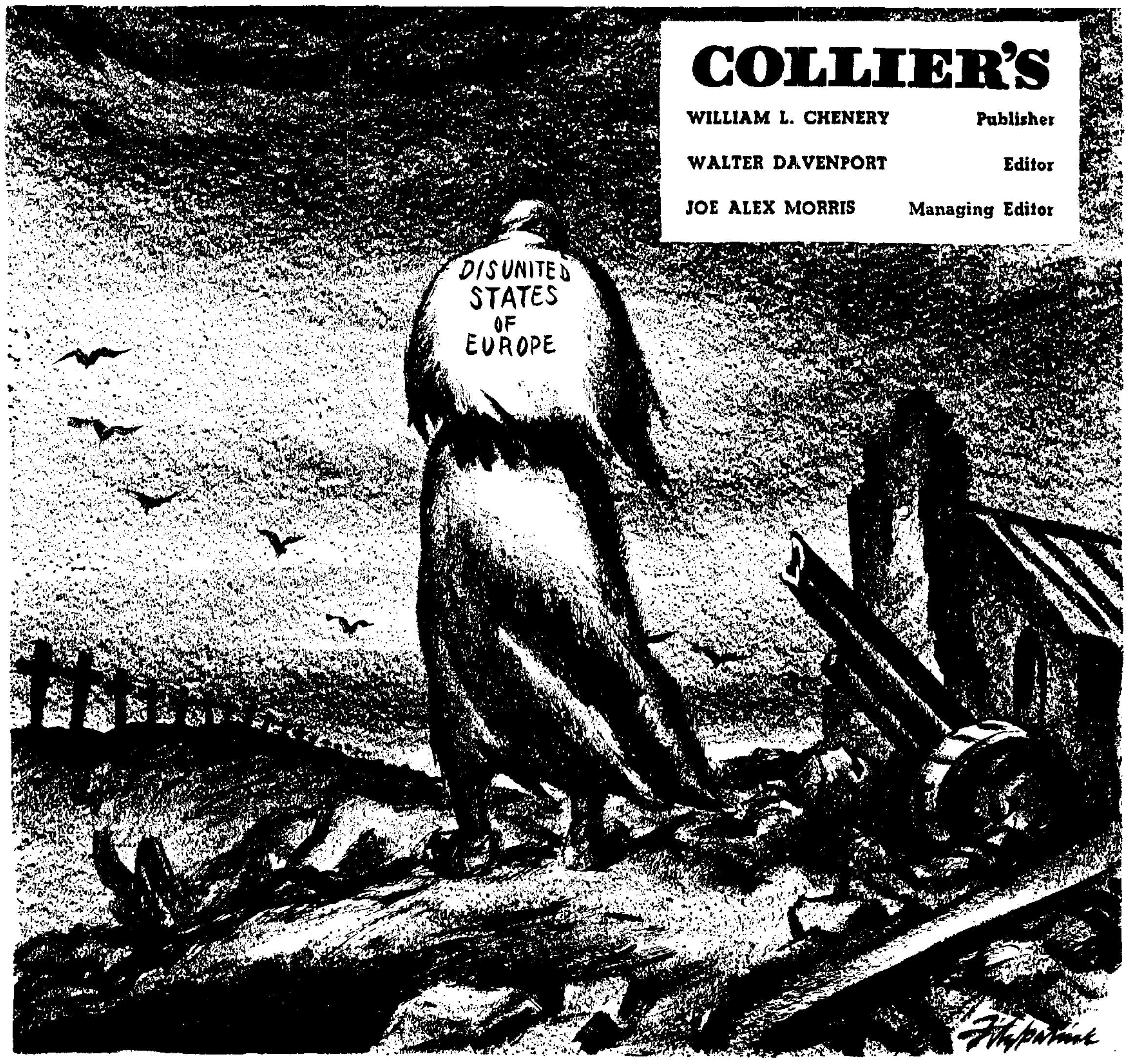


SELF-HELP FOR EUROPE

WINSTON CHURCHILL recently, at Zurich, Switzerland, made a lot of people glad and a lot of people mad by reviving the old United States of Europe idea and giving it a new twist.

The new twist was a suggestion by Mr. Churchill that France and Germany get together as the original 13 states, so to speak, of a United States of Europe and try to build on that foundation. Plenty of Frenchmen and Germans proceeded to foam over with rage, and Moscow had some fresh nightmares about a west-European anti-Russian bloc.

Nevertheless, we hope Mr. Churchill and others keep bringing the subject up, persistently and dramatically.

The big wars habitually begin in Europe. That is because Europe is heavily populated and is split up into relatively small states surrounded by tariff walls which hinder the natural flow of trade. We had the same trouble after the Revolution, from 1781 to 1789. The 13 original states were independent and very picayunish and persnickety nations, with tariff barriers and separate armies and all the rest of it, and this whole loose-jointed confederation was well on the way to a smashup and a reconquest from Europe when the framers of the Constitution at last succeeded in selling that document to the people. Our present power and prosperity got their start at that moment.

If all or the greater part of Europe could be knitted together in somewhat similar fashion, it should be a blessing both to Europe and to the world. Fewer wars should hatch in Europe; European trade and travel would become as easy as in the United States of America; old sectional and racial hates should be swiftly worn down.

A U.S.E. could fit into the framework of the United Nations as comfortably as, for example, does the Pan-American association of Western Hemisphere nations.

Best of all, from the American point of view, a united Europe would be in a better position than ever before to defend itself in event of war. That should considerably lessen the customary pressure on us to get into European conflicts.

The obstacles to the creation of a U.S.E. look fully as big as the obstacles to a true U.S.A. looked in 1786. We made the grade, though; and it doesn't seem too much to hope that Europe may someday do likewise.

WHAT ISN'T A MONOPOLY?

WE'RE still trying to make some sense out of the recent federal court decision, handed down by Judge Walter C. Lindley at Danville, Illinois, that the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company is a monopoly within the meaning of the Sherman Antitrust Act.

That law was passed in 1890. It was aimed at persons or corporations that corner supplies of some commodity—meat, oil or whatever—and conspire to restrain trade in that commodity and keep prices going up and up.

The old beef trust, successfully attacked by the government under this law in 1904-05, was such a monopoly and conspiracy. It had lined up some 60 per cent of the nation's meat dealers in a compact against competitive buying of meat animals from farmers and ranchers.

The A & P, biggest chain-grocery system in the country, has conspired consistently to keep prices of its wares down, by ever more efficient buying and selling methods. It has competed some small-town grocers out of business; but it has forced more of them to smarten up, keep their prices neatly manicured, and treat the customers politely. For all its great size, the A & P does only about 7 per cent of the country's retail food business, and there are many competing chains. Yet the above- named federal judge calls A & P a monopoly.

With this decision on the record, we would like to know not what is a monopoly under the Sherman Act, but what isn't a monopoly. If this decision stands, what business can't be penalized for using efficient methods and persistently keeping prices reasonable?

We think the time has come for Congress to rewrite our antitrust laws so that they cannot be thus distorted and mangled by business-hating zealots in the Department of Justice or by legal hair-splitters in the courts.

JOBS FOR THE HANDICAPPED

WE HAD an official National Employ the Handicapped Week recently—October 6-12—but that was only the formal beginning of a program which should go on year in and year out for a long time to come.

Elaborate and effective training of disabled veterans for jobs which they can handle is now going forward under the supervision of Major General Graves B. Erskine as head of the Retraining and Re-employment Administration.

It is urged that employers make special efforts, as a matter of policy, to hire as many of these men as they can. And it isn't charity to do so. The general experience is that handicapped workers by and large stick more closely to the job, have fewer accidents, and produce more than do most workers whose physical setups and faculties are all there.

It's good business as well as human kindness—two things which go together oftener than some suppose—to put a generous percentage of these people on the pay roll.

DIVORCE ON THE UPGRADE

THE year 1945, according to the U.S. Public Health Service, was tops for divorces in all U.S. history. For every 100 marriages there were 31 divorces. About 1,618,000 couples got married in 1945, and about 500,000 were divorced.

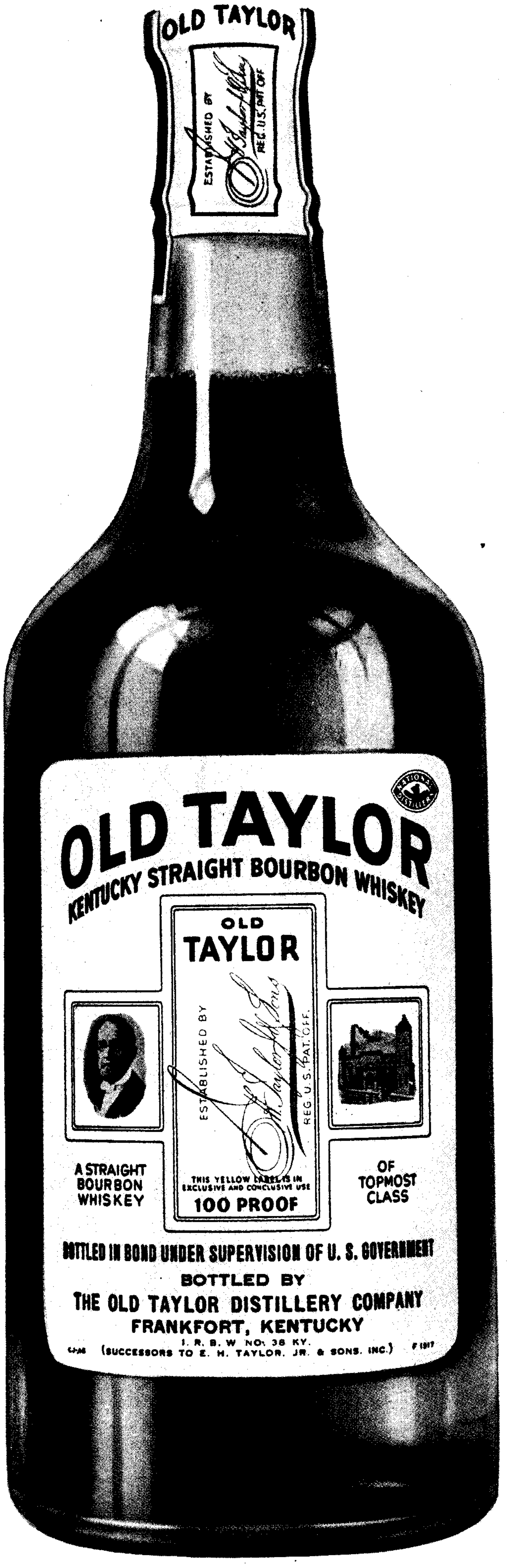
There seems to be no doubt that the chief reason for this boom in divorce was the late war. So we can't see that any grave illness in our social or economic system is indicated. Divorces, crime and juvenile delinquency customarily balloon for a while after a war.

As a long-range counterattack on divorce and misfit marriages in general, though, wouldn't it be well to spread instruction in the facts of married life pretty extensively through our high-school system?

We don't mean sex instruction merely. That is important, of course, and it has worked out well where it has been tried. But the less dramatic facts of married life are fully as important as sex in building and maintaining a successful marriage. Such facts, we mean, as that marriage is a fifty-fifty affair; that it can succeed only through the unremitting and completely unselfish efforts of both parties to make it succeed; that no project is more worth putting your heart and soul into; and that a very wise plan indeed is to give any marriage at least a year's trial before making any move to break it up legally.

We have a feeling that our divorce rate would sag pretty sensationally in the next few years if these and kindred facts of marriage could be funneled into the brains of all our boys and girls now of high-school age.

Of Topmost Choice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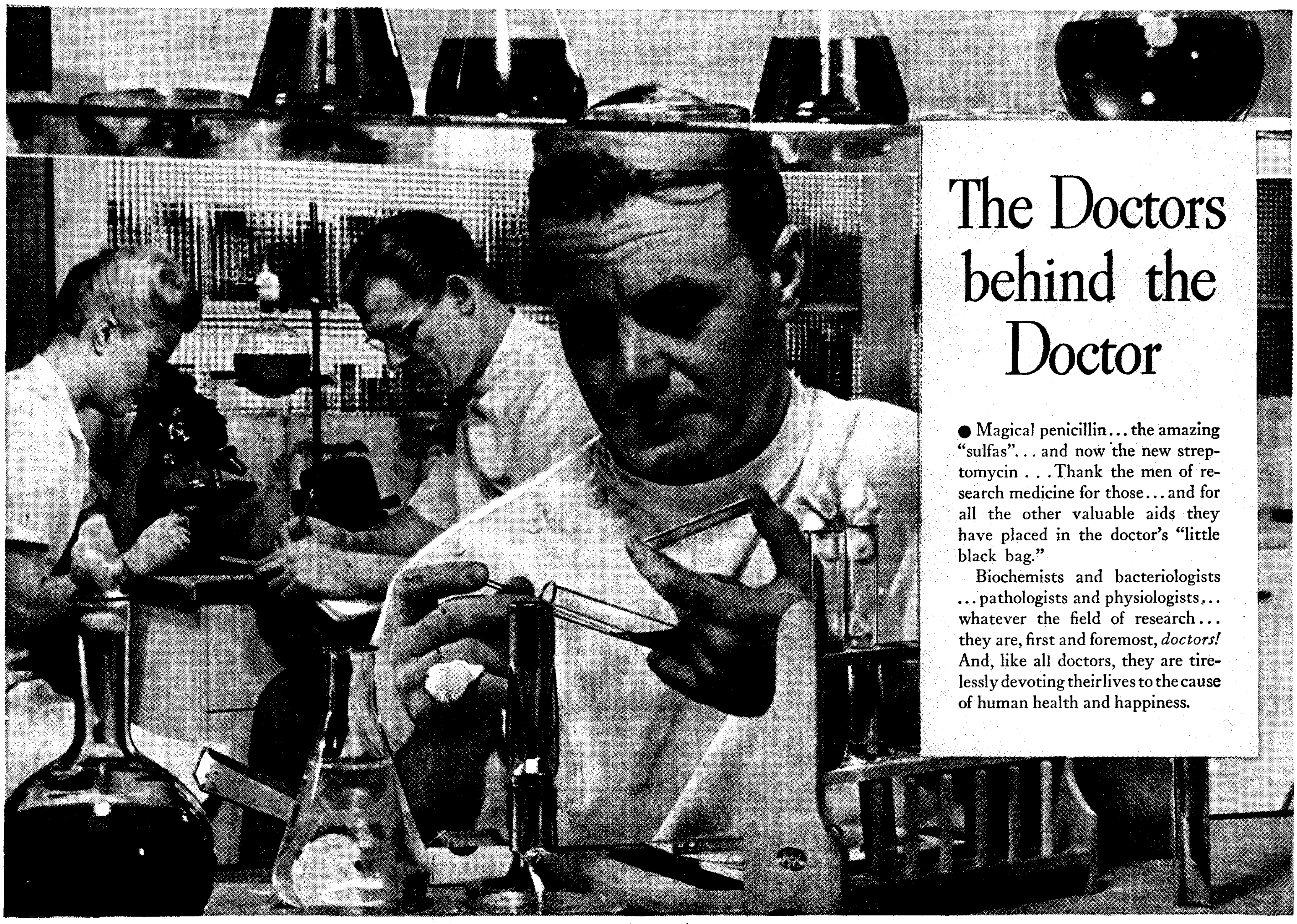

The Doctors behind the Doctor

- Magical penicillin... the amazing "sulfas"... and now the new streptomycin . . . Thank the men of research medicine for those... and for all the other valuable aids they have placed in the doctor's "little black bag."

Biochemists and bacteriologists ... pathologists and physiologists... whatever the field of research... they are, first and foremost, *doctors!* And, like all doctors, they are tirelessly devoting their lives to the cause of human health and happiness.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

- What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?... that was the question put to 113,597 doctors from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border. Three independent research organizations did the asking ... covered doctors in every branch of medicine.

The brand named most was Camel!

Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates the rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camel's costlier tobaccos just as yours does.

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
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